THE
KEEPSAKE
FOR
1835

30,00

Mary Shelley
"The Trial of Love"
P 70

# PRESENTATION PLATE.

Painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence P. R. A.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

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MDCCCXXXV.

1835

EDITED BY

FREDERIC MANSEL REYNOLDS.

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# MY AUNT MANSFIELD.

### BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

Twenty years have produced considerable changes in the habits and amusements of the inhabitants of London. In no other European city is fashion more fickle, or caprice more excursive in its objects. Novelty, novelty, novelty, if not the acknowledged, is at least the secret talisman which influences the thousands and the tens of thousands of high and low within the confines of our overgrown metropolis.

This preliminary reflection must arise in the mind of every contemplative middle-aged gentleman, whom the hebdomadal tide of events, or the irresistible tide of landaus, barouches, britskas, and cabriolets impels, willingly or unwillingly, through the outer circle of the Regent's Park upon a Sunday, towards the gates of the gardens of the Zoological Society; for certainly this same reflecting middle-aged gentleman, as he elbows his way through the dense crowd of bipeds classed as F. Z. S., and as he crushes the expanded sleeves or deranges the costly head-dress of some radiant *belle* near him, will spare one transient thought to the scenes of other days—days, when fashion would have spurned the insinuation of even meditating a migration (however temporary) from the west to the north, and all real Sabbatical promenading elegance was monopolized by Kensington Gardens. Yes, Kensington Gardens! as you are still remembered by many, with your lofty and umbrageous elms, and your verdant, turf-clad avenues, where files of heated and dusty dandies, well leathered, booted, and spurred, were, erst, accustomed to mingle in the feathered and flowered groupes of beauty who then flocked to that all engrossing rendezvous of ton.

It was upon a brilliant Sunday at the end of the month of June, when these gardens possessed their undisputed title to attraction, that Edward Thompson, then in the prime of life, and full of health and spirits, like many others of his standing, (*'Heu! nunc quantum mutati!*) was amusing himself by wandering, without a companion or purpose, through those parts of the gardens which were the most thronged. When we say, without a purpose, we are perhaps wrong; for Thompson, ever a warm and respectful admirer of the fairer portion of the creation, was occupied in examining the features of all the most prominent beauties of the day, known or unknown, exclusives or inclusives, in defiance of the groves of parasols which obstructed his view. Much had he already seen to admire and remember, when his attention was more immediately drawn to two ladies who were approaching in the opposite direction; and, indeed, there was in their appearance sufficient to arrest the attention of a more ordinary observer than Edward Thompson. The elder of the two was of portly stature, robust in person, and apparently of that nondescript age which owns for its limits, on the one side and the other, the respective periods of fifty and sixty years; but whatever her actual advance in life might have been, her dress and deportment made her look still older. Her carriage was perfectly erect and unbending: a bonnet of an antique and grotesque form, towering and tapering from its base to its apex like a sugar-loaf, with a substantial dark satin gown, that hardly confessed a fold or wrinkle, added not a little to the singularity of the style of the wearer. With one hand she clasped the arm of her younger companion, with the air of a duenna protecting some perilous charge, while in the other, she wielded a fan of considerable dimensions. But we could not presume to describe that fair companion, who, to the freshness of early womanhood, hardly exceeding the age of seventeen years, united a form and face of the most harmonious symmetry. All these personal attractions were enhanced by a quiet, modest dress and demeanour, which betrayed, perhaps, on the part of the lady, a more intimate acquaintance with the sphere of rural or retired life than with the gay and artificial coteries of London society.

Edward Thompson had upon the first view decided that both the ladies, mother and daughter, were but casual residents in the metropolis—visitors from the country, without doubt, in the enjoyment of those sights and amusements which the season afforded. While he was thus speculating, and at the same time gazing with undivided admiration upon the type of human loveliness, who was now immediately before him, her elderly companion, jostled by the promenaders in her rear, by accident dropped the japanned and gigantic fan, which she had hitherto borne with such consummate dignity. What a fortunate chance—how unexpected, this opening to an introduction. Thompson did not fail to avail himself of his good fortune at the moment. The fan was picked up, presented to, and replaced in the grasp of its important owner with the most bland, humble, and winning gallantry. The act of homage was accepted by the stout matron with an air of gratified condescension, and rewarded by an unqualified courtesy, in which the grace and pomp of ancient times were equally blended. As Thompson was recovering himself from the suppliant position into which he had been cast by his act of gallantry, he encountered a glance of the younger lady's eye so full of archness, and so expressive of mirth and amusement, that he was for a moment abashed; indeed, a half-stifled laugh, as the bow and courtesy were exchanged on the restoration of the fan, did not tend to diminish his confusion.

Now our friend Thompson, though at that time a very lively and gentlemanly person, of some thirty years at most, was, what the world generally terms, remarkably ugly. Quite six feet clear in height, and thin as a paper-knife, he moreover was the proprietor of a nose of formidable length, and was just that sort of man, who, when once seen, cannot easily be forgotten; it could not then be a matter of surprise that the risible faculties of the fair lady should be excited by the rencontre just alluded to. But Thompson, like many others whom we have known, was not at all conscious of his exterior being remarkable in any *disadvantageous* point of view; on the contrary, he was extremely well satisfied with the share of personal recommendations allotted to him by nature, and which he was not in the least disposed to undervalue.

Whatever was the character of the impression (if any) which his ready and well-timed politeness had in the present instance made, the two ladies continued their route. Thompson had not any pretence to warrant his intruding upon them; but smitten, and suddenly and deeply too, by the bright eyes he had so lately encountered, he without hesitation changed the direction of his ramble, and, unobserved, followed closely behind the youthful beauty and her companion. They directed their steps towards the gate which was open for the egress of the company, and on their arrival at the door, from the pressure of the crowd, and their inability to find their servant amidst the swarm of liveried laqueys around, appeared greatly disconcerted. Thompson soon perceiving that they were unaccustomed to the bustle and inconvenience of similar mishaps, took courage, and modestly inquired if his services could be in any way acceptable. The elder lady expressed herself as being particularly obliged, and in language which partook of condescension and thankfulness, replied, that she was fearful her servant, being little used to London, had made some mistake, and that she would willingly avail herself of the offer to find their carriage, and to escort them thereto. Thompson, delighted, happy, charmed, offered an arm to either lady; it was accepted by the elder, and politely declined by the younger. After a walk of some twenty minutes, in the course of which our hero exerted himself to prove that he was the most agreeable man in existence, and after divers perils from swearing and half drunk coachmen, kicking horses, carriage poles, hind wheels, &c. &c., they succeeded in reaching the carriage, behind which, on the hind standards, Joseph the footman was perched, sleeping in pure rustic ignorance and simplicity. When the ladies were safely deposited within their chariot (which, by the by, was, as remarked by Thompson, of bright yellow, with the crest of a black eagle on the panels,) the elder of the two requested to be favoured with the name of the gentleman to whom they had been so greatly indebted, adding, she was certain "Doctor Mansfield would feel highly obliged by his kindness."

"Thompson, madam, always at your service," was the unostentatious and humble reply, accompanied by a profound bow. A gracious smile, and a dignified wave of the friendly fan were addressed to our hero, while the younger lady inclined her head likewise towards him, and the yellow chariot with the paneled eagles and the drowsy Joseph, now erect and clinging to the holders, pursued its course through clouds of dust towards Piccadilly.

The equipage had scarcely disappeared, when a new train of thoughts was awakened in the mind of our solitary and gallant friend, who, as he walked homewards, continually ejaculated in an under tone, "Mansfield certainly was the name—the crest an eagle, too: how extraordinary!—Beautiful, charming girl! she must be a relation of my friend, Harry Mansfield. I will call on him to-morrow early."

To-morrow came, and Edward Thompson sallied from his lodgings in Upper Berkeley-street to Fig-Tree-court in the Temple (no contemptible enterprise in a broiling summer's day), and quickly mounted the four pair of unwashed and break-neck stairs that led to his friend's chambers; but he was not at home, and the sullen outer door afforded no indication or promise of a return at any hour. Our hero repeated his attempt, with as little success, on the following day; but nothing daunted, and excited by the violent passion he had so suddenly conceived, either in fact or in imagination (which, after all, we believe to be nearly the same in effect), he persevered on the Wednesday, and at last found his friend within the walls of his dingy legal den.

Thompson and Harry Mansfield were acquaintances of some years standing: they had entered college at the same period, Thompson leaving the university without his degree a term or two before his friend regularly quitted it. In fact, Thompson, who was originally destined for holy orders, had been, in consequence of certain wild and irregular habits, rather unceremoniously ejected from Cambridge; while Mansfield, who was not in those days much more imbued with the love of order and discipline, had the good fortune to escape, and to attain his bachelor's gown. In time, however, both men had become comparatively steady and respectable: Mansfield was at the bar, devoting his bodily and mental energies to the pursuit of distant fame and riches in an apartment about fifteen feet square, as dark and as dusty as a coal-barge, at the summit of four pair of narrow and badly-lighted stairs. Still his prospects were universally pronounced by the ripe and unripe sages of the law to be excellent, Mansfield having been nearly eight years at the bar, and at the end thereof actually in the receipt of a professional income amounting to £32 0*s*. 6*d*., while his last year's expenses, including circuit, rent of chambers, &c. only reached the moderate sum of £350.

As for Thompson, the recollection of, or the recurrence to, the circumstance of his expulsion from the university was always a very sore and grating subject. He had not only thereby lost the opportunity of becoming one of the cloth, but had forfeited the certainty of eventually holding a warm and profitable rectory in one of the most fertile counties of England, where neither modus nor composition had pared down the incumbent's indefeisible rights to tithes of every probable and improbable description. Thompson, therefore, with very limited revenues, was compelled to make one of that large and indescribable class so generally known and admired for their useful and ornamental qualities in this metropolis, under the name of "walking gentlemen."

The common greetings on the meeting of the two friends had scarcely been exchanged, before Thompson impetuously poured out the detail of his recent Kensington Gardens' adventure, interlarding his narrative with sundry and vehement declarations of the sudden and extraordinary affection which filled his mind—his heart—his soul for the lovely maiden, and entreating his friend to introduce him, as he was convinced they must be related. Mansfield, much diverted by his companion's extravagant conceit, when he found an opportunity to put in a word in answer, admitted that he was nearly connected with the ladies in question. He further informed Thompson that Dr. Mansfield, who was his paternal uncle, was the rector of the large parish of Alderton, adjoining a fashionable watering-place on the southern coast; and he added, that the ladies had left London on the preceding day, on their return home; that he had dined with them on the Monday, when they had not only narrated the rencontre they had met with in the gardens, but had regretted greatly their having forgotten the name of the gentleman from whom they had experienced such politeness. Mansfield, however, did not add that his youthful relative had described the agreeable gentleman as very much resembling a daddy longlegs in figure, with the bill of a stork for a nose; a description, which (if Mansfield's legal pursuits could have allowed any liveliness of imagination) must have enabled him at once to supply the missing name. With many heavy sighs, Thompson lamented his ill luck. It was so vexatious that he should have missed so favourable an opportunity of improving his acquaintance — that the parties should have quitted town so soon after the last Sunday's meeting—that his friend Harry should have been absent from chambers on the Monday morning when he called there, &c. He terminated his sorrowful lamentations, which were continually interrupted by Mansfield's bursts of hearty laughter, by repeating, over and over again, a glowing description of the thousand beauties of the lovely daughter of the house of Mansfield, and by giving also a humorous portrait of the portly matron in her sugar-loaf bonnet and satin robe.

"Oh!" exclaimed the much amused lawyer, "my aunt Mansfield to the very life—but let me not forget to inform you that she is entitled to a fortune of £20,000, entirely independent of my uncle, the doctor."

"Talk not to me of base money—I only covet an introduction to that goddess of loveliness and innocence; you alone can do me this service," Thompson replied, secretly well pleased to find that there was so much property in the family.

"No—no *base* money!—real sterling money in the 3 per cent. consols," said Harry Mansfield. "I, as a true friend, put you on your guard—neglect not my aunt Mansfield."

"But I would not, my dear fellow," Thompson answered, "interfere with you on any account; perhaps, already, with such prospects of wealth and happiness, you yourself may have already formed an attachment to your young relation—let us candidly understand each other."

"Discard all apprehensions, Thompson," Mansfield said;

"I never shall have the wish, and never had the idea of forming any nearer connexion with that part of my family. You have my full permission to try your luck. Remember the £20,000. Come, I will bet you £200, that before one month is over, you will make two offers of marriage to my aunt Mansfield."

"What a farce!" his friend replied. "Your aunt Mansfield! What can I have to do with her, any farther, than as she may be favourable to my suit to her beautiful charge? To be sure, the prospect of a settlement in reversion of the £20,000—who knows——"

"Well, *n'importe,* I tender you the wager," Harry repeated, "£100 for each proposal of marriage—will you, or will you not?"

"Why, though this would sound like a joke, still, as you are far better off on the score of worldly matters than I am," replied Thompson, "and as perhaps you may be, in compassion, desirous of making me a present of a £200 note, it shall be a decided bet."

"Done!" cried the other, proceeding to make a memorandum in writing of the date and particulars of the wager.

As Thompson was quite an idle man, with no pursuit, occupation, or engagement, to detain him in London, he stated to his friend his intention of going down forthwith to the watering-place, near to which the Rev. Dr. Mansfield resided. Harry Mansfield approved of the plan, and gave him a few lines of introduction to his uncle, telling him, at the same time, that there was a capital quick coach recently set up, which left London at a convenient hour, later than the other public conveyances. At his friend's request, Mansfield wrote the name of the coach office, &c., on the back of a card, for Thompson. The latter, in high glee, receiving many wishes for his success from the friendly lawyer, took his departure with the letter of introduction, &c.

Warm and enthusiastic an admirer, as Edward Thompson certainly was, of female beauty, and enchanted, as he really believed himself to be, by the lovely promenader of Kensington Gardens, yet, it must be confessed, that his eagerness and anxiety in the pursuit in which he was about engaging, were not a little sharpened by the prospect of the fortunate junction of wealth with personal charms, which existed in the present instance. If aunt Mansfield were entitled to 20,000*l.* in her own right, independent of the reverend doctor, surely, he thought, there was every reason to anticipate that a considerable portion, if not the whole, of that sum, must eventually devolve upon the daughter—to whom else could it revert, as he had not heard an allusion made to any son, or to any other daughter? Thompson was a rapid and sanguine calculator—or speculator—in such matters. He had, as before explained, a very good opinion of himself, of his person, gentility, and abilities. Nature is pretty just in her distributions; though she had denied to our hero the advantages of a prepossessing exterior, she had endowed him with the power of judging differently from all other people upon that question. Moreover, Ned Thompson had great self-possession (many called it cool impudence) whenever he endeavoured to carry a point. Long had he been looking out for some handsome and elegant female whose connexion with arable, pasture, or wood lands—coal, tin, or lead mines—canal shares—Greenland or South Sea whalers—salmon fisheries—impropriate tithes—4 per cents.—3 per cent. consols—reduced, long, or short annuities, or even with leasehold or ground rents, might warrant his conferring upon her, in return, the distinguished and enviable name of Thompson.

Divers were the trials, numerous the attempts, he had already made to succeed in so laudable an undertaking, but he had not been as fortunate as he deserved, and the experience he had gained had tended to sober down the magnificent schemes he had originally formed, and to contract his once exaggerated expectations; so that Ned had become really a moderate man in his desires—£40,000, or £30,000, had gradually decreased to £20,000—nay, maliciously disposed persons reported, that he would have sold himself for even £15,000.

Gentle readers, do not be harsh in your opinions upon Thompson. It is very hard, indeed, to be a poor gentleman —very distressing, be assured; and is it not as wise, as commendable, to marry for the sake of money, as for that of beauty? If wealth maketh unto itself wings and flieth away, surely beauty, notwithstanding the protection of its good genius, the vaccine, meets with a sufficiency of mortal contingencies to accelerate its pace, when it once commences its flight.

Four-and-twenty hours had elapsed, and Thompson was (with carpet-bag and portmanteau to boot) seated in the new and elegant light coach, the Dasher. At the aristocratic hour of eleven A. M., this rattling paragon of comfort and velocity, with four sleek and prancing bays, started from the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, under the engagement of delivering its live and dead freight (no safety condition being included) at D——, the watering-place in question, within ten hours and a quarter, the distance exceeding one hundred miles. The day proved delightful—the speed and ease of the journey increased the exuberant spirits of Thompson, who outdid all his former efforts in making himself entertaining to his fellow-travellers. One of the other three passengers, a little, deformed, elderly gentleman, habited in black, who sat opposite to Thompson, engaged in conversation with him for the greater part of the day. Thompson, who was alive to all the current gossip of London, amused his attentive companion with many laughable anecdotes, which were new to him, he having resided chiefly far from the metropolis.

When the coach arrived at a turnpike within a mile of its final destination, the little, deformed, elderly passenger was to be deposited, with all his baggage and commodities, at the gate house; from thence he expected a conveyance to carry him to his own residence. As he was about quitting the stage, he discovered that he had not enough silver to defray coachee's demands, when Thompson good-humouredly offered to supply what he might want; but the offer was thankfully refused, as the turnpike man had plenty of change at hand. However, before the Dasher re-assumed its lightning speed, the little gentleman expressed to Thompson how very agreeable the journey had proved, and stating that he lived not far from the town of D——, begged to be favoured with the name of his entertaining fellow-traveller, at the same time handing to him his own address. Thompson did not wait to be solicited a second time, but immediately drew from his coat pocket a card, which he presented to the gentleman.

"Good night, sir—all 's right," cried coachee. Away flew the Dasher, and in five minutes afterwards, a spruce waiter, with a wax taper in either hand, was guiding Thompson to a well-furnished and convenient apartment in the long-established, economical, fashionable hotel, "The Cormorant," situate in the High-street of D——. It was quite dark when Thompson and his fellow-traveller had exchanged cards, so that they remained in ignorance of their respective names and addresses. Of course, when Thompson was quietly seated in his comfortable hotel, he examined the address which he had received, and, to his infinite surprise, read, in well-engraved letters, "Rev. Dr. Mansfield, Rectory, Alderton." If Thompson was surprised, he was equally annoyed that such a *contretems* should have occurred—to have been ten hours in company with the parent of the lovely Miss Mansfield without having the opportunity of making himself known to him, while a letter of introduction, written by the doctor's nephew, was lying idly in the left pocket of Thompson's coat, was too provoking. To dissipate his vexation, Thompson rung the bell, and inquired of the waiter what was going on, in the way of amusement, in the town.

"Why, sir," answered the man, "there is a real charity ball to-night at the assembly-rooms, which will be fully attended by all the quality; Lady Flash, Hon. Mrs. Allcash, Squire Kettering," &c. &c.

"Are the family from Alderton Rectory likely to be there?" exclaimed the impatient Thompson.

"Oh! the Mansfields, sir," replied his willing informant, "to be sure, they never *misses* a ball."

"What time does it begin?"

"Ten o'clock exact, sir. You will have time, sir; it is now only half-past nine."

Thompson did not wait for any longer conference, but hurried to his bed-room, to prepare his most finished toilette for such an auspicious occasion. His labours, though rapid, were highly successful; he soon sallied forth in all the splendour of a bright plum-coloured coat, with polished steel buttons, Indian muslin cravat in countless folds, snow-white waistcoat, rosy, blooming silk stockings, and nankeen breeches, with bunches at the knees (for no loose, bagging trowsers, twenty years ago, profaned the sacred regions of the ball-room). Jem Simmons, the under-waiter, as he prepared to show the road to the assembly-rooms to our hero, could not refrain from tipping a sly wink to Mr. Diaper, the head-waiter, at the same time whispering, rather audibly, "This here lanky gentleman with the long nose will be a *rum* figure for going down the middle to the tune of 'Drops of Brandy.'"

The ball-room was most gaily attended, and the dancing had begun some time, when Thompson entered. One of the exhilarating, racing, laborious country dances of that day was in full action: files of indefatigable fawn-like Misses, leading an equal number of heavy-heeled and perspiring gentlemen of all ages, were following each other in rapid succession, to the inspiring notes of "Money Musk," over the pink, white, and blue crowns, thistles, shamrocks, and cornucopias, which adorned the well-chalked floor. Thompson looked anxiously round in the hope of discovering the fair magnet that had attracted him to D——, the object of all his hopes, wishes, and efforts. On one of the benches, to his infinite satisfaction, he at last perceived the elderly stout lady of Kensington Gardens engaged in watching the interminable mazes of the dance. She was now attired in a full suit of crimson velvet, the fashion of which, with its attendant ornaments, might have appertained to Sarah Jennings, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. A raven-black dress wig, surmounted by a yellow turban, completed the rich architecture of her toilette; and, barring that she weighed some eighteen stone, and exhibited a pair of cheeks as round and as red as a full-blown peony, she appeared to Thompson, in his anxiety that night to think pleasantly of every thing, a very respectable elderly gentlewoman.

Thompson took possession of a seat which was vacant by her side, and was quickly recognised as the gallant knight of the fan who had acquitted himself so honourably in Kensington Gardens. Without any further introduction he entered into familiar conversation with the lady, played the agreeable in every key, and was most favourably received and listened to, even before he mentioned that he had the pleasure of long knowing her nephew, Harry Mansfield—that he had been honoured with a letter of introduction—had travelled in the same public conveyance with the doctor, &c. On the other hand, the blooming and portly wearer of the crimson gown and yellow turban accepted Thompson's arm to escort her to the apartment where cold tea, hot lemonade, sugarless negus, and melting bread and butter, were distributed to hungry and thirsty ladies and gentlemen. She assured him how she had lamented having till that moment been unable to ascertain the name of her attentive acquaintance; that Doctor Mansfield, who would be delighted to know him, having been detained by business in London, and only lately arrived at the rectory, would certainly come to the assembly-rooms, however late, that night, to conduct the ladies home. Thompson was delighted to perceive the very favourable impression he had certainly made, visions of success and bliss floated before him; his turbaned friend would, he was convinced, eventually take up his cause, and befriend him in his advances to Miss Mansfield, and the £20,000 would, of course, not be suffered to go out of the family. With so much elegance and dignity did the two promenade up and down the suite of apartments, that all eyes were attracted to the thin, tall gentleman with the long nose, and the stout, red-faced lady with the crimson velvet gown and black wig.

But were Thompson's looks or thoughts, during all this time, devoted to his fair companion? Oh, no! Ned knew it was prudent to play his cards skilfully, and he had only once expressed a hope that Miss Mansfield was well. Nevertheless, his glances had from the first, been prying into every part of the ball-room, and examining each pair of the thirty-five couple of country dancers, who were most vigorously toeing and heeling, all for the good of that excellent charitable county institution, "The Asylum for Widows and Widowers." And Thompson's eyes had quickly discovered, amongst the dancers, the enchanting object of his idolatry, Miss Mansfield, looking more beautiful than ever; and Thompson's jealousy had been somewhat roused by the consciousness, that the youthful lady was to all appearance much gratified by the hands across, down the middle, and pous-setting, and still more gratified by the close, familiar, and whispering communications she ever and anon indulged in with her partner, a fine dashing young man, in the then brilliant uniform of the light dragoons, striped and barred all over like a silver gridiron. Not that Thompson's modesty for one moment encouraged the apprehension that he should lose, in any degree, by a comparison with the said light dragoon, only that the latter was in possession of the vantage ground; and Thompson was eager for the termination of the country dance, that he might have an equal chance. Ned was an experienced dancer, an inveterate one, who prided himself in excelling in every kind of saltation, from Sir Roger de Coverley to the most recent set of Bath cotillions, and anxiously did he long for the opportunity of displaying his prowess, and of captivating his lovely charmer.

At last the moment arrived, when the fiddlers' bows wanted rosin—the clarionets, wind, and all the musicians wanted brandy and water; and, as their bowing and scraping ceased, each dancing gentleman commenced his *bowing and scraping*, obsequiously leading his partner to her *chaperon*. The splendid light dragoon brought up his fair convoy, in the most military style, to her place, when she kindly and cheerfully did Thompson the honour to acknowledge and remember him. Thompson bowed to the ground, at the same time praying fervently and secretly for the departure of the aforesaid talkative light dragoon, between whom and Miss Mansfield, he either saw or fancied, an interchange of tender looks, and a more prolonged shaking of hands, than was usual between mere country dance partners. The elder lady now informed the younger of Thompson's acquaintance with Harry Mansfield, and of his having travelled with the doctor. On the strength of this opening, Thompson, assuming one of his most interesting attitudes, ventured to solicit the honour of dancing with Miss Mansfield. The young lady appeared at first doubtful whether she could so far indulge him, being engaged for almost every dance; but Thompson's yellow-turbaned friend said, "Charlotte, you know, if cotillions are called for, Captain Lorington never dances them."

Fortune smiled on our hero, for the gay dragoon, Captain Lorington, was entangled now, at some distance, in an inextricable conversation with Mistress and the three Misses Mattock. The master of the ceremonies, clapping the dust out of his bright Woodstock gloves, called loudly to the music for a cotillion.

Twenty years ago, it was not yet discovered, that cotillions had been most unfairly treated by being misnamed, and deprived of their lawful right to the title of quadrilles. In fact, this species of dance, when occasionally it ventured to appear as an interloper between highland reels and English country dances, was always an object of curiosity in a country ball-room; few ball-goers were then qualified to be performers in such an exhibition, and the larger portion of the incapables contented themselves with hemming in the dancers, or with standing on the benches, as eager spectators.

What luck—what happiness for Thompson—Miss Mansfield had consented to be his partner; and he, well versed in every complicated figure, and in every graceful step of this distinguished dance, was panting to exhibit his skill and superiority.

The cotillion was formed—strains of inviting melody were poured out from the orchestra—the dancers were in motion—now *chaine des dames*, now *moulinet*, *ronde*, &c. were successively invoked by Thompson, the Corypheus of the set; while he, with the most unsparing activity, *chasséed*, *pirouetted*, performed *entrechats*, *ailes de pigeons*, and *pas de basque*, in a style, assuredly, that had never before been witnessed in the ball-room of D——. Miss Mansfield was astonished, and her *chaperon* in the crimson gown actually ventured to commit her own precious person to the uncertain support of a rush-bottomed chair, standing on the same, in order to admire the wonderful performance of her new friend. Indeed, the greater part of the company were all thunderstruck by the exertions of the six feet gentleman with the long nose, plum-coloured coat, and nankeen breeches.

Thompson was in the middle of that most interesting and graceful part of the cotillion termed "*Cavalier seul*," and in the act of cutting an "*entrechat de cinq*," when, raising his eyes, with well-affected humility, upon the crowd of spectators before him, he, for the first time, perceived his reverend fellow-traveller, Dr. Mansfield, looking very particularly towards him. When his *pas seul* was finished, our self-satisfied dancer made a polite bow to the doctor, which was most coolly returned by a distant and haughty notice—in fact, it was a complete cut. This was unintelligible. Did the little, bow-legged clergyman disapprove of his attentions to Miss Mansfield?—what could be the cause? The doctor was again observed talking eagerly, and in whispers, to a group of four or five gentlemen around him, amongst whom were the master of the ceremonies and Captain Lorington; and angry looks were directed by the whole party towards Thompson. In a few minutes, the set of cotillions being over, Thompson conducted his partner to a seat, whereupon Mr. Mignonette, the master of the ceremonies, advancing, on the points of his toes, with his regular systematic bow, and in his accustomed dulcet tones, begged the favour of a few minutes conversation in an adjoining apartment. Thither they proceeded, followed by the reverend doctor, the captain, and two or three other persons. Mr. Mignonette asked if "Thompson" was not our hero's name; an answer in the affirmative being returned, the master of the ceremonies, in the politest and most delicate form of words, hinted his surprise and regret that Mr. Thompson should have ventured to have intruded himself into such respectable and distinguished society, and recommended him quietly to take his instant departure.

Thompson was confounded; but when he recovered himself, and begun to look big and to talk valiantly, there ensued one general chorus in unison, of "Turn him out!" "Turn the fellow out!"—the captain looking quite ferocious, the reverend doctor reddening with anger like a turkey-cock, and Mr. Mignonette becoming pale with indignation. Thompson, finding it useless to resist, took his departure, threatening that they should soon hear from him, and that the reverend gentleman's cloth was his only protection. As he was rapidly descending the staircase, the little bow-legged doctor screamed out, by way of a parting salutation, "*Mister* Thompson, I trust your *expulsion* from the society of gentlemen will not prevent you from taking *orders*, or obtaining a *living*."

Thompson heard this, and he would have thrown the doctor over the balustrade of the staircase, could he have reached him. "No doubt," thought Thompson, "the pitiful wretch intended to insult me by alluding to my former misfortune—my expulsion from the university, and my disappointment in not getting ordained. How the devil could he learn that!"

This was a very tender subject, and away flew our hero into the street, in a fever of anger: a heavy rain was falling, the gutters were overflowing, and Thompson, in his pumps and silk stockings, if not entirely cooled, was, at least, better prepared for tranquil reflection and determination, by the time he had reached his hotel. His first idea was to send a challenge to the light dragoon and to the master of the ceremonies, but prudence prevailed, and he indited a temperate note to the Rev. Dr. Mansfield, begging to be informed of the cause of the unceremonious and extraordinary treatment which he had experienced, and inclosing the letter of introduction from the doctor's nephew. It was too late, when he had finished, written, and re-written this epistle, to send it that night, and he was compelled to retire to bed, where he slept soundly till a late hour on the following morning, in spite of all his vexation, fatigue, and exertions.

It luckily rained incessantly during the whole of the next day, for Thompson was ashamed to sally forth from his hotel until the matter could be sufficiently explained, after the ridiculous figure he had cut on the preceding night. The letter was despatched to the rectory, and in due time an answer was returned, which proved of the most soothing nature to the irritated feelings of the offended gentleman. The doctor stated, that having been favoured with his nephew's letter of introduction, he was sensible he had been guilty of a most singular and unfortunate mistake, for which he was unable sufficiently to atone, or even apologise; that he had really mistaken Mr. Thompson for *a tailor*, and in evidence of the cause of such error, begged to inclose the card which had been given to him by Mr. Thompson himself in the stage-coach as his card of address; that he would instantly explain this most annoying mistake to Mr. Mignonette, Captain Lorington, and to everybody with whom he could communicate; and that he hoped Thompson would, when the weather proved fair, come over to the rectory without form or ceremony, adding that the ladies would be most happy to see him.

"Is the man mad?" exclaimed Thompson, but in a satisfied and pacified tone. "What can he mean?" (the inclosed card had dropped on the floor). Thompson picked it up, and to his astonishment beheld a regularly printed vulgar shop-ticket of "Thompson, Tailor and Habit Maker, Ready Made Clothes Warehouse, No. 15, Holborn Hill." In turning the card, the mystery was solved; it was the identical one upon the back of which Harry Mansfield had written the direction of the inn from which the Dasher coach started, and which ticket Thompson had unknowingly placed in his pocket, and had given to the doctor when it was too dark to distinguish either written or printed characters.

In the course of the afternoon, the rain never ceasing, cards were sent by Captain Lorington and the master of the ceremonies, with their kindest compliments to Mr. Thompson, and accompanied by a message that the weather had prevented them from paying their respects in person. Of course, all Thompson's plans of gunpowder and vengeance were abandoned, and peace and happiness were once more before him in perspective.

Every thing but the weather smiled now upon Thompson; the barometer was still falling, and the ensuing day was as wet as its predecessor. However, the master of the ceremonies, Mr. Mignonette, paid him a visit, and he being one of the politest and most amusing men in the world, in a very agreeable and entertaining manner laughed over the droll mistake committed by the little rector. He flattered Thompson on his elegant dancing, and concluded by telling him he had dined at the rectory on the preceding day, and confidentially assured him that he knew Thompson was a great favourite with the ladies there, and particularly with Miss Mansfield.

The tone in which this assurance was uttered, and the manner of Mr. Mignonette, were so decidedly marked, that Thompson felt persuaded some indirect communication, of a favourable nature, was intended to be conveyed to him through the very complaisant master of the ceremonies. On the latter taking his leave, our hero lost no time in acting upon such an agreeable intimation. He conceived it might be more advisable to take a bold course at once, and he determined, before paying a visit to the rectory, on the extraordinary step of writing a letter, containing a proposal, to Miss Mansfield. The epistle was forthwith penned and despatched the same evening to its address; it was thus worded:

"TO MISS MANSFIELD.

"There are occasions when the uncontrollable current of our feelings may force us into acts of apparent impropriety: this must be my apology. Upon first sight, I became sensible that my destiny was accomplished—I beheld one to whom my heart, my fortune, my life were for ever devoted. May I encourage a hope that this devotion is not misplaced? Oh, do not destroy the vision of happiness formed by your sincere and determined admirer,

"Edwd. Thompson."

The night passed away, but the impatient lover received no answer to his tender epistle; he therefore resolved upon the writing of a second, which ran thus:

"TO MISS CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD.

"I am petrified with the fear of having already offended you: pray forgive me; but what remains for an unfortunate man, who cannot survive a refusal from the object of his first affections; still I cannot construe your silence into a refusal. Have compassion on your adoring

"Edwd. Thompson."

On after-consideration, Thompson sealing the letter, put it into his pocket, with the intention of leaving it himself at the rectory, should he not obtain a personal interview with the lovely Charlotte. At an early hour Thompson walked to Alderton, and before he reached the rectory-house, passing the church, he perceived a bustle in the village, and on inquiry learned that a wedding of some friends of the family of Mansfield was to take place as that morning, and that the

Painted by J. Jenkins. Engraved by C. Heath.

My Aunt's Gambits!

London, Published for the Proprietor by Longman & Co. Paternoster Row. & Rittner & C° Paris ladies of the rectory were already in the church, but that the bridal party had not arrived. Thompson thereupon entered the church, and making his observations unperceived, espied the two Mansfield ladies seated in the old-fashioned and commodious rectory pew; the elder with the identical sugar-loaf bonnet, japan fan, and satin gown which had so recently graced Kensington Gardens, and the pretty Charlotte attired in the most becoming manner as a youthful bridesmaid. His sugar-loaf bonnet friend was apparently engaged in some earnest admonitory conversation with the young lady, and which the latter apparently was listening to, with downcast eyes, but not very attentively. "Oh! ho," thought Thompson, "Charlotte has communicated my letter, and no doubt the circumstance of the approaching wedding has led to appropriate cautions and reflections."

Thompson quitted the church unseen, and conceived it a favourable opportunity to leave his second letter at the rectory, as the family were out, telling the servant he would call again on their return. Upon his re-visit, the doctor was absent, but the ladies were at home, and he was ushered into the drawing-room, where with delight and exalted hopes he found Miss Charlotte Mansfield alone. The young lady advanced to him, extending her hand for a friendly greeting, and laughing all the time, she apologized for the odd blunder the doctor had committed, archly observing, "But this is a continuation of the Comedy of Errors. Do you know, I have received a regular proposal from some person either bearing your name, or assuming it. Look at this," Charlotte continued, holding out Thompson's letter to him.

"Pardon me, angel of loveliness!" cried Thompson, dropping on one knee, "I acknowledge my presumption. I adore you—I reverence you—I——"

But this sublime address was suddenly interrupted by a tap at the door, and the entrance of a female servant, who whispered something in Miss Charlotte's ear that induced her to take her departure—certainly not in anger, but, on the contrary, endeavouring with difficulty to check a most mirthful inclination. Thompson had risen in confusion, when he was joined by his friend in the sugar-loaf bonnet, who welcoming him very graciously, begged him to be seated, taking a chair herself. There was some little hesitation in her manner: Thompson felt that events were coming to their issue; "She must be acquainted with the correspondence," he thought, and he sat down in fearful and respectful silence.

After some preliminary hemming and hawing, and evasive remarks on either part, the lady, in low and timid accents, said,

"Mr. Thompson, you have been pleased to address a letter——"

"Oh, madam, forgive me! I confess it," he answered.

"Sir, I am little disposed to censure you," replied the lady, "but you know—it was so sudden an affair—and I—should be unwilling to misconstrue or misconceive the expressions——"

"Misconstrue—misconceive!" cried our hero; "I solemnly vow, madam, my proposal is most sincere, most disinterested," and Thompson seized the fair lady's hand.

"Oh! Mr. Thompson, I do not doubt; but prudence, you will allow——However, I will be candid—I will make no objections."

"Heaven bless you, madam!" exclaimed Thompson.

"But what will my brother and sister think?" continued the lady.

"Brother—sister, madam! you mean your nephew. Harry Mansfield is indeed my friend, and he already knows my feelings."

"How strange!" she replied—"How very strange that two such events should take place in our family!"

"Two events!—what other event, madam?" enquired Thompson.

"Oh, do you not know, my dear friend," answered the lady, "Charlotte is to be married next month?"

"Charlotte—Charlotte who—what Charlotte?" Thompson rapidly exclaimed in astonishment.

"Why, my sister Charlotte—Charlotte Mansfield, to be sure, who is engaged to Captain Lorington."

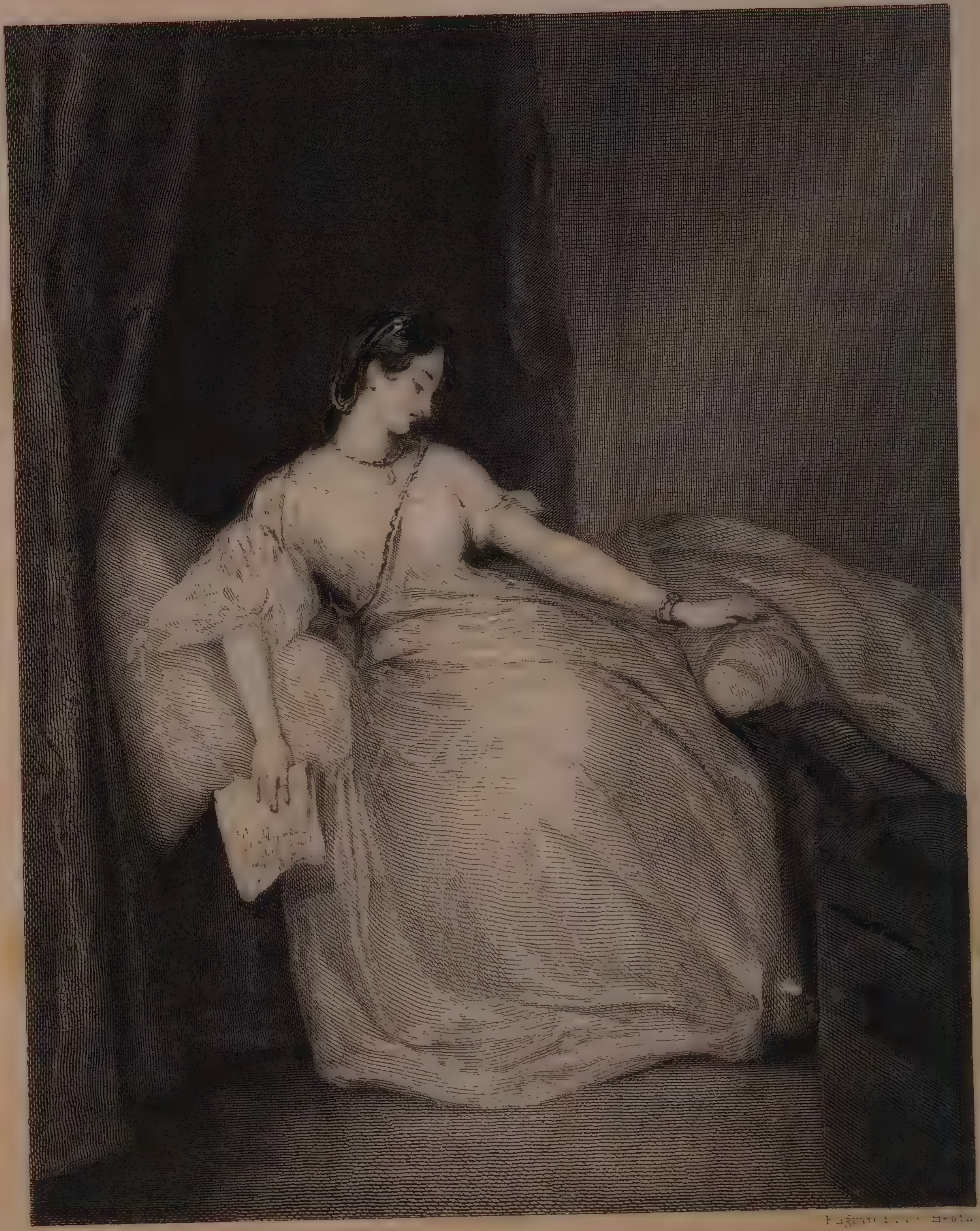
It would be impossible to portray the surprise, confusion, and consternation of our bewildered friend, Thompson. His companion was not less astonished; till at last Thompson, summoning all his resolution and patience to his aid, obtained the following explanation.

The father of Doctor Mansfield married at a very early age, and had three children; the doctor, James the father of Harry the lawyer, and Miss Mansfield the proprietress of the sugar-loaf bonnet and japan fan. Losing his wife, he married, at a very advanced period of life, for the second time, and of such marriage there was only one child, the amiable Charlotte, who, after her father's death, always resided with her brother the doctor and her sister, and was, from the disparity of age, treated more in the light of a daughter by them. Consequently, the auntship of Mansfield was a degree of relationship to Harry the barrister, legitimately claimed by two ladies. The elder was always addressed as Miss Mansfield, and the younger as Miss Charlotte. Hence Thompson's mistakes. His first letter, directed to Miss Mansfield, had reached that lady, and had been perused very seriously by her, as we have already seen.

When Thompson had regained the exercise of his sober reason, he calculated he had made a fool of himself, and what was of more consequence to a poor gentleman, that he had fairly lost the double wager of £100, since he had really made two distinct proposals to two aunts Mansfield. One remedy was at hand. It was true that Charlotte was entitled, in right of her mother, to an independent fortune, £20,000, but her sister also had, in her own sole right, £12,000, in East India Stock, and a house in the town of D—— let to an excellent tenant. Thompson was a prudent man in his cooler moments. The elder Miss Mansfield did not retract her consent; Thompson put a good face upon the matter, and they shortly afterwards became man and wife.

Twenty years have since passed away. The beautiful Charlotte, now Mrs. Lorington, has a family of ten children, but is still agreeable and good-looking. Mrs. Thompson, though very old and infirm, is still living, while her affectionate spouse Ned has forfeited all his dancing celebrity, and has become at last pursy in figure, drowsy, and gouty. The little doctor has departed this life; his nephew Harry, having inherited his fortune, and disposed of his editions of Coke on Littleton, Blackstone, Term Reports, and of all his other legal stock in trade for £20 10*s*. 6*d*., has turned country gentleman. Harry often remarks, that though he has lost two aunts Mansfield, he has gained one uncle Thompson.

N. B.—Uncle Thompson behaved very shabbily, never having paid any portion whatever of the bet to his nephew.



Drawn by W. Boxall

Engraved by [illegible] Heath

*The Novel.*

London, Published for the Proprietor by Longman [illegible]

# THE LADY AND THE NOVEL.

### BY LORD VISCOUNT MORPETH.

WHAT is the book, abstracted damsel, say:
The last new novel, or the last new play?
Some tale of love, whose soft and melting tone
Reveals its passion, and recalls thine own,
Thy thoughts diverging, as thou readest on,
From the feign'd Belmont to the real Sir John?
Is it departed Scott's illumined page,
The wizard of our unenchanted age?
Read, gentle lady, for no blush need rise
From lore so frankly pure, and gaily wise;
Free to each clime, and camp, and court, repair,
The virgin-monarch, and her pedant heir—
Anjou's lone matron in her father's hall—
The bold Burgundian, and the wily Gaul:
With Amy weep in Cumner's love-deck'd bower,
Glow with Rebecca on the Norman's tower,
Or her, the maid, whose gospel-nurtured youth
Loved her frail sister much, but more the truth:
On Lammer-moor bewail the docile bride,
Greet Dandie Dinmont by the brown hill-side,
Track the Macgregor to his outlaw cave,
And quaff with mailed knights Tabaria's* wave.—
Or does Hibernian Banim weave his spell
In moon-lit glen, and spectre-haunted cell?
Does Cooper lure thee o'er the western deep,
Where red men prowl, and boundless prairies sweep?
Feed'st thou the Decalogue-defying hope,
That Bulwer's heroes may escape the rope?
Or can the tale of living manners please;
Granby's smooth grace, Matilda's sparkling ease?

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* The sea of Galilee.

But haply thou hast deem'd the novelist's pen
Ill suits the coarser grasp of lordly men;
Art thou in dim Udolpho's grated tower,
Scared at the chiming of the midnight hour?
In wild affright see Evelina run,
Or calm Cecilia leave the rite undone.
Does Edgeworth blend, in combination nice,
Her sober humour, and serene advice;
Or Morgan's friskier pen awake thy smile
With the broad contrasts of their Emerald Isle?
Beats thy quick pulse o'er Inchbald's thrilling leaf,
Brunton's high moral, Opie's deep-wrought grief?
Has the mild Chaperon claim'd thy yielding heart,
Carwell's dark page, Trevelyan's gentler art?
Or is it thou, all-perfect Austin? Here
Let one poor wreath adorn thy early bier,
That scarce allow'd thy modest worth to claim
Its living portion of thy certain fame;
Oh, Mrs. Bennett! Mrs. Norris, too!
While memory survives, she'll dream of you;
And Mr. Woodhouse, whose abstemious lip
Must "thin—but not too thin"—his gruel sip;
Miss Bates—our idol, though the village bore,
And Mrs. Elton, ardent to "explore:"
While the clear style flows on without pretence,
With unstrain'd purity, and unmatch'd sense.
Or if a Sister e'er approach'd the throne,
She call'd the rich "Inheritance" her own.
Yet still, whate'er the tale, fond Maid, take heed
How seldom ill-assorted loves succeed;
Mark well what crosses wait the trusting fair;
List not too rashly to the suitor's prayer;
Calm the wild tumult, probe the vain desire,
And—more than all—don't set the bed on fire.

# ANGER AND RETRIBUTION.

## A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE LADY JULIA LOCKWOOD.

The plea preferred by Olive Sandes against Richard Sandes, her husband, for ill treatment, excited much interest amongst the poorer inhabitants of the town of A——, who had been often disturbed by the quarrel of the accused and his wife. A group of idle spectators still waited in the office of the magistrate, in curious expectation of the result, attracted by the determined obstinacy with which (in spite of all admonition from his worship) the complainant stood her ground, and refused to depart without justice. She remained, vehemently rocking the child that peacefully slept within her arms, her shawl drawn tightly round its infant limbs, whilst, from time to time, she lifted its pinafore to wipe her forehead, where the throb of inward passion stained, in glowing spots, a skin fair even to delicacy, although past the season of youth. And thus endeavouring to force an appearance of calmness, she heeded neither the sneering interest of the crowd, nor the expression of rude scorn with which her husband urged her to retire.

Mr. Campbell had already listened to the case, and was not likely that day to afford Olive a more favourable hearing. He well knew, from the violence of her general character, that she was the provoker of the quarrel, if not the inflictor of the injury: and although the house of Richard Sandes was not reputed in the village for being regulated on the most peaceable and praiseworthy system, there were some points which had so long claimed the esteem of the good magistrate, as to call for indulgence towards his faults.

Richard had been porter between A—— and the neighbouring town, for nearly sixteen years; an employment of some consequence in the place, from the numberless and varied commissions it entailed. The unattainted fidelity with which they had been scrupulously fulfilled during that time had gained for Sandes a fair and honourable name with all the surrounding country; and Mr. Campbell, whose protection first raised him to the office, had already endeavoured to befriend him, when, on occasions like the present, his evil genius led him into disgrace. Richard Sandes had struggled through much poverty. There had been a time when the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow were craved by a helpless wife and starving children, during the hours of the night as well as of the day; when, pressed on every side, and goaded by to-morrow's famine, the man had bent him to the yoke of his distress with the rough patience of uncompassionated misery, and silently and unboastingly earned his way to better circumstances. For the last few years, his family had been well fed and clothed; but, in the gradual amelioration of their state, dissensions seemed rather to have increased than diminished. It might be, that the exhaustion of spirit produced by incessant toil, had formerly allowed fewer occasions for the vent of ill temper; it might perhaps be, that the neighbours had overlooked, in creatures more wretched than themselves, what became the subject of animadversion, when, like them, Richard Sandes had a fire on his hearth, and could send his boys to school. Whatever might be the cause, often had their quarrels of late, gone the length of an appeal to Mr. Campbell, on the part of Olive; whom, as it has been already said, he was by no means inclined to justify. She had now drawn upon herself a severe reproof, with the sole satisfaction of hearing it extended to her husband, as well as many warning admonitions to both, against the renewal of their disagreements. The magistrate thus hoped to be rid of Olive's importunities; but little did he know the inveterate spirit of his applicant! The indignant feelings by which she had been moved to appear in his presence, were tame in comparison with the mortification of finding her complaints unheeded—herself condemned. There was something almost absurd in the contrast she presented by the side of her husband: her eyes flashing with the fire of anger; her weak voice, hoarse in the accents of rage, and her frail form shaking under the violence of impotent passion; while his meagre, yet athletic figure, dark colourless skin, and clear hollow eye, added to the imperturbable expression of his hard and impassive countenance; and conveyed to the beholders an impression of his total indifference to the annoyance or ridicule of the passing scene. Mr. Campbell was determined that this should have an end; and, rising to leave the office, ordered one of his functionaries to conduct Olive to her home; recommending him, at the same time, to use his authority with discretion, and to forbear unnecessary aggravation.

Olive started at his approach, and again appealed to the magistrate to protect her. Instead of the invective and reproachful tone she had found so unavailing, she now invoked his compassion with imploring energy; declaring that it was not for the blows she herself received—not for her own security, she asked his interference, but for the sake of her seven children—"she never knew one was safe but what was sleeping in her own bosom." And if Olive failed in the truth, the words were not uttered to the wind. Starting from his lethargy, and, for the first time, bending upon his wife a look of terrible anger, her husband fiercely retorted:

"You're a liar, woman!—a mischievous, harm-seeking liar! ready to paint any colours that'll make your own story good: from the eldest to the youngest, when have I hurt a hair of one of their heads?"

"Who can tell that?" answered Olive, her smothered feelings again rising: "do not I bear the marks of your fingers this day upon my arm; and will his worship give me no satisfaction, that myself or my babe are not brained by to-morrow morning? Shame on you, for a bad husband, for a coward, that will strike a woman—for a——you know, and *I* know, what you are—standing, as you do, to outface me here!"

"What am I, then?" thundered Richard; and as he thus interrogated the excited woman, he grasped her shoulder with vehemence, and attempted to force her through the crowd.

"Oh, leave! leave now!" screamed Olive, in accents that intimated fear, "I'll go home with you no more—you may go back alone for me——I'll not—I'll not, I tell ye!" she continued, replying to the expostulations of those who had gathered round her—"I'll sit no longer at his blood-stained hearth!——Off! off!" she cried again, evading her husband's renewed and more violent efforts to stop her clamour.—"Do you want to send me after Jacob Harley?"

"Jacob Harley!"—the words were caught up and repeated by twenty different voices—"Jacob Harley, and Richard Sandes!—Hear to that!"

And all *had* heard. The scene assumed an awful and extraordinary aspect: each, at the same instant, had received the fatal implication connected with a name once the subject of horrible surmise, but for years past given to oblivion. The guilty mystery enveloping the untimely end of him who bore that name had flashed on every mind with the irritated reproach that burst from the wife's lips;—a hidden crime, an undetected murder of twelve years' standing, had revived in every memory when that bitter sarcasm was uttered, and burst forth in every countenance like a mine ignited by a single spark. Eager were the countenances stretched forward in the varied but undissenting expression of horror-struck amazement—of vague wondering curiosity—and the almost elated hope of a mystery resolved; and there, in each outstretched anxious face, might be read, with one accord, "Thou art the man!" The whispering group pressed on, greedy of excitement, and regardless how presented, or how fraught with the crimes and sorrows of their fellow-creatures.

But such demonstrations were nothing to the individuals by whom they were inspired—nothing unto him who stood there attainted by his wife for murder!—nothing unto *her*, the accuser! A convulsive shivering passed through his limbs when the long-buried name first struck upon his ear, but was immediately suppressed with unapparent effort; and now, unflinching and uncringing, he remained rooted to the spot, his eyelids weighing like lead upon his eyes, and sinking them to the ground. Resolutely and calmly he maintained his position, until he felt the hands of the sheriff's officers preparing to bind and lead him away to prison; then, starting with sudden emotion, he shook them from him, articulating, with a ghastly smile, "Surely, your worship will not listen to an angry woman, who knows not of what she speaks?"

Mr. Campbell sternly answered, that "Whatever provocation might have originated the charge, it could not be passed over without inquiry. All present were aware of the useless researches that had been made to apprehend the perpetrator of the dreadful crime in question; and he whom a definitive accusation now so strongly implicated, must be committed to gaol, to take his trial at the next assizes."

Awful was the recoil that followed Olive Sandes' recovery from her fury! In vain she endeavoured to retract the import of the fatal taunt into which the violence of her passion had betrayed her; at first, artfully and coherently enough, with cool and apparently unalarmed astonishment at the commotion produced around her: but gradually losing herself in a maze of discrepant falsehoods, she grew suddenly wild in the conscious hopelessness of inspiring belief; and throwing herself at the feet of the magistrate, vehemently retracted her accusation with all the eager incoherence of the most violent terror and remorse.

Mr. Campbell replied by ordering her to a separate place of confinement; but ere the officers could raise and carry her away, the infant rolled from her arms—Olive had fainted on the stone floor!

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At the autumnal sitting of the assizes, Richard Sandes was tried and convicted for the murder of Harley. Olive, his wife and accuser, refused to offer further evidence against him; but the activity of the police, once awakened and directed, had provided the court with sufficient proofs that Jacob Harley (whose body, in the month of November, 18—, was discovered beneath a sunk hedge, on the high road from A—), had been waylaid on that night by the porter, Richard Sandes, and stabbed to death with a case-knife, broken in the act. It were needless to adduce all the corroborating circumstances, too strong to admit a doubt of the facts, or mitigation in the punishment. It was remembered that, at the time in question, Sandes had been incapable, during several days, of fulfilling his employment, as commissioner on the road, by supposed sickness; and it affords a singular instance of the insufficient prudence by which guilt is so often its own betrayer, that the handle of the very clasp-knife fitting to the blade, which had been preserved, was found amongst some old rubbish, when the house of the criminal was searched. A checked silk handkerchief, with the initials J. H. in the corner, was also discovered in a drawer with other articles of apparel belonging to the prisoner, and recognised as part of the property of the murdered man, for which great inquiry had been made at the time of the assassination: the body having been found despoiled of its neckcloth.

Of the sum of money, however, known to have been received on that day by the deceased, and which was probably the incentive to the deed, nothing could be traced. The prisoner, who during his trial was sullen and dejected, had pleaded guilty, offering neither defence nor extenuation; and when questioned if he had any instigator or accomplice in the crime, he replied: "I did the deed alone, and alone you shall hang me!"

The shortest and most dogged answers could alone be extracted from his lips. In conversation with the clergyman and Mr. Campbell, who visited him in his confinement, he related every particular, and appeared to receive with humility the consolation they offered him. No evidence appeared of the wife's participation in the crime; she was therefore acquitted and dismissed. Olive was not in court when the sentence of death was pronounced against her husband for the crime she had caused to be discovered, but she knew that it was certain to be uttered; and the time was not long before the intelligence was transmitted to her.

The poor are not like the rich in their moral feelings; they are brought up, not perhaps with the opinion that emotion and sensibility must be subdued, but under a necessity that controls both much more securely—the pains, the wants of life; the first and most needy interests press too strongly to admit of an exact idea of other sensations than those of a corporeal nature; and though guided by the head or heart, by social affections or family ties, the spring of action remains almost unknown to themselves. When stronger sympathies or deeper feelings than ordinary arise amongst them, they are repulsed and shaken off as intruders on their peace, in whose encouragement they would take to themselves more shame than glory: and thus it is, that, in their ignorance and distress, unsupported by either mental discipline or elevation, they so frequently become the pliant victims of the temptations of crime; and fall with facility into a path which, once entered, grows more smooth and beaten at every step, till, as with Hamlet's grave-digger, "Custom has made it a property of easiness." What but some deep and soul-stirring calamity can teach a mind, chilled and contracted by so many drawbacks, to reflect? What but one of those powerful visitations in which we are made the instruments of evil to ourselves, can "give us pause?" Nothing but a mandate of sorrow like the present, that, stronger than knowledge, exhortation, or instruction, thrusts home to the heart, and brings human nature to one level.

It seemed, that under such an influence the mists of apathy and degradation that had obscured the faculties of Olive Sandes, began to clear away, and in the calmer hours that respited her unavailing misery, she could think. With the sentence of that day came back the memory of the past; years only valued when lost; and the remembrance of a mutual affection, formed almost in childhood, and sanctioned by a humble yet holy union, which, though disturbed perhaps, and occasionally suspended by poverty and petty strife, yet was never extinguished by after-scenes of violence, or even by the knowledge of irreparable guilt. No: amid crime and fear, outrage towards God, and deception towards man, unconsciously that love remained; and now, as the sense of her position forced itself upon her mind, she tore the damp locks that fell round her face, and raved in her despair, that her husband's curse was choking her. But the day drew to an end, the morrow rose, and yet no summons came for Olive to attend her husband. Dreading lest he would undergo the final sentence, without according her one comforting word of forgiveness and reconciliation, her suspense grew almost insupportable in its intensity; and when the clergyman at length appeared at the wretched woman's door, to say that Richard had asked and obtained permission to see her, it was with difficulty she summoned strength to follow him towards the prison.

The cell of the condemned, a small walled space, receiving air and light from a grating that was placed high above the captive's head, contained but a miserable pallet furnished with straw. On this the prisoner reposed; one hand shielded his features from the contact of the rough couch, in which they were entirely concealed; the other he extended to his wife, on hearing her approaching step, but without lifting his head or altering his position. An appearance of wavering, uncertain timidity seemed to disclose itself in the painfully-wrought excitement of Olive's manner; a slightly hysterical inspiration of the breath was heard as she pressed her lips upon his rude hand, and her wild furtive glance seemed to ask how far she might betray her overcharged heart —how much she must repress. But her husband spoke calmly: his finger pointed to her to seat herself beside him, and Olive obeyed; and whilst he continued to address her in a quiet and unbroken voice, it was strange to see how completely she subdued all appearance of emotion. Once, only, did his tone falter, and the words, that he would have uttered, fail, in striving to deliver some charge that related to his children; but he instantaneously changed the subject, reverting to other household affairs, on which he dwelt with the minuteness and attention of (it might be supposed) a mind at ease; nor, till he had recovered his original equanimity of manner, did he recur to the topic nearest his heart. He then spoke on it as one not occupied with himself, but intent upon the matter of his counsel—upon receiving attention to its import, and the assurance of its being remembered and followed. The answers were uniform and connected, but almost mechanical. For nearly two hours this sort of dialogue (if dialogue it might be called) continued, and during that time it was conducted without allusion, on either side, to the past, or to the circumstances in which the speakers were placed.

Richard Sandes, as under the conviction that a separation was before him, had collected in his mind every subject of most importance to the welfare of his helpless family; he had noted, with exactitude, arrangements that might be made for the remedy of present difficulties, and inquired into details that he had heretofore neglected; all with the solicitude, indeed, of one who must depart—but will return; and she, measuring, by her own, the bitterness his words concealed, respected what mortal power could not heal.

But the time fleeted, the morning advanced, and the sun, already high in heaven, glared on the unsheltered walls, and filled the confined space almost to suffocation: then Richard remembered that his last moments were arriving; that he had drawn nigh to the term allotted for the life that he felt, in all the power and plenitude of its health, circulating through his unweakened frame; and as if the sense of bodily strength gave a stimulus to his moral courage, he flung himself from the attitude he had till now retained, and fixed on Olive's face his last, long, farewell look. She started—threw her arms above her head with the gesture of insane despair, and sank on her knees, wildly and pathetically imploring his forgiveness.

"I *do* forgive you, Olive! May God have mercy on you and on your children, and keep them from the paths of crime that have led me to destruction!"

The humble and subdued expression of the culprit's look, the earnest and mournful affection of his tone, arrested the wild agony of the supplicating wife; but, as she contemplated that changed and haggard countenance, no longer ruffled by the lines of contending and ungoverned passions with which it was familiarised in her associations; the brow divested of its gloomy pride, the fierce kindling eye glazed and hollow, yet beaming with subdued tenderness—an oppressive and remorseful anguish struck to her heart, that for a time impeded all utterance. The terrors of sin, the ignominy of crime, the overwhelming misery, the fate of both, were before her, and she could understand them: but the quiet sorrow, the humble penitence of a cleansed conscience, a mind that had confessed itself to God and man, were above the narrow comprehension of the deluded woman, and she gasped in fearful expectation of what might follow. While the prisoner endeavoured to expose to her, in the simple language of an awakened mind, the support he had received, his resignation to his fate, his trust in the mercy and forgiveness of God, and the necessity of her looking for consolation in a similar conviction, a painful astonishment alone took possession of her faculties; and, instead of listening to his entreaties, she tried to combat them with renewed violence.

"Oh, any thing but this!" she screamed. "Curse me, strike me, Richard, but talk not thus!—What do you take me for, that I should live when you are gone? I, that have put the cord round your throat with my own hands, shall I stay behind you! No! as I hope for mercy—as my heart is breaking now—I will rid me of this burden of sorrow—I will die too! Oh, God! that instead of dying *with* you, it could be *for* you!—Oh, that I could buy my peace—that I could be to you what I was before! What have I lost!—Great heaven! have I more to lose?"

The overwhelming rapidity with which these words had found vent was as suddenly checked; for the prisoner pressed his hand to his forehead with a gesture of subdued pain, and then made a sign as if about to speak.

"Mark my words, Olive, and be calm:—you have done me no wrong—I am ready, glad to die. You have seen the heavy days, and restless nights, and evil temper of a murderer—you know what have been the torments of a blood-stained soul—and now they are all gone:—I am free and clear!—Tell me, Olive, for the love of me, can you live and bear the shame that I have brought upon you?"

"Shame!" she interrupted. "Is not your shame, *my* shame—your guilt, *my* guilt? Have I not lived under your roof, loved you, known every action of your life—fed on the profits of your crime? Am I not one with you in every sin?—Shall you *die* and I *live*?"——She had crouched to his feet, closer and closer, as she spoke; and from the same position she threw back her head and looked eagerly and resolutely in his face.

Steps were now heard advancing in the passage, and approaching the cell—still both gazed fixedly on each other, and listened without breathing—the steps came nearer—the jaw of the condemned fell.

"Olive! I am going."

"My husband!—you are mine—we will not part!"

She clasped his knees and laughed. The steps had reached the door, and the key grated in the lock.

"Oh, Olive! we must part!—Now we part, and I've a thousand things to say, and have no time; but, Olive, live—and you must pray—and you must——Speak again! oh, speak once more, my Olive!"

But neither sound nor speech broke again from the lips of the repentant wife. The jailor, as he entered the cell of the condemned, found his way obstructed by a lifeless body; but no time remained for inquiry or comment. The hour was come; and the cart, the scaffold, and the hangman, waited without!

## THE SLEDGE.

### BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

JUST fancy, Sweet Cousin! a ride
In a carriage so curiously plann'd,
That it matters not whether your guide
Steers you over the water or land:
Where you have n't that exquisite bore,
A postilion, 'twixt you and the wind;
Where the lady sits always before,
And the gentleman always behind;
Just fancy the bliss one must feel,
Just fancy the pace one might go,
Unincumber'd by pavement or wheel,
Slipping over a journey in snow!

Just picture yourself on the back
Of this comical land *Dragon-fly*,
Not fearing your axle will crack,
Not dreading your linch-pin will fly;
Not bumping and thumping away,
In a fever of terror and fright,
And shaken to pieces by day,
To be jolted to jelly by night;
But slipping and sliding along
A sort of Macadamised snow,
Where your harness can seldom go wrong,
And your coachman can never go slow.

Your horse (like a Hercules) dress'd
In a Nemean lioness' skin,
A neat silver flask of the best
*Eau de vie* in the pockets within:
On which side soever you're bent,
O'er those snow-cover'd mountains or dells,
You've a running accompaniment
Of the tinyest musical bells:
And thus your gay journey is sped,
Unlike our dull voyages here;
Gay plumes waving over your head,
Sweet sounds tinkling into your ear!

Roll'd up in a tippet and muff
As soft as the plumage of doves,
With a neat little black sable ruff,
And a warm pair of white ermine gloves;
You may laugh at the frost and the sleet,
You may smile at the wind and the snow,
You've a warming-pan under your feet,
And the frost cannot get at a toe:
Not exposed, every hour in the day,
To extremes such as worry us here,
Where we're *freezing* from August to May,
And just *thawing*—the rest of the year!

This world's full of changes they say;—
The Lievens, whom all of us miss,
Perhaps may be driving to-day
In a strange-looking Drosky like this!
Dear princess! henceforth what a tax
That dancing with spinsters will be;
And who will now care, O Almacks!
Any more, for your muffins and tea?

Drawn by [illegible]

Engraved by [illegible] Heath

[illegible]

[illegible]

But *whoever* the friends you may cheer,
  Or *wherever* the fates speed your flight,
Sweet Lieven! you 'll think of us here,
  When you clasp on your *bracelets** at night.

Oh, trust me, whatever they tell
  Of the cold of those rarified skies,
One could manage to live very well
  With a bright pair of Russian blue eyes!
The tenderest hearts, we are told,
  Oft beat in the chilliest form;
So—skies that are awfully cold
  Cover bosoms deliciously warm;
And I cannot imagine a way
  To ensure one so pleasant a life,
As thus driving through snow ev'ry day,
  With a dear little Muscovite wife!

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* A magnificent bracelet was presented to Princess Lieven, on her departure from this country, by the patronesses of Almacks and a small circle of her friends.

# THE LOVE QUARREL.

### BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

"May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, richly kind,
For love is full of showers."
FATHER SOUTHWELL.

THERE are partings which are truly "such sweet sorrow," that they only appear as the heralds of happier meetings; and there are partings when stern destiny imperatively divides those whom love has united so fondly that absence but renders them the dearer to each other; and there are also partings where the inexorable hand of death severs the silver tie that has linked faithful hearts so firmly, that the extinction of life alone can loosen that tender bond of affection. Such separations are painful, but there is no bitterness in the tears which they cause—tears in which the cordial of hope, or the heavenly balm of resignation to the Divine will is gently infused, leading the mourner to look forward to a re-union with the beloved object in those happy realms where partings are unknown. But, oh! how different are the feelings of those who separate in doubt, in anger, and disdain, when the wounded spirit of each is prompted, by offended pride, to veil its agonies under the semblance of coldness and indifference.

It was thus, that Helen Milbourne had parted from the object of her tenderest affection, the cavalier Colonel Dagworth, in the moonlight recesses of her uncle Ireton's garden at Irmingland Hall, where they had met, at peril of life to him, and maiden fame to her. They had met in trembling hope, and with hearts overflowing with a love that neither the difference of party, rank, station, the wrath of kindred, nor the obstacles of time, absence, danger, and uncertainty, could overcome; and yet they had separated in anger, in consequence of a trifling misunderstanding that had arisen between them:—a cause of offence so slight that it would have been difficult for either to have explained why it was given, or wherefore it was taken; yet it had served to rend asunder those ties of tender union which would have defied the efforts of a world combined to have unknit. They parted on either side with a pang more bitter than the separation of soul and body, each smarting under the sense of injurious treatment from the other, and strangely imagining that they had mutually become, in one short hour, the object of hatred—ay, even of scorn, to the being most fondly beloved on earth. And, oh, if pride would have permitted either to allow their natural emotions of tenderness and grief to be perceptible to the other, how different would have been the result of their first—their last—their only quarrel. As it was, Colonel Dagworth, agitated and distressed by the painful conviction of the hopeless position of the royal cause, and the ruin that impended over himself in common with all who nobly adhered to the fallen fortunes of his unhappy sovereign, deigned not to offer the slightest attempt at apology or conciliation to the wealthy heiress of the parliamentary commissioner, Ralph Milbourne, and the niece of the victorious roundhead chieftain, Ireton; but loosening the bridle rein of his gallant grey from the withered arm of one of the stunted sallows that overhung the moat, he made a stern and silent parting obeisance to her; and vaulting into the saddle, unconsciously vented his own intense sensation of mental anguish, by striking the rowels of his spurs so sharply into the sides of the faithful animal who had patiently bided his pleasure, that the bloody streaks on its glossy sides were distinctly visible, and would have excited an abhorrent exclamation from Helen had she observed it. But no! she, too, in imitation of her angry lover's assumed disdain, with a haughty acknowledgement of his repulsive farewell, turned proudly away—yet it was partly to conceal the gush of tears that overflowed her eyes at the very moment she was acting a part so foreign to her nature; and when she was sure that her motion could not be detected, she hurried to the only spot that commanded a view of the road he had taken, and eagerly strained her tearful gaze to catch a last look of his stately form, as he gained a sudden angle in the road which would conceal his further progress; and here the anxious query proposed itself to her fluttering heart: "Will he not turn his head to look once more?"

He did not. The resentful flush of wounded pride overspread the cheek of Helen, which a moment before, had been of the hue of marble, and indignantly dashing away the tears that hung on its polished surface, she murmured,

"It is past!—You have spurned a true heart from you, Edward Dagworth, and I will think of you no more!"

"No more!" did Helen say? Ay, thus she said, and many a time did she repeat her words; too often, indeed, to adhere to the resolution she formed in the bitterness of what she considered slighted love and wronged affection. That indignant sentence, "I will think of him no more," was the spring of all her thoughts, forbidding her to meditate on aught beside the man she was perpetually vowing she would forget. Alas! he appeared the sole tenant of her memory, so intimately was his idea entwined with every feeling of her nature. It was not in the power of either time, absence, or a sense of his injurious unkindness, to banish his loved image from her mind, though every day she repeated her vain words, "I will think of him no more!" But how could she cease to think of him in the perilous days when the impending cloud of ruin gathered more darkly every hour over his cause, and the events of the next, might lead him to a prison or a scaffold, if, indeed, he escaped the contingencies of the battle-field, or survived the hardships and dangers of the siege of Colchester, where he was now shut up with Lord Capel and the rest of its brave defenders, by the beleaguering force of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

The parents of Colonel Dagworth and Helen Milbourne had been neighbours, but not friends; they belonged to separate and distinct classes of society. The proud old Norfolk knight, Sir Reginald Dagworth, whose only son Colonel Dagworth was, looked down with unfeigned contempt on the acquired wealth and ostentatious pretensions of Master Ralph Milbourne, who had purchased large estates in his immediate vicinity; and whose magnificent, new-built mansion, large establishment, and showy equipages, were calculated to excite a painful comparison with the faded splendour of his ancient family; a family that once held almost princely rank and possessions in his native county, but which, in consequence of a series of imprudences or vicissitudes, was rapidly sinking into decay.

The undesirable location of a wealthy *parvenu* neighbour was a subject of great annoyance both to Sir Reginald Dagworth and Lady Alice, his wife, who considered it incumbent on them, for the honour of their house, to make an effort to support the superiority of their claims to be the great people of the place; while Ralph Milbourne failed not on his part to testify all the offensive contempt for rank and ancestry which is one of the peculiar characteristics of vulgar pride, and on all occasions obtruded an offensive opposition to every measure Sir Reginald appeared desirous of carrying in county business. It was much to be lamented that these sylvan foes had nothing better to occupy their time and thoughts than a hostile *espionage* on each other's actions, and an eager, and unworthy attention to the exaggerated reports of servants and dependents of what each said of the other; for, by this means a feud so deadly was fostered, that the breaking out of the civil war between the king and parliament was privately hailed by both with a degree of satisfaction; as affording an excuse for those open acts of violence and aggression which the laws had hitherto operated to prevent. They were arrayed, of course, on opposite sides, for Sir Reginald Dagworth was a part of the old *regime*, a concomitant ingredient of that system which it was the object of the republican party to destroy; and Ralph Milbourne's hatred of that privileged class, which, he was sensible, looked down on him and his golden claims to consideration with contempt, was such, that he was willing to hazard even the loss of that wealth which he secretly worshipped, to assist in humbling its haughty, and hated members. There were but two things he loved on earth—his money and his one fair daughter; whom he regarded as its heiress, and prized her perhaps more dearly on that account than for all the charms both of mind and person with which nature had so richly endowed her.

But though he professed such hostility of feeling against the whole order of aristocracy, which was then, as at the present moment, peculiarly denounced by a party as the authors of all the existing or fancied evils in the state, he was secretly desirous of his descendants in the third generation being members of this vituperated body, through the marriage of his daughter with no less a person than the heir of his sworn enemy; and deeply mortified at the apparent insensibility of young Dagworth to the attractions of his lovely daughter, and his blindness to the pecuniary advantages of such an alliance, he was perpetually venting his chagrin by contemptuous expressions respecting him; constantly warning Helen never to degrade herself by bestowing a thought upon him, protesting, that if she condescended to be made a convenience of, by wedding the heir of impoverished greatness, to patch up the fallen fortunes of his house with her wealth, he would utterly renounce her.

These cautions were, perhaps, in the first instance, the occasion of making Edward Dagworth an object of attention to his fair neighbour; for she concluded that he must have given her father some reason for an observation so otherwise unaccountable to her. She even ventured to imagine that overtures of a matrimonial nature must have been indirectly, if not directly, made; and she felt a sort of trembling anxiety to ascertain how far the heart of Edward Dagworth had been interested in the proposition.

It was then, that she first became aware of the majestic beauty of his features, and the air of lofty rectitude and amiable frankness which they expressed: and then, he was so different from the stern sectarians, rude levellers, and wily politicians, whom she was accustomed to meet at the house of her uncle Ireton! With neither of these classes had she a feeling or sympathy in common; their manners were offensive to her taste, and she regarded their projects for the subversion of the laws and religion of her forefathers, with alarm and terror; while the dread that she might one day be made the bond and victim of a conventional plight between the men of her family and some influential party leader, perpetually haunted and disquieted her. In contradistinction to a destiny so revolting to her feelings, she was at times tempted to picture to her youthful fancy, the possibility of becoming the wife of Edward Dagworth, till the idea became a fondly cherished hope; and she even felt pleasure in the thought of devoting her wealth to the very purpose so earnestly contemned by her father, that, of building up the ruined fortunes of his ancient house; of which every member, even those haughty parents of his, who regarded her and hers as beings far beneath their high *caste,* became objects of powerful interest to her.

Edward Dagworth meantime was far from being unconscious of the charms of his lovely neighbour; and in such cases there is always a sort of undefined intelligence which silently informs a pair so situated as these were, that they are becoming dear to each other. It is certain that the eyes of both, met oftener than they were accustomed to do; and on meeting were mutually withdrawn in confusion, till at length, without having exchanged a single sentence of love, they were reciprocally wooed and won, and mutely established on the footing of lovers.

Their parents, their friends, the world, suspected it not; but they understood each other's feelings, and that was enough for them. Opportunity alone was needed to cement those silent vows of love and lasting faith, before the altar of God.

The erection of the royal standard at Nottingham, and the eventful scenes that followed, served to remove them from their dreaming bliss. The storm of civil war had burst upon the land, and was arraying brothers against brothers, fathers against sons; no wonder, then, if rivals and political foes were espousing adverse causes.

Edward Dagworth engaged in the service of his insulted sovereign with no common ardour; and his name was soon proudly distinguished among the gallant partisans of the royal cause. Even the hoary-headed knight, his father, forgot the infirmities of age to assume the cuirass and steel cap, and sentenced the last of his oak groves to the axe, to assist in raising a regiment for the service of the king.

Ralph Milbourne, though little qualified to play the soldier, found himself a person of consequence with the adherents of the parliament, to whom his wealth was, in the outset of their enterprize, before they had obtained the power of making the cavaliers pay the charges of the warfare against themselves, a matter of great importance; and for the use of this, they were contented not only to allow him the exorbitant interest he demanded, but bestowed upon him, in addition, both civil and military rank in their embryo republic; paying him, at the same time, those flattering compliments and attentions that had always been the objects of his ambition, and the lack of which, the mainspring of his disaffection to the government, and of his hatred to the higher classes. Neither his wealth, his magnificent establishment, nor his assumption of consequence, had been able to procure for him, in the neighbourhood of his Norfolk estates, the respect he coveted. Sir Reginald Dagworth was evidently regarded there as a sort of hereditary sovereign by the peasantry and yeomanry; and the profound homage with which every member of this ancient but impoverished family was treated, was the generous, unbought offering of the heart, which gold could never purchase.

Ralph Milbourne was evidently considered as an upstart stranger, and the more he added house to house, and field to field, the greater object of dislike did he become in that neighbourhood; where loyalty was esteemed as a virtue, and enmity to the church was regarded as a crime. For a time, Ralph Milbourne quitted Norfolk for a residence in the metropolis, which his pecuniary transactions with the leaders of his party rendered necessary. London was in the hands of the Roundheads. A splendid mansion in Aldermanbury, the sequestered property of a cavalier nobleman, was bestowed upon him by the parliament: and Helen Milbourne, far removed from any chance or hope of seeing the only man for whom she had ever entertained the slightest affection, was placed at the head of a magnificent establishment; and compelled to play the courteous hostess, as mistress of her father's house, to men who were bent on the overthrow of every thing which her natural sense of right, and, above all, her love for Edward Dagworth, taught her to hold dear; men, too, who mentioned the name of that distinguished partizan of loyalty, as he was now considered, with hostility, who panted for his blood, and had vowed his death either in the field or on the scaffold.

And from some of these, she was compelled to listen to solicitations of marriage backed by paternal authority; and though she had hitherto been permitted to put a decided negative on all their pretensions, yet, with reason, she apprehended a time would come, when she would be denied the privilege of refusing some abhorrent candidate for her hand. Her cheek lost its bloom, and her eye its brightness: her father observed the change, and became anxious on account of her health.

"I want to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the quiet retirement of the country," she replied to his inquiry.

Her father took her to a seat purchased for the occasion in one of the beautiful villages near London; where he visited her every day, bringing home with him such of his political friends as he was desirous of uniting in still stronger bonds of fellowship with himself and family. This species of society was as distasteful to Helen as the London residence; and though her father employed every art and luxury that taste and ingenuity could suggest or wealth procure, to adorn her new abode, his daughter still appeared listless and dissatisfied with all his arrangements; and when he asked her if she did not like it, she replied,

"It is not Norfolk, and it is thither I wish to go—to our own house, where I was so free and happy."

"You are a foolish girl," her father rejoined, and left her in displeasure.

The next time he came to see her, he brought one of the most eminent physicians of the day to visit her; who, as soon as he had conversed with the invalid, prescribed the very thing she required—Norfolk air.

Ralph Milbourne was out of humour. It was very inconvenient to him to leave London; but Helen was his only child, and had been, of course, a spoiled child, hitherto, invariably accustomed to the full indulgence of her will: so he agreed that she should follow it once more; and, much against his own inclination, conducted her to his Norfolk residence.

The very sight of the place put him into a fit of the spleen. It had not been inhabited for four years, and the country people had testified their affection to Sir Reginald Dagworth, and their dislike to him, by demolishing his windows and dilapidating his ornamental buildings in his absence. The garden had become a wilderness; his park had almost degenerated into commonage; his fences and inclosures were all broken down; and, in short, every thing bore evidence of the evil odour in which his memory had been held.

Even Helen felt uncomfortable at the aspect of the place? though she endeavoured to conceal the impression it created.

At that unhappy period of disorganization and anarchy, it was no easy matter to procure efficient workmen to repair the damage that had been committed. Ralph Milbourne was precise and particular in all his habits; and since his reentrance into public life, he had acquired a taste for luxury and ease quite at variance with the state of his Norfolk mansion. He reproached his daughter for having been the means of bringing him to such a scene of discomfort—reviled his steward for having permitted his property to suffer such injury—execrated the Dagworths as the cause of it, and scolded his servants for their awkward attempts at repairing the mischief. As for Helen, she was patient and resigned; for, she could see the gray towers of Dagworth Castle from the broken casements of her bedchamber, and she anticipated the possibility of beholding their future lord at some moment which she trusted was not remote.

After a week of angry excitement on the part of Mr. Commissioner Milbourne, of outward submission but inward resentment secretly treasured up against a day of retribution, on that, of his dependents, and of quiescent endurance on that, of his daughter, Ingworth New Hall, as his residence was called, was put into a habitable state; and effectual measures taken for repairing the gratuitous injuries that had been perpetrated in the grounds, gardens, and enclosures. Helen was not long in ascertaining that Sir Reginald Dagworth and his son were both absent from the neighbourhood, and Lady Alice and her servants were the only residents at the castle—intelligence as satisfactory to her father as it was the reverse to her; for persisting in attributing all the damage his property had sustained to the enmity of the old cavalier and his son, he said, "He could now safely return to London, since the Dagworths were absent, who were the only persons likely to molest his daughter in his absence."

The country appeared tolerably quiet; proper precautions had been taken to increase the securities of the house, and four resolute, well-armed male servants were deemed by Ralph Milbourne sufficient guard for his daughter during his temporary absence from her.

For two days after his departure, every thing remained in a state of tranquillity; but, on the third night, Helen was roused from feverish slumbers by the savage yells of the clubmen, a rustic but fierce banditti, composed for the most part of the unemployed population of the agricultural counties throughout England; who, deprived of regular work and wages by the ruin of many of their former masters, and the distracted state of the times, had been at length driven to the desperate expedient of obtaining a predatory livelihood, by collecting in formidable bands for the purpose of levying contributions on passengers, plundering the unguarded villages or solitary mansions, and in short of committing every sort of outrage which opportunity might offer. To these, were joined men who were inimical to both the great contending parties; reckless profligates, whose crimes had rendered them the outcasts of society; and ruined spendthrifts and unprincipled ruffians, whose tempers would not brook the restraints of anything in the shape of law or discipline.

The clubmen of that district, amounting to several hundred men, were headed by one of the latter class; who had conceived the daring project of besetting the house, and of carrying off the only daughter of the rich parliamentary commissioner Milbourne, for the sake of extorting a large sum of money for her ransom.

The plan was successful; the mansion was surprised and entered by the rude outlaws, and scarcely had the terrified Helen time to rise and wrap herself in a large cloak, which she hastily threw over her night-dress, when the sanctuary of her chamber was invaded by a heterogeneous band of desperadoes; the foremost of whom, with a coarse expression of admiration, seized her in his profane arms, and forcibly hurried her, in spite of her shrieks, entreaties, and resistance, into a covered carriage, which they had provided for the purpose of the abduction.

A single glance, even in the terror and confusion of that fearful moment, had been sufficient to convince Helen that they were not cavaliers into whose power she had fallen; and the Roundheads would not, of course, have attacked the house of one of their own party. She then recalled to her remembrance many passages in the diurnals, where mention had been made of the clubmen, and of the outrages perpetrated by them. With an impulse of horror which no language can describe, at the idea of the probable fate that awaited her, she called on Edward Dagworth to save her, forgetting how many miles, in all probability, divided them; yet strange to say, her cry was heard and answered by him whose name she had almost deliriously invoked.

He had been ordered by his commander on a secret service in that very neighbourhood, which having successfully performed, he was on his way to join the army again, when he received intelligence of the intention of the clubmen to surprise the house of Ralph Milbourne, and carry off his daughter. He had therefore ambushed himself and his brave followers in a copse on the confines of the park, and Helen's agonizing cry for help was his signal for attacking the ruffians.

The night was profoundly dark; but the red blaze from the New Hall, which the lawless miscreants, after plundering it, had fired, was sufficient to enable the cavaliers to discharge their petronels with deadly effect among the foremost of the clubmen, who were greatly superior in numbers to themselves; then rushing from their concealment with drawn swords, they assailed them so fiercely that the rabble-rout were panic-stricken, and after a disorderly attempt at maintaining their ground, fled precipitately in all directions.

Helen, on whose startled ear the discharge of fire-arms, the clash of swords, and the mingled yells of rage and vengeance had fallen in dread confusion, added a faint cry of female terror to the tumultuous din around her, and sank back in a state of utter insensibility. How long her swoon continued Helen knew not; but, her first sensation of consciousness was a feeling that her peril was over, for she was supported in the arms and on the bosom of some person whose form was indistinct in the surrounding darkness; but whose voice of deep and tender melody, as he gently soothed her with assurances that she was safe, and all danger past, though it had never before met her ear, went to her heart like the remembered tones of some dear familiar friend.

"And where am I?" she asked.

"With friends, madam," was the reply of her unknown protector.

"What friends?" she eagerly demanded, as a sudden volume of flame from the burning mansion, threw a fitful radiance over the waving plumes and lovelocks of the cavaliers.

"With Colonel Dagworth and a part of his regiment," replied he, on whose bosom she had hitherto so confidingly leaned.

"Colonel Dagworth!" she exclaimed. "Edward Dagworth, the son of Sir Reginald Dagworth, my father's enemy," continued she, gently struggling to disengage herself from his supporting arms; "is it, indeed, to your generous valour that I am indebted for deliverance from a fate too terrible to think upon?"

She shuddered, and gave way to a convulsive burst of hysterical weeping; then raising her streaming eyes to his face, she murmured, "How shall we ever repay you?"

"I am repaid," he soothingly replied; "richly, nobly repaid, by the happiness I feel in having had it in my power to perform a service for Mistress Helen Milbourne."

What sweet words were these from the lips of the hero of her mental romance! Insensibly her eyes closed once more; and she was again supported on the manly bosom of her brave deliverer.

Meantime, Ingworth New Hall was blazing bright and far: a brisk wind was abroad, and truth to tell, no efforts had been made for its preservation from the devouring element; so, that before Helen was sufficiently composed to give directions whither she should be removed, Colonel Dagworth had taken the resolution of conveying her to his own home, and placing her under his mother's protection.

Lady Alice received her fair charge with evident reluctance, but with all the outward courtesy and attention to her comforts that the circumstances of the case, and the obligatory duties of hospitality required; but there was a haughtiness in her condescension that sufficiently indicated how much it cost her to exercise it towards the individual thus thrown upon her charity. Colonel Dagworth saw and felt it all more deeply than even the apprehensive and sensitive Helen; and being well aware, from his knowledge of his mother's peculiar disposition, that remonstrances from him would be perfectly useless, he endeavoured to compensate to Helen, whom he regarded as his own guest, by every graceful and delicate attention, for the coldness of her reluctant hostess. Insensibly his anxious solicitude for her comforts assumed a more tender and decided character; the incipient spark of youthful passion that had long lain dormant in his bosom was once more kindled, and finally fanned into active existence by the more intimate knowledge, which personal intercourse afforded him, of the amiable qualities and intellectual endowments of her whose external charms had first captivated his youthful fancy. As for Helen, she was in a state of dreaming bliss, from which she dreaded every moment to be rudely awakened by a summons from her father. The coldness and *hauteur* of Lady Alice she regarded not; or if she did, she felt that its endurance was but a trifling counterbalance for the delight of being near him she loved, and of finding herself the object of his attentions, the cynosure of his ardent gaze.

Lady Alice was *his* mother, and she felt that from *his* mother she could have endured anything, and for her, she could have stooped to perform the most menial offices, without an idea of thereby incurring degradation. She studied her looks, she watched to anticipate her slightest wishes, and paid her the respectful homage of a dutiful and affectionate child.

Edward Dagworth possessed a mind to appreciate and understand the motives of Helen Milbourne for conduct so gratifying to himself; and too manly, too devoted in his love to trifle with the feelings of a heart like hers, he took an early opportunity of declaring himself to her; and Helen, the happy Helen, shamed not to acknowledge in return, that he was, and ever had been, the object of her tenderest affections. The only obstacle to this unusual smooth course of true love was the apprehension that its consummation in the holy bands of wedlock would be opposed by their respective parents; and Helen assured him that the consent of his, would and must be an indispensable preliminary to their union.

Edward Dagworth was an only and fondly-beloved child, and flattered himself with the hope that his hitherto unbounded influence with his mother, might overcome her reluctance to his connecting himself with the daughter of one so distasteful to their principles as the parliamentary commissioner Milbourne. He erred in this supposition; Lady Alice's suppressed indignation at his undisguised attentions to her fair guest found bitter vent, when he ventured to hint at the nature of his feelings towards her; and after a torrent of angry and scornful invectives, she told him that when he had procured the consent of the old Roundhead usurer, Milbourne, and the blessing of his own loyal and nobly-descended father to such a union, then she would permit him to name the subject again to her.

"Agreed, madam," replied her son; and in the self-same hour, after exchanging a tender farewell with Helen, he commenced his journey to the head-quarters of the royal army at Reading, where his father was; having previously despatched a letter by a trusty messenger to Ralph Milbourne, informing him of the safety of his daughter, and the state of their mutual sentiments.

The anxiety of Ralph Milbourne had reached its climax respecting the fate of his only, his beloved child, before this communication reached him; and had he learned that Helen was the wedded wife of the most impoverished gentleman in the royal army, his paternal feelings would have taught him to consider it a blessed alternative to the horrible fate of having become the victim of ruffians so abhorrent to both parties as the leaders of the clubmen.

All angry and bitter enmities towards the Dagworths appeared converted into sentiments of grateful acknowledgment and respect, when, two days after the receipt of Colonel Dagworth's letter, he presented himself at their castle-gate, to tender in person his consent to the marriage of his heiress with her preserver; which, advantageous as it now was in every worldly sense, he concluded was no less desired by the parents of the lover than by himself. As for the state of his daughter's feelings on the subject, a look, a single glance at her animated countenance and rapture-beaming eyes as she sprang to his arms, when he entered the drawing-room of Lady Alice Dagworth, was sufficient to convince him that his consent alone was required to make her the happiest of women. Her late peril had roused all the love of a fond parent in his heart, and folding her lovely glowing form to his bosom, he whispered, "Fear nothing; you shall be the wife of your brave preserver, Helen."

Helen could not speak, but she wept her thanks on her father's neck; then, suddenly recollecting where she was, she wiped away the mingled tears that hung upon her fair cheek, and timidly presented the parliamentary commissioner to Lady Alice, as her father.

Lady Alice coldly and distantly acknowledged the profound obeisance of the disconcerted Milbourne; who was advancing with eager alacrity to salute her ladyship, when a single glance from her large majestic eyes had the effect of paralyzing his motions, and silencing the compliments he was preparing to utter.

At that moment—that critical moment, and before the ungracious sentence which hung on the haughty lips of Lady Alice could be pronounced, the rapid sound of a horseman, riding as if on life and death, was heard crossing the drawbridge of the castle; and the next moment, Colonel Dagworth, with the red stains of recent battle on his array, and mired from spur to plume, rushed into the apartment.

"Mother!—sweet Helen!" he exclaimed, "I have been successful—joy with me—I am the happiest of men!"

"What now?" replied Lady Alice, haughtily rising from her seat; "what mean these stains upon your dress, Colonel Dagworth—are you wounded?"

"Nothing but a scratch not worth the caring for," he replied, "the loss of the precious minutes was all my uneasi-

Drawn by Eliza Sharpe.  Engraved by Fredk A. Heath.

The Love Letter.

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ness, and for the first time in my life I would rather not have done battle with the Roundheads, had I not been intercepted by an ambuscade of them about five miles off. I should have been with you three hours earlier, but they compelled me to tarry by the way till I had beaten them soundly, mother mine; and now, I am come to tell you the good news of that, and the still better intelligence, that I have obtained my father's full and free consent to take this lady to wife."

"Your father's consent!" echoed Lady Alice: "impossible! he never would so far forget himself."

"It is here under his own hand and seal, nevertheless," replied Colonel Dagworth, presenting his mother with a paper.

She received it with a compressed brow, read it with evident displeasure, and when she had concluded it, rent it into a thousand pieces, and scornfully setting her foot on the fragments, passionately exclaimed,

"Thus do I trample on the record of Sir Reginald Dagworth's weakness, and the base preliminary for an alliance with the blood of traitors——"

"And on the happiness of your only son, madam," retorted Colonel Dagworth, bitterly, concluding the sentence; "of him whom you *say* you love; but the deadliest offices of hatred are kindness in comparison to the deliberate cruelty of conduct like yours."

"Helen," said the mortified parent to his daughter, who stood like one stunned and paralyzed by this unexpected ebullition of Lady Alice's hostile feelings, "it is enough: I thought the sacrifice had been on our part, when I consented to bestow you and the uncounted thousands to which you are the sole heiress, on the pennyless son of an impoverished family, and an adherent to a ruined cause, withal; but you have been rejected, my girl, with contumely, which ought to teach you the folly of desiring such unequal yoking; and now, Helen, return your thanks to this proud lady for the ungracious benefits she has conferred upon you, and let us be gone from these walls for ever."

"Stay, Master Milbourne, for pity's sake—Helen, will you thus abandon me?" exclaimed Colonel Dagworth. "My mother," added he, "must and shall apologise for her conduct: it is the warmth of party feeling, nothing else, believe me, and you must forgive her."

"Lady Alice is YOUR mother, Edward Dagworth," said Helen, "and from her I can forgive anything—even her assurance that I am unworthy of the honour of becoming your wife."

She courtesied with respectful dignity to both mother and son as she concluded; and turning on the beloved of her heart the glance of tender farewell she could not trust her quivering lips to speak, passively yielded to the impulse of the paternal arm that led her from their mansion.

The recent conflagration at New Hall, having left Ralph Milbourne without a Norfolk residence, and Helen still expressing a wish to remain in that county, he placed her with her uncle Ireton's family, then occupying a spacious but dismal mansion in that neighbourhood, called Irmingland Hall. And there, in spite of danger and the precautions of her family to prevent these meetings, did the adventurous lover seek, and oft times succeed in obtaining, stolen interviews with his beloved; and in the last of these, that rupture took place between them which I have recorded in the commencement of my tale, and which left them both angry, but broken-hearted.

The fierce excitement of the perilous and active scenes in which he was engaged, and the increasing darkness that now overshadowed his cause, seemed at times to divert the thoughts of Colonel Dagworth from the regrets and sorrows of a love that nothing could obliterate; but Helen, in the deep retirement and unbroken gloom of Irmingland Hall, had no other employment for her thoughts than heart-corroding recollections of past happiness and wronged affection. From the haughty daughter of Cromwell, who had recently become the wife of her uncle Ireton, she neither expected nor obtained sympathy for that oppressive anguish which preyed upon the springs of life. To this, time brought no balm, but rather added a twofold cause of distress, in the danger that threatened the still dear but estranged and distant object of her faithful affection; and in the uneasiness she endured in consequence of the solicitations of marriage which she now received from Sir Richard Warden, one of the parliamentary leaders, and the chosen friend of her uncle Ireton, by whom his cause was warmly espoused. It was also earnestly backed by her father; and could she have forgotten Colonel Dagworth, it is possible she might have yielded to the pressing instances of those near relatives in favour of one to whom she could not deny her esteem, and who possessed every thing to recommend him to the regard of any one who had affections to bestow.

The fall of Colchester at length took place, and the besiegers, enraged at the obstinacy of its brave defenders, had long vowed a signal vengeance against the most distinguished of these, among whom Colonel Dagworth might be justly reckoned. His father had fallen in one of the desperate *sorties* that had been attempted by the cavaliers; and to all the other causes of animosity existing against this brave loyalist, was the circumstance of his being the beloved of the wealthy heiress of Ralph Milbourne, the suspected obstacle that prevented her marriage with a powerful Roundhead partizan. His death was therefore resolved upon, both as a matter of public and private expediency, by the council assembled at Colchester, soon after the surrender of that last stronghold of loyalty.

Helen Milbourne had scarcely recovered from the horror with which the ungenerous massacre of Sir John Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas had inspired her, when Lady Alice Dagworth, attired in her weeds of recent widowhood, rushed into the apartment where, with pale cheeks and tearful eyes, she had just perused the diurnal which detailed the last scene of those ill-fated heroes, and flinging her arms wildly about her, exclaimed, with a frantic shriek, "Save my son!"

"Your son!" echoed Helen, looking fearfully upon Lady Alice, and scarcely appearing to comprehend the nature of the very peril which she had so much dreaded.

"Yes, yes; my son, my only one, Edward Dagworth! The barbarous traitors who have slain Lucas and Lisle, have vowed his death—the death of my beautiful, my valiant son! You loved him once, Helen Milbourne, and you can save him, if you will."

Helen Milbourne, forgetful of past injury, insult, and scorn, clung to the bosom of Lady Alice with the fervent embrace of a child; and mingling her tears with those with which the agonized mother was bedewing her features, sobbed out,

"Alas! Lady Alice, how can I save Colonel Dagworth—I who am so powerless?"

"You are not powerless—you are the daughter of Ralph Milbourne, the niece of Ireton. Through these men you can do every thing. Oh, Helen, Helen! do not waste the precious moments in vain words, but remember the fate from which he saved you, and plead for him with those who will else be his murderers!"

Helen scarcely breathed till she found herself in the presence of her uncle, who was in deep consultation with her father and Sir Richard Warden, and flinging herself at the feet of Ireton, she preferred her suit with hysterical sobs.—He listened to her in stern silence.—She turned to her father with clasped hands and streaming eyes, and exclaimed,

"Will you not speak, my father, one word, one little word, to preserve his life who rescued your child from a fate more dreadful than death?"

"It would be useless, Helen," he replied: "he is not my prisoner—it rests with your uncle Ireton."

"He is the captive of my bow and spear!" exclaimed Ireton: "I hold his death-warrant in my hand, which is directed to me for execution but—you can ransom him, if you will." He glanced significantly at Sir Richard Warden, who stood, with folded arms, gazing intently upon the weeping suppliant. Helen shuddered, and looked imploringly at her father.

"There is no other alternative," observed Ralph Milbourne.

"None?" said Helen, turning to Ireton.

"None," he replied, "but your consenting to become the wife of the brave Sir Richard Warden; on which condition I will allow your hand to cancel the death-warrant of the Malignant Edward Dagworth.

He held it towards her as he spoke. One glance upon that fatal instrument was sufficient to decide the wavering purpose of Helen Milbourne.

"He *shall* live!" she said, tearing the warrant as she spoke: "he will not be more lost to me than he is now, when I am the wife of another; and I—I—I shall have saved him. But," added she, turning once more to her uncle "you must engage for his liberty as well."

"I will be your uncle's surety for that, madam," said Sir Richard Warden.

"And I must see him once more."

"To what purpose?" said her father.

She covered her face, and burst into a flood of tears.

Her affianced bridegroom took her cold hand and led her to an apartment barred and guarded, at the door of which, on the bare floor, with dishevelled hair, was seated Lady Alice Dagworth in her sable garments. She started from her recumbent posture, and grasping Helen's arm with a convulsive pressure, gasped out, "My son! my son!"

"I have saved him," said Helen, in a broken voice.

"May the God of Mercy bless and reward you, then," murmured Lady Alice, snatching her to her bosom with a wild burst of weeping.

At a sign from Sir Richard Warden, the bolts were withdrawn, and Helen Milbourne and her lost lover looked upon each other once more. His noble form was war-worn and attenuated by famine. Her cheek was faded by the cankerworm of sorrow, the lustre of her eyes had been dimmed by tears, and were still red and swollen from excessive weeping; in the impress of that unutterable wo which appeared imprinted on her agonized brow, Edward Dagworth read, as he supposed, his death doom. Coldness, anger, and pride, were alike forgotten by each; and, fondly extending his fettered arms towards her, he exclaimed,

"And have you then come, my beloved, like an angel visitant, to my dreary prison-house, to bless me with one last look?"

"To look my last upon you, I am indeed come," she replied, "my Edward! Mine! do I say? Ay, mine; for I have purchased you with a price. You were, an hour ago, reckoned with the dead, but now are you living and free. Your life and liberty are my gift—go, and be happy; and when the green grass waves over the early grave of Dame Helen Warden (as I must soon be called), remember she died to save you from the fate of your brave companions in arms, Lisle and Lucas."

"And will you, dare you, wed this lady on such terms?" demanded Colonel Dagworth, turning sternly to Sir Richard Warden.

"No," he replied, "I'll none of her—take her—she is yours. I will bestow her upon you with my own hand, at the marriage altar; and all I ask in return is, for you to bear me witness among your brother cavaliers, that you found one generous foe among the conquerors of Colchester."

# A DECEMBER NIGHT'S CAROL.

### BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

" 'Twill be all the same a hundred years hence."—*Old Proverb.*

Quick! close the casements—shut the doors—
And o'er the crackling faggots throw
Another log or two;
Hark! how the sullen north wind roars,
As rushing o'er the drifted snow,
It sweeps the valley through.

The night is bleak—My friends, draw near
The blazing hearth, around it flings
A welcome, warm and free;
Fill ev'ry glass—another year
Is close at hand, perchance it brings
Good luck to you and me.

Fill, neighbours, fill—a truce to care,
To gloomy musings on the past—
New days are on your track;
You're twelvemonths older than you were,
Be wiser then! time flies so fast
'Tis useless looking back.

What—Farmer Jones! as usual, full
Of worldly thoughts and past events,
Low markets and short crops;
Will grumbling raise the price of wool,
Or lower poor-rates, tithes, and rents,
Or ripen corn and hops?

Come, neighbour, trust to common sense—
Put on, to-night, a cheerful face—
Be happy when you may;
'Twill be the same, a century hence,
With landlords, parsons, and the race
Of those who toil and pay.

Why, Raymond! still so thin and pale,
Are youths like you by nature made
To languish, sigh, and fret?
We know by heart your oft-told tale,
Of faith deceived, of love betray'd,
By some fair, false coquette.

And be the charmer false or true,
A century hence, my life I'll stake,
It will be all the same,
If Laura's eyes were green or blue,
Or Julia were of faultless make,
Or hump-back'd, blind, and lame.

Good Lambert! smooth that troubled brow,
Cease brooding o'er the vast reforms
You plan for church and state;
Let others act the patriot now,
Regardless of the threat'ning storms
That cloud the patriot's fate.

For will it signify one jot,
A century hence, when none remain
Of those who scheme to-day,
Whether it proved your happy lot
To wrangle in the restless train
Of Wellington or Grey?

In mercy, Patrick! prithee, cease
  To prose o'er long repeated truths
    We all so oft have heard;
We know full well, that since the peace,
  Your wounds grow stale—that beardless youths
    Are o'er your head preferr'd.

Let Fortune play her slipp'ry pranks,
  Old captains growl—young colonels laugh—
    No pref'rence will exist
A century hence, in all the ranks
  Of captains, subalterns, and staff,
    Now on the Horse Guards' list.

My friends! cheer up—a brimming glass,
  A bright new year! and health to all!
    Fill bumpers—neighbours, fill!
Improve the moments as they pass,
  Seek not past troubles to recal,
    Nor look for future ill.

Believe me, that the less you crave,
  The less you need:—if you would plan
    A system for the best,
Be grateful for the good you have,
  Be kind and cheerful when you can,
    And leave to Heav'n the rest.

# THE TRIAL OF LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Having obtained leave from the Signora Priora to go out for a few hours, Angeline, who was a boarder at the convent of Sant' Anna, in the little town of Este, in Lombardy, set out on her visit. She was dressed with simplicity and taste; her faziola covered her head and shoulders; and from beneath, gleamed her large black eyes, which were singularly beautiful. And yet she was not, perhaps, strictly handsome; but, she had a brow smooth, open, and noble; a profusion of dark silken hair, and a clear, delicate, though brunette complexion. She had, too, an intelligent and thoughtful expression of countenance; her mind appeared often to commune with itself; and there was every token that she was deeply interested in, and often pleased with, the thoughts that filled it. She was of humble birth: her father had been steward to Count Moncenigo, a Venetian nobleman; her mother had been foster-mother to his only daughter. Both her parents were dead; they had left her comparatively rich; and she was a prize sought by all the young men of the class under nobility; but Angeline lived retired in her convent, and encouraged none of them.

She had not been outside its walls for many months; and she felt almost frightened as she found herself among the lanes that led beyond the town, and up the Euganean hills, to Villa Moncenigo, whither she was bending her steps. Every portion of the way was familiar to her. The Countess Moncenigo had died in childbirth of her second child, and from that time, Angeline's mother had lived at the villa. The family consisted of the Count, who was always, except during a few weeks in the autumn, at Venice, and the two children. Ludovico, the son, was early settled at Padua, for the sake of his education, and then Faustina only remained, who was five years younger than Angeline.

Faustina was the loveliest little thing in the world: unlike an Italian, she had laughing blue eyes, a brilliant complexion, and auburne hair; she had a sylph-like form, slender, round, and springy; she was very pretty, and vivacious, and self-willed, with a thousand winning ways, that rendered it delightful to yield to her. Angeline was like an elder sister: she waited on Faustina; she yielded to her in every thing; a word or smile of hers, was all-powerful. "I love her too much," she would sometimes say; "but I would endure any misery rather than see a tear in her eye." It was Angeline's character to concentrate her feelings, and to nurse them till they became passions; while excellent principles, and the sincerest piety, prevented her from being led astray by them.

Three years before, Angeline had, by the death of her mother, been left quite an orphan, and she and Faustina went to live at the convent of Sant' Anna, in the town of Este; but a year after, Faustina, then fifteen, was sent to complete her education at a very celebrated convent in Venice, whose aristocratic doors were closed against her ignoble companion. Now, at the age of seventeen, having finished her education, she returned home, and came to Villa Moncenigo with her father, to pass the months of September and October. They arrived this very night, and Angeline was on her way from her convent, to see and embrace her dearest companion.

There was something maternal in Angeline's feelings—five years makes a considerable difference at the ages of ten to fifteen, and much, at seventeen and two-and-twenty. "The dear child," thought Angeline, as she walked along, "she must be grown taller, and, I dare say, more beautiful than ever. How I long to see her, with her sweet arch smile! I wonder if she found any one at her Venetian convent to humour and spoil her, as I did here—to take the blame of her faults, and indulge her in her caprices. Ah! those days are gone!—she will be thinking now of becoming a sposa[*]. I wonder if she has felt any thing of love." Angeline sighed. "I shall hear all about it soon—she will tell me every thing, I am sure.—And I wish I might tell her—secrecy and mystery are so very hateful; but I must keep my vow, and in a month it will be all over—in a month I shall know my fate. In a month!—shall I see him then?—shall I ever see him again! But I will not think of that, I will only think of Faustina—sweet, beloved Faustina!"

And now Angeline was toiling up the hill side; she heard her name called; and on the terrace that overlooked the road, leaning over the balustrade, was the dear object of her thoughts—the pretty Faustina, the little fairy girl, blooming in youth, and smiling with happiness. Angeline's heart warmed to her with redoubled fondness.

Soon they were in each other's arms; and Faustina laughed, and her eyes sparkled, and she began to relate all the events of her two years life, and showed herself as self-willed, childish, and yet as engaging and caressing as ever. Angeline listened with delight, gazed on her dimpled cheeks, sparkling eyes, and graceful gestures, in a perfect, though silent, transport of admiration. She would have had no time to tell her own story, had she been so inclined, Faustina talked so fast.

"Do you know, Angelinetta mia," said she, "I am to become a sposa this winter?"

"And who is the Signor Sposino?"

"I don't know yet; but during next carnival he is to be found. He must be very rich and very noble, papa says; and *I* say he must be very young and very good-tempered, and give me my own way, as you have always done, Angelina carina."

At length Angeline rose to take leave. Faustina did not like her going—she wanted her to stay all night—she would send to the convent to get the Priora's leave; but Angeline knowing that this was not to be obtained, was resolved to go, and at last, persuaded her friend to consent to her departure. The next day, Faustina would come herself to the convent to pay her old friends a visit, and Angeline could return with her in the evening, if the Priora would allow it. When this plan had been discussed and arranged, with one more embrace, they separated; and, tripping down the road, Angeline looked up, and Faustina looked down from the terrace, and waved her hand to her and smiled. Angeline was delighted with her kindness, her loveliness, the animation and sprightliness of her manner and conversation. She thought of her, at first, to the exclusion of every other idea, till, at a turn in the road, some circumstance recalled her thoughts to herself. "O, how too happy I shall be," she thought, "if he prove true!—with Faustina and Ippolito, life will be Paradise!" And then she traced back in her faithful memory, all that had occurred during the last two years. In the briefest possible way, we must do the same.

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[*] The name given in Italy to a betrothed girl.

Faustina had gone to Venice, and Angeline was left alone in her convent. Though she did not much attach herself to any one, she became intimate with Camilla della Toretta, a young lady from Bologna. Camilla's brother came to see her, and Angeline accompanied her in the parlour to receive his visit. Ippolito fell desperately in love, and Angeline was won to return his affection. All her feelings were earnest and passionate; and yet, she could regulate their effects, and her conduct was irreproachable. Ippolito, on the contrary, was fiery and impetuous: he loved ardently, and could brook no opposition to the fulfilment of his wishes. He resolved on marriage, but being noble, feared his father's disapprobation: still it was necessary to seek his consent; and the old aristocrat, full of alarm and indignation, came to Este, resolved to use every measure to separate the lovers for ever. The gentleness and goodness of Angeline softened his anger, and his son's despair moved his compassion. He disapproved of the marriage, yet he could not wonder that Ippolito desired to unite himself to so much beauty and sweetness: and then, again, he reflected, that his son was very young, and might change his mind, and reproach him for his too easy acquiescence. He therefore made a compromise; he would give his consent in one year from that time, provided the young pair would engage themselves, by the most solemn oath, not to hold any communication by speech or letter during that interval. It was understood that this was to be a year of trial; that no engagement was to be considered to subsist until its expiration; when, if they continued faithful, their constancy would meet its reward. No doubt the father supposed, and even hoped, that, during their absence, Ippolito would change his sentiments, and form a more suitable attachment.

Kneeling before the cross, the lovers engaged themselves to one year of silence and separation; Angeline, with her eyes lighted up by gratitude and hope; Ippolito, full of rage and despair at this interruption to his felicity, to which he never would have assented, had not Angeline used every persuasion, every command, to instigate him to compliance; declaring, that unless he obeyed his father, she would seclude herself in her cell, and spontaneously become a prisoner, until the termination of the prescribed period. Ippolito took the vow, therefore, and immediately after set out for Paris.

One month only was now wanting before the year should have expired; and it cannot be wondered that Angeline's thoughts wandered from her sweet Faustina, to dwell on her own fate. Joined to the vow of absence, had been a promise to keep their attachment, and all concerning it, a profound secret from every human being, during the same term. Angeline consented readily (for her friend was away) not to come back till the stipulated period; but the latter had returned, and now, the concealment weighed on Angeline's conscience: there was no help—she must keep her word.

With all these thoughts occupying her, she had reached the foot of the hill, and was ascending again the one on which the town of Este stands, when she heard a rustling in the vineyard that bordered one side of the road—footsteps—and a well-known voice speaking her name.

"Santa Vergine! Ippolito!" she exclaimed, "is this your promise?"

"And is this your reception of me?" he replied, reproachfully. "Unkind one! because I am not cold enough to stay away—because this last month was an intolerable eternity, you turn from me—you wish me gone. It is true, then, what I have heard—you love another! Ah! my journey will not be fruitless—I shall learn who he is, and revenge your falsehood."

Angeline darted a glance full of wonder and reproach; but she was silent, and continued her way. It was in her heart not to break her vow, and so to draw down the curse of heaven on their attachment. She resolved not to be induced to say another word; and, by her steady adherence to her oath, to obtain forgiveness for his infringement. She walked very quickly, feeling happy and miserable at the same time—and yet not so—happiness was the genuine, engrossing sentiment; but she feared, partly her lover's anger, and more, the dreadful consequences that might ensue from his breach of his solemn vow. Her eyes were radiant with love and joy, but her lips seemed glued together; and resolved not to speak, she drew her faziola close round her face, that he might not even see it, as she walked speedily on, her eyes fixed on the ground. Burning with rage, pouring forth torrents of reproaches, Ippolito kept close to her side—now reproaching her for infidelity—now swearing revenge—now describing and lauding his own constancy and immutable love. It was a pleasant, though a dangerous theme. Angeline was tempted a thousand times to reward him by declaring her own unaltered feelings; but she overcame the desire, and, taking her rosary in her hand, began to tell her beads. They drew near the town, and finding that she was not to be persuaded, Ippolito at length left her, with protestations that he would discover his rival, and take vengeance on him for her cruelty and indifference. Angeline entered her convent, hurried into her cell—threw herself on her knees—prayed God to forgive her lover for breaking his vow; and then, overcome with joy at the proof he had given of his constancy, and of the near prospect of their perfect happiness, her head sank on her arms, and she continued absorbed in a reverie which bore the very hues of heaven. It had been a bitter struggle to withstand his entreaties, but her doubts were dissipated, he was true, and at the appointed hour would claim her; and she who had loved through the long year with such fervent, though silent, devotion, would be rewarded! She felt secure—thankful to heaven—happy.—Poor Angeline!

The next day, Faustina came to the convent: the nuns all crowded round her. "*Quanto è bellina,*" cried one. "*E tanta carina!*" cried another. "*S' è fatta la sposina?*"—"Are you betrothed yet?" asked a third. Faustina answered with smiles and caresses, and innocent jokes and laughter. The nuns idolized her; and Angeline stood by, admiring her lovely friend, and enjoying the praises lavished on her. At length, Faustina must return; and Angeline, as anticipated, was permitted to accompany her.

"She might go to the villa with her," the Priora said, "but not stay all night—it was against the rules."

Faustina entreated, scolded, coaxed, and at length succeeded in persuading the superior to allow her friend's absence for a single night. They then commenced their return together, attended by a maid servant—a sort of old duenna. As they walked along, a cavalier passed them on horseback.

"How handsome he is!" cried Faustina: "who can he be?"

Angeline blushed deeply, for she saw that it was Ippolito. He passed on swiftly, and was soon out of sight. They were now ascending the hill, the villa almost in sight, when they were alarmed by a bellowing, a hallooing, a shrieking, and a bawling, as if a den of wild beasts, or a mad-house, or rather both together, had broken loose. Faustina turned pale; and soon her companion was equally frightened, for a buffalo, escaped from the yoke, was seen tearing down the hill, filling the air with roarings, and a whole troop of *contadini* after him, screaming and shrieking—he was exactly in the path of the friends. The old duenna cried out, "*O, Gesu Maria!*" and fell flat on the earth. Faustina uttered a piercing shriek, and caught Angeline round the waist; who threw herself before the terrified girl, resolved to suffer the danger herself, rather than it should meet her friend—the animal was close upon them. At that moment, the cavalier rode down the hill, passing the buffalo, and then, wheeling round, intrepidly confronted the wild animal. With a ferocious bellow he swerved aside, and turned down a lane that opened to the left; but the horse, frightened, reared, threw his rider, and then galloped down the hill. The cavalier lay motionless, stretched on the earth.

It was now Angeline's turn to scream; and she and Faustina both anxiously ran to their preserver. While the latter fanned him with her large green fan, which Italian ladies carry to make use of as a parasol, Angeline hurried to fetch some water. In a minute or two, colour revisited his cheeks, and he opened his eyes; he saw the beautiful Faustina, and tried to rise. Angeline at this moment arrived, and presenting the water in a bit of gourd, put it to his lips—he pressed her hand—she drew it away. By this time, old Caterina, finding all quiet, began to look about her, and seeing only the two girls hovering over a fallen man, rose and drew near.

"You are dying!" cried Faustina: "you have saved my life, and are killed yourself."

Ippolito tried to smile. "I am not dying," he said, "but I am hurt."

"Where? how?" cried Angeline. "Dear Faustina, let us send for a carriage for him, and take him to the villa."

"O! yes," said Faustina: "go, Caterina—run—tell papa what has happened—that a young cavalier has killed himself in saving my life."

"Not killed myself," interrupted Ippolito; "only broken my arm, and, I almost fear, my leg."

Angeline grew deadly pale, and sank on the ground.

"And you will die before we get help," said Faustina; "that stupid Caterina crawls like a snail."

"I will go to the villa," cried Angeline, "Caterina shall stay with you and Ip——*Buon dio!* what am I saying?"

She rushed away, and left Faustina fanning her lover, who again grew very faint. The villa was soon alarmed, the Signor Conte sent off for a surgeon, and caused a mattress to be slung, with four men to carry it, and came to the assistance of Ippolito. Angeline remained in the house; she yielded at last to her agitation, and wept bitterly, from the effects of fright and grief. "O that he should break his vow thus to be punished—would that the atonement had fallen upon me!" Soon she roused herself, however, prepared the bed, sought what bandages she thought might be necessary, and by that time he had been brought in. Soon after the surgeon came; he found that the left arm was certainly broken, but the leg was only bruised: he then set the limb, bled him, and giving him a composing draught, ordered that he should be kept very quiet. Angeline watched by him all night, but he slept soundly, and was not aware of her presence. Never had she loved so much. His misfortune, which was accidental, she took as a tribute of his affection, and gazed on his handsome countenance, composed in sleep, thinking, "Heaven preserve the truest lover that ever blessed a maiden's vows!"

The next morning Ippolito woke without fever and in good spirits. The contusion on his leg was almost nothing;

he wanted to rise: the surgeon visited him, and implored him to remain quiet only a day or two to prevent fever, and promised a speedy cure if he would implicitly obey his mandates. Angeline spent the day at the villa, but would not see him again. Faustina talked incessantly of his courage, his gallantry, his engaging manners. She was the heroine of the story. It was for her that the cavalier had risked his life; her he had saved. Angeline smiled a little at her egotism. "It would mortify her if I told her the truth," she thought: so she remained silent. In the evening it was necessary to return to the convent; should she go in and say adieu to Ippolito? Was it right? Was it not breaking her vow? Still how could she resist? She entered and approached him softly; he heard her step, and looked up eagerly, and then seemed a little disappointed.

"Adieu! Ippolito," said Angeline, "I must go back to my convent. If you should become worse, which heaven forbid, I will return to wait on you, nurse you, die with you; if you get well, as with God's blessing there seems every hope, in one short month, I will thank you as you deserve. Adieu! dear Ippolito."

"Adieu! dear Angeline; you mean all that is right, and your conscience approves you: do not fear for me. I feel health and strength in my frame, and I bless the inconvenience and pain I suffer since you and your sweet friend are safe. Adieu! Yet, Angeline, one word:—my father, I hear, took Camilla back to Bologna with him last year—perhaps you correspond?"

"You mistake; by the Marchese's desire, no letters have passed."

"And you have obeyed in friendship as in love—you are very good. Now I ask a promise also—will you keep one to me as well as to my father?"

"If it be nothing against our vow."

"Our vow! you little nun—are our vows so mighty?—No, nothing against our vow; only that you will not write to Camilla nor my father, nor let this accident be known to them; it would occasion anxiety to no purpose:—will you promise?"

"I will promise not to write without your permission."

"And I rely on your keeping your word as you have your vow. Adieu, Angeline. What! go without one kiss?"

She ran out of the room, not to be tempted; for compliance with this request would have been a worse infringement of her engagement than any she had yet perpetrated.

She returned to Este, anxious, yet happy; secure in her lover's faith, and praying fervently that he might speedily recover. For several days after, she regularly went to Villa Moncenigo to ask after him, and heard that he was getting progressively well, and at last she was informed that he was permitted to leave his room. Faustina told her this, her eyes sparkling with delight. She talked a great deal of her cavalier, as she called him, and her gratitude and admiration. Each day, accompanied by her father, she had visited him, and she had always some new tale to repeat of his wit, his elegance, and his agreeable compliments. Now he was able to join them in the saloon, she was doubly happy. Angeline, after receiving this information, abstained from her daily visit, since it could no longer be paid without subjecting her to the risk of encountering her lover. She sent each day, and heard of his recovery; and each day she received messages from her friend, inviting her to come. But she was firm—she felt that she was doing right; and though she feared that he was angry, she knew that in less than a fortnight, to such had the month decreased since she first saw him, she could display her real sentiments, and as he loved her, he would readily forgive. Her heart was light, or full only of gratitude and happiness.

Each day, Faustina entreated her to come, and her entreaties became more urgent, while still Angeline excused herself. One morning her young friend rushed into her cell to reproach, and question, and wonder at her absence. Angeline was obliged to promise to go; and then she asked about the cavalier, to discover how she might so time her visit, as to avoid seeing him. Faustina blushed—a charming confusion overspread her face as she cried,

"O, Angeline! it is for his sake I wish you to come."

Angeline blushed now in her turn, fearing that her secret was betrayed, and asked hastily,

"What has he said?"

"Nothing," replied her vivacious friend; "and that, is why I need you. O, Angeline, yesterday, papa asked me how I liked him, and added that if his father consented, he saw no reason why we should not marry——Nor do I—and yet, does he love me? O, if he does not love me, I would not have a word said, nor his father asked—I would not marry him for the world!" and tears sprung into the sensitive girl's eyes, and she threw herself into Angeline's arms.

"Poor Faustina," thought Angeline, "are you to suffer through me?" and she caressed and kissed her with soothing fondness. Faustina continued. She felt sure, she said, that Ippolito did love her. The name fell startlingly on Angeline's ear, thus pronounced by another; and she turned pale and trembled, while she struggled not to betray herself. The tokens of love he gave were not much, yet he looked so happy when she came in, and pressed her so often to remain —and then his eyes——

"Does he ever ask anything about me?" said Angeline.

"No—why should he?" replied Faustina.

"He saved my life," the other answered, blushing.

"Did he—when?—O, I remember; I only thought of mine; to be sure, your danger was as great—nay, greater, for you threw yourself before me. My own dearest friend, I am not ungrateful, though Ippolito renders me forgetful."

All this surprised, nay, stunned Angeline. She did not doubt her lover's fidelity, but she feared for her friend's happiness, and every idea gave way to that——She promised to pay her visit, that very evening.

And now, see her again walking slowly up the hill, with a heavy heart on Faustina's account, and hoping that her love, sudden and unreturned, would not involve her future happiness. At the turn of the road near the villa, her name was called, and she looked up, and again bending from the balustrade, she saw the smiling face of her pretty friend; and Ippolito beside her. He started and drew back as he met her eyes. Angeline had come with a resolve to put him on his guard, and was reflecting how she could speak so as not to compromise her friend. It was labour lost; Ippolito was gone when she entered the saloon, and did not appear again. "He would keep his vow," thought Angeline; but she was cruelly disturbed on her friend's account, and she knew not what to do. Faustina could only talk of her cavalier. Angeline felt conscience-stricken; and totally at loss how to act. Should she reveal her situation to her friend? That, perhaps, were best, and yet she felt it most difficult of all; besides, sometimes she almost suspected that Ippolito had become unfaithful. The thought came with a spasm of agony, and went again; still it unhinged her, and she was unable to command her voice. She returned to her convent, more unquiet, more distressed than ever.

Twice she visited the villa, and still Ippolito avoided her, and Faustina's account of his behaviour to her, grew more inexplicable. Again and again, the fear that she had lost him, made her sick at heart; and again she re-assured herself that his avoidance and silence towards her resulted from his vow, and that his mysterious conduct towards Faustina existed only in the lively girl's imagination. She meditated continually on the part she ought to take, while appetite and sleep failed her; at length she grew too ill to visit the villa, and for two days, was confined to her bed. During the feverish hours that now passed, unable to move, and miserable at the thought of Faustina's fate, she came to a resolve to write to Ippolito. He would not see her, so she had no other means of communication. Her vow forbade the act; but that was already broken in so many ways; and now she acted without a thought of self; for her dear friend's sake only. But, then, if her letter should get into the hands of others; if Ippolito meant to desert her for Faustina?—then her secret should be buried for ever in her own heart. She therefore resolved to write so that her letter would not betray her to a third person. It was a task of difficulty. At last it was accomplished.

"The signor cavaliere would excuse her, she hoped. She was—she had ever been as a mother to the Signorina Faustina—she loved her more than her life. The signor cavaliere was acting, perhaps, a thoughtless part.—Did he understand?—and though he meant nothing, the world would conjecture. All she asked was, for his permission to write to his father, that this state of mystery and uncertainty might end as speedily as possible."

She tore ten notes—was dissatisfied with this, yet sealed it, and crawling out of her bed, immediately despatched it by the post.

This decisive act calmed her mind, and her health felt the benefit. The next day, she was so well that she resolved to go up to the villa, to discover what effect her letter had created. With a beating heart she ascended the lane, and at the accustomed turn looked up. No Faustina was watching. That was not strange, since she was not expected; and yet, she knew not why, she felt miserable: tears started into her eyes. "If I could only see Ippolito for one minute—obtain the slightest explanation, all would be well!"

Thinking thus, she arrived at the villa, and entered the saloon. She heard quick steps, as of some one retreating as she came in. Faustina was seated at a table reading a letter—her cheeks flushed, her bosom heaving with agitation. Ippolito's hat and cloak were near her, and betrayed that he had just left the room in haste. She turned—she saw Angeline—her eyes flashed fire—she threw the letter she had been reading at her friend's feet; Angeline saw that it was her own.

"Take it!" said Faustina: "it is yours. Why you wrote it—what it means—I do not ask: it was at least indelicate, and, I assure you, useless—I am not one to give my heart unasked, nor to be refused when proposed by my father. Take up your letter, Angeline. O, I could not believe that you would have acted thus by me!"

Angeline stood as if listening, but she heard not a word; she was motionless—her hands clasped, her eyes swimming with tears, fixed on her letter.

"Take it up, I say," said Faustina, impatiently stamping with her little foot; "it came too late, whatever your meaning was. Ippolito has written to his father for his consent to marry me; my father has written also."

Angeline now started and gazed wildly on her friend.

"It is true! Do you doubt—shall I call Ippolito to confirm my words?"

Faustina spoke exultingly. Angeline struck—terrified—hastily took up the letter, and without a word turned away, left the saloon—the house, descended the hill, and returned to her convent. Her heart bursting, on fire, she felt as if her frame was possessed of a spirit not her own: she shed no tears, but her eyes were starting from her head—convulsive spasms shook her limbs; she rushed into her cell—threw herself on the floor, and then she could weep—and after torrents of tears, she could pray, and then—think again her dream of happiness was ended for ever, and wish for death.

The next morning, she opened her unwilling eyes to the

Drawn by J. M. Wright.

Engraved by Heath.

[illegible]

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light, and rose. It was day; and all must rise to live through the day, and she among the rest, though the sun shone not for her as before, and misery converted life into torture. Soon she was startled by the intelligence that a cavalier was in the parlour desirous of seeing her. She shrunk gloomily within herself, and refused to go down. The portress returned a quarter of an hour after. He was gone, but had written to her; and she delivered the letter. It lay on the table before Angeline—she cared not to open it—all was over, and needed not this confirmation. At length, slowly, and with an effort, she broke the seal. The date was the anniversary of the expiration of the year. Her tears burst forth; and then a cruel hope was born in her heart that all was a dream, and that now, the Trial of Love being at an end, he had written to claim her. Instigated by this deceitful suggestion, she wiped her eyes, and read these words:

"I am come to excuse myself from an act of baseness. You refuse to see me, and I write; for, unworthy as I must ever be in your eyes, I would not appear worse than I am. I received your letter in Faustina's presence—she recognized your handwriting. You know her wilfulness, her impetuosity; she took it from me, and I could not prevent her. I will say no more. You must hate me; yet rather afford me your pity, for I am miserable. My honour is now engaged; it was all done almost before I knew the danger—but there is no help—I shall know no peace till you forgive me, and yet I deserve your curse. Faustina is ignorant of our secret. Farewell."

The paper dropped from Angeline's hand.

It were vain to describe the variety of grief that the poor girl endured. Her piety, her resignation, her noble, generous nature came to her assistance, and supported her when she felt that without them, she must have died. Faustina wrote to say that she would have seen her, but that Ippolito was averse from her doing so. The answer had come from the Marchese della Toretta—a glad consent; but he was ill, and they were all going to Bologna: on their return they would meet.

This departure was some comfort to the unfortunate girl. And soon another came in the shape of a letter from Ippolito's father, full of praises for her conduct. His son had confessed all to him, he said; she was an angel—heaven would reward her, and still greater would be her recompence, if she would deign to forgive her faithless lover. Angeline found relief in answering this letter, and pouring forth a part of the weight of grief and thought that burthened her. She forgave him freely, and prayed that he and his lovely bride might enjoy every blessing.

Ippolito and Faustina were married, and spent two or three years in Paris and the south of Italy. She had been ecstatically happy at first; but soon the rough world, and her husband's light, inconstant nature inflicted a thousand wounds in her young bosom. She longed for the friendship, the kind sympathy of Angeline; to repose her head on her soft heart, and to be comforted. She proposed a visit to Venice—Ippolito consented—and they visited Este in their way. Angeline had taken the veil in the convent of Sant' Anna. She was cheerful, if not happy; she listened in astonishment to Faustina's sorrows, and strove to console her. Ippolito, also, she saw with calm and altered feelings; he was not the being her soul had loved; and if she had married him, with her deep feelings, and exalted ideas of honour, she felt that she should have been even more dissatisfied than Faustina.

The couple lived the usual life of Italian husband and wife. He was gay, inconstant, careless; she consoled herself with a cavaliere servente. Angeline, dedicated to heaven, wondered at all these things; and how, any could so easily make transfer of affections, which with her, were sacred and immutable.

Drawn by Mrs. [illegible]

Engraved by [illegible]

Gypsy Children

caught in a Storm

[illegible]

# GIPSY CHILDREN CAUGHT IN A STORM.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Meek, gentle things—though joyous, meek,
With radiant eye and downy cheek;
Cheek without a trace of tears,
In the beauty of your years;
In the sweet season of the rose,
When things unknown are cares and woes;
In the bright days of the sunny glance,
When life is but a dazzling trance,
How soft your pictured semblance seems
To win us to a world of dreams!

Lo! each frail and childish form
Cowering down before the storm;
Whose dark grandeurs oversweep
Earth and air, and sky and deep;
Hamlets and the city's towers,
Bastion'd walls and trellised bowers;
Peasants' huts, the chieftain's hall,
Ever the same to each and all.
All alike thy wrath must share,
Storm, that know'st not how to spare!

Lo! each soft and childish face,
Winning yet more touching grace
From the contrast deep and dread
Of the scene around it spread.—
But ye, bright innocents, that there
Await returning sunshine fair,

Surely no sounds of dread and wrath
O'erwhelm ye from the thunder's path—
Surely ye do not shuddering hear
Dark messages of gloom and fear!
Though a thousand mighty harmonies
Go sweeping mid the tossing trees—
Though rushing wind and clashing cloud
Make fierce victorious music loud—
Though all the echoes of the wood
Make answer with their voices rude—
All the echoes of the wood and glen
Join in the sounding chorus then!

If, awed by purity's calm sway,
Of old, the lions turn'd away,
Well may the fiercest storms withdraw
From you their terrors; and the awe
Wherewith, perchance, the human breast
Ever must meet the wild unrest
Of nature, so be soften'd down
For ye, that scarce your meek hearts own,
Even in this bleak and troublous hour,
Aught of pale Fear's prevailing power.—
Yet terrible and strong they are,
Those sounds of th' elemental war!

Chariot wheels of charging host—
Wild waves dash'd on rock-bound coast—
Multitudinous din of voices,
When some city's soul rejoices—
Distant roar of lions, deep
In woods, where midnight shadows sleep—
Roll of doubling drums, or peal
Of clarions, or fierce clash of steel;

These things scarce may liken'd be,
Regal tempests, unto ye!
When with clamour of stern noise,
Ye revel in your whirlwind joys.

How lovely is a little child!
How lovely these wood-children wild!
Around them seems to breathe and move
The very loveliness of love!
Oh! know ye, know ye all your worth,
Ye living treasures of the earth?
Dear little ones! oh, know ye all
That doth exalt you, and enthrall?
The duties on your state imposed,
The glories to your ken disclosed?
Have ever sacred truths inform'd?
Have ever solemn precepts warm'd?
Or heart and voice been taught to raise
The breath of prayer—the strain of praise?—
Poor waifs and foundlings of life's wild,
(Yet all unstain'd and undefiled),
I fear such blessedness is not
Reserved unto your wayward lot;
I fear such priceless store of bliss
It hath been yours to lack and miss.
Yet, citizens of the open air,
Many high lessons wait you *there!*
Oh! might some deeply-gifted seer
Survey ye, nature's nurselings, here,
And in his victory's hour unfold
Your history, ever new and old,
How must he thread perplexing ways,
And fall on strange and startling days;
How must he sound the mighty tide
Of human nature, deep and wide!

And *we*, although *no* seers, alas!
Perchance, too well can guess and glass
Your future, and your fate, by *ours*,—
Ruled by like passions and like powers.

The history of humanity
Must be exemplified in ye;
For all its seeds, and all its springs,
Lie deep in you, young radiant things!
And stems shall shoot, and streams shall flow,
Of Hope, Fear, Joy, Remorse, and Wo!
Through Fancy's orbits, wild and strange,
Her labyrinths of ceaseless change—
Through all she hath of dark and bright,
Must we press on; if we aright
Would read this page of beauty spread
Before us!—and who would not read?

In elder times, such woods as these,
Thrill'd by the many-scented breeze,
Were haunted by unearthly forms,
Alike in sunshine and in storms;
The leafy solitudes were all
Laid soft beneath a bright spell's thrall;
Naiad and wood-nymph, dryad, faun,
Gladden'd each golden eve and dawn!
But never yet, on poet dreams,
Beneath the leaves, beside the streams,
Hath lovelier, tenderer vision shone
Than *this*—this most transcendent one!
Even these simple children meek,
With cloudless eye and blooming cheek,
Must we not think, while thus we gaze
On them, in this deep verdurous maze,

That guardian angels round them stand,
Shielding and sheltering on each hand?
Yet guardian angel need they none,
Save their own purity alone.
And I have often felt, and feel,
This gentle fancy o'er me steal,
That little children thus appear
Themselves like guardian angels near;
Their innocence, a spell to arm
'Gainst every ill, 'gainst every harm!

Bright little band! farewell to ye,
In your verdant temple sanctuary,
Your sheltering, overshadowing tree.—
Soon may this tempest clear away,
And treble splendours gild the day;
And 'midst life's wilderness of storms
And dread array of threatening forms,
When gloom and wrath around ye spread,
May still a shade hang overhead—
A shelter rise on either hand,
To guard you—shield you—infant band!
Oh! may you never be without
A refuge from its tempest-rout,
A refuge and a hallow'd ark
From pelting rains and shadowings dark,
From clashing clouds and howling winds,
Which, as the web of life unwinds,
Too oft shall quench the quivering ray
Of hope, that lights your onward way.
One shelter and one shield be still
Yours, through each threatening harm and ill—
That heavenly shelter from above,
The safeguard of a Father's love!

# REDWOOD:

OR,

## HEUR ET MALHEUR.

BY MISS HARRIET RAIKES.

An evening, cloudy and dismal beyond the ordinary course of nature even in the month of November, and on the gloomy coast of ——, in the east of Scotland, had closed into a night of pitchy darkness. The wind swept round the grey walls of Moray Tower—not in those sudden, shaking gusts, that, by proclaiming the rudeness of the storm without, increase the comforts of a secure and sheltered home—but with that low, winding, moaning plaint, which seems to reproach even the happy; and penetrates chillingly to the heart of the lonely, the restless, and the dejected, as though it wailed the past, deplored the future, or warned them to lament unknown distress. The waves, too, of the German Ocean, were heard dashing against the shingles, with the dull sound of a "heavy ground swell," grating harshly, as they carried back the small pebbles in their retreat; and again returning, foamless and heavily, upon the shore, in the might and terror of an angry sea, without its grandeur.

The Tower of Moray, with all the adjoining property on the coast of ——, had descended to Charles Mortimer, the then Laird of Moray; who, of an ancient family, rich and great, amongst a poor peasantry, and in a barren district, was more willing to spend his days in the dull, and almost solitary, grandeur of his own lairdship, than to be one amongst a crowd, who neither valued his power nor cared for his pretensions: he had also better motives—he loved his country and his people, and his support was useful to both.

Lady Margaret, the wife of Mortimer, listened at intervals to the waves and wind, with the silent fear, that tones of distress, or cries for help, might be mingling in the blast; melancholy and painful accompaniments of the scene, which had occasionally happened at the present time of year, and on similar nights. But she dared no longer utter her apprehensions; or beg silence when no one spoke; or be very certain "she had heard screams from the sea;" for, so often, since the Dutch schooner and the Norwegian trader struck upon the rocks, had she fancied a repetition of these calamities, that Charles Mortimer chid every demonstration of unfounded alarm. It was, then, from a simple curiosity to observe how "it fared with the night," that Lady Margaret undid the shutters, and looked, far and wide, without being able to discern, in the unbounded waste before her, of sea, and sky, and shore, aught that was not black, and murky, and impenetrable, except the glimmering beacon in the horizon. As she stood, however, trying to discover a foundering vessel, a torn mast, a signal, at the least, in the dark void, suddenly the heavens grew light. The low barren coast, the huge expanse of water, the boundary of the horizon, were all clear for an instant; and again were all lost together. A second time the light appeared: it came not from the sea; assuredly it was no fancy; a broad, red, blazing flame rose distinctly on the southern bend of the coast:—further, deeper, and brighter, it spread above, bursting through clouds of smoke—flashing now far and wide—lowering—sinking—and again spreading its lurid glare over the whole visible prospect.

"Awake, Mortimer!" she cried to her husband, dozing in his chair; "look out, and tell me what this is—whence come these flames?—Be quick! be quick!—It is no fancy—look how it lights the room!" and, in fact, as the Laird of Moray started from his chair, the interior of the gloomy apartment became illuminated with the red, dusky rays of the fire, so far and fast they penetrated.

"What lies to the south?" cried Mortimer, ringing the bell. "There is no human habitation of any sort in that direction. Castle Dune is further inland by many miles."

"Look at the blazing splinters cast into the air," continued his wife—"look at the brands and fragments scattered in the smoke. Oh, heaven! have mercy on the lives it threatens!"

"It is, indeed," replied Mortimer, "a blaze that may light us all to bed without candles. That fire must be seven miles off; and whose property it ravages, I cannot make out; nor could our help be available at such a distance."

Lady Margaret continued gazing in silence till the violence of the fire seemed at length to abate.

"Oh, does it not decrease?" she exclaimed at the first hope. "No—yes, it does—it sinks—oh, it evidently sinks—look, all around us, is again in darkness—it is subsiding—the flames are feebler and paler—and now—every now and then, quite smothered in the smoke: it is subdued," she continued in a minute, "praised be God, it is subdued!"

She looked round for congratulations to answer her own, but her husband had left the room to ascertain whether help could be afforded. He soon returned to say that the distance at which the fire had appeared, was too great to give the remotest chance of their being able to assist in extinguishing it; and that, as it seemed to proceed from a lonely and deserted part of the coast, in which no dwelling-place was known, it was supposed to have been caused by a rendezvous of smugglers, who had inadvertently allowed their beacon to communicate itself to the surrounding trees. As the flames had now completely disappeared, and the neighbourhood continued undisturbed, Lady Margaret became satisfied with this explanation; of the truth of which, however, she determined to assure herself the next day, by driving to the spot.

On the desolate and unfrequented part of the coast that appeared in flames to the inhabitants of Moray Tower, had stood one poor and miserable habitation, the hut of a fisherman, occupied, since his death (for he was lost at sea), by his wife and mother. When Guy Redwood found a grave in the element on which he had lived, and gained the means of living, thirty years, his wife was within three months of her confinement. The treachery of the waves, to which she had looked, in simple faith, for the existence of herself and family, had never been considered by this uncalculating being; and the shock occasioned by her utterly unexpected loss, was proportionately violent: yet, she lived to complete her trial, and then leaving her baby to the care of her husband's mother, quitted this world in the pious hope of rejoining him in heaven.

The old grandame reared the child with tenderness; but the years were so many, and the toils and hardships so great, which had visited her since her youngest son had been an infant, that she was now scarcely equal to the charge. The hut was a long distance from any dwelling of the same kind; farther still from any that were better; and the accustomed means of subsistence being lost with her son, Joan, in her old age, had to rely solely to her own energy for the attainment of them; for though she now and then received assistance, yet it was so frail, and given from hands so toil-worn and needy, that her main dependance was still on herself. Spinning, picking up shell-fish, making nets, and aiding the fishermen to drag theirs to land, were the only sources of subsistence possessed by old Joan and little Guy. With this, however, the child grew and flourished: left, every day, for hours, tied, by a long rope, to the door of the hut, it is supposed he taught himself to walk. Nature favoured the efforts of the orphan; he not only walked, but walked lighter and straighter than any Indian hunter; his teeth were like small beads of the whitest pearl; his eyes, bright and blue, with long black lashes; and glossy curls of jet clustered round his little Grecian head. None knew, and none cared, that Guy was beautiful; but one loved him—and she only knew that he was like his father.

The old woman found pleasure in talking to her grandson; and when yet but four years old, he could understand many of the stories she was in the habit of telling him. Thus the mind of the child was singularly developed, considering his age; he knew a great deal without having learnt a letter, for Joan had no time to teach him, nor is it quite clear that she knew the alphabet herself. But infinite were her stores of tales, legends, and superstitions, and these she indelibly impressed on his recollection; and the consequence was, that, with every year, the character of the boy displayed itself, wild and romantic as the stories with which she formed it. This result of her tuition Joan neither perceived nor understood: she thought, while teaching him to be true and faithful to his word, she was laying the sure and only foundation for his happiness; and every day she doted on him the more for his affection to her, and the earnest little endeavours he evinced, to lighten her toil and contribute to her comfort.

Although these were exerted to the utmost of his power, and although he was now eight years old, and consequently some assistance to his infirm and affectionate relative, he could not avert the effects that age and hardship were rapidly bringing to a crisis on Joan's frame. Whether the old woman felt them not herself, or could not bear to prepare the child for her loss, she never touched upon the probability of its occurrence; and Guy was the first to mark a change he could but little understand. Joan's mind gave way before her body; she became subject to fits of wildness, or silence, that fearfully and vaguely impressed the anxious and attentive boy. Her nights, too, were sleepless and feverish, for which he knew no remedy; and at times she was fretfully impatient, when his constant presence alone could sooth her.

The days were so short and dark at this season of the year, that they were seldom disturbed by intercourse from the fishing hamlet; and even then, if it was remarked to Guy or his grandmother, that the latter "*looked sairly*," the old woman denied any malady; and Guy, with a consciousness that all was not right, but with a pride that forbade him to hint at any infirmity of mind in the object of his veneration, sturdily rejected interference.

One evening, after he had laid down on his little hard bed, he started at feeling the withered hand of the old woman passed over his features. She smiled, as he raised himself up, to inquire why she did not sleep; and replied, she was going to talk to him. Guy was ever ready to humour her; and Joan, seated on a sack, her head against the wall, began recalling old times, and asking trivial questions, which the sleepy boy good humouredly roused himself to answer. He soon listened to her with interest; for Joan began to tell him a story relating to himself. She said, that about a month before he was born, a gifted woman from the north country, had been asked by his mother to tell her the fortune of the child she was to have. The sybil replied, that there was a cross upon its birth; which signified that three times he should rise, and three times sink; but if the third crisis did not prove his death, he would ultimately be a great man. She predicted these events to happen in his ninth, eighteenth, and twenty-seventh years. On being further questioned, she added, that fire would attend his rise and his fall; and that water would be the scene of honor, and of shame to him.

Little Guy became completely awakened by this detail of the sybil's prophecy; and they continued talking on the subject for some time afterwards. It was perfectly dark, for the peat fire had gone out, and they had not a candle in the world. Presently, the conversation of the old woman grew vague and indistinct; and at length ceased. The child dropt asleep. He slept until the morning light warned him from his repose; and he then saw that his grandmother's bed was empty, and that she had never left his side—that she lay extended on the floor—that her limbs were cold and stiff—her eye glazed—that she was dead!

Never did morning dawn on sorrow deeper or more entire than that of the orphan Redwood; never did wail of distress more genuine, break unheeded and unheard on earth, than from those childish lips; never were hands joined in more innocent and heart-rending prayer, than those of the desolate boy mourning over his grandame's corpse! All that day, the untired cry, the struggling sob, and the piercing tones of a young despair, echoed in the low hut, and returned themselves their only answer! Vainly were the hands, and feet, and cheeks of the venerable woman, felt and caressed, as now and then, the fixed eye seemed, to the desolate and excited child, to indicate animation. Every hope was raised but to be crushed; and his grief gathering fury, instead of exhaustion, from the frequency and agony of his disappointments, he hurled himself repeatedly upon the floor, and raised shrieks so frantic and insane, they might have awakened all —but the dead.

The elements alone held sympathy with the mourner; and as the night came on, they filled up with hollow wailings, the intervals of breathless calm. At times, the orphan's grief seemed spent with his strength, and the languor of sleep hovered over his senses; but, ever as they sank into forgetfulness, came the look of those cold, unmeaning eyes, and the consciousness of the awful presence of one who, hitherto always the same to him, was now rapidly changing; and cheating him even of the slight alleviation which the possession of her relics afforded him, by mouldering into corruption before his view. Thus continued the painful and fearful scene during two days: the second night the corpse was frightfully disfigured;

and Guy no longer looked at it without disgust. His eye glanced with horror over the little dwelling, by the light of a small fire that he had kindled for the first time; it fixed upon a collection of fisherman's implements that stood in one corner: they had belonged to his father, and been kept by Joan for his future use. Suddenly, actuated by a feeling that could only have been conceived by one so situated, the boy started up, and disengaged them from their place. He first drew out a long and ample net, leaded and corked all round; and folding it doubly and trebly, laid it over the body, which he had already stretched on its bed, and covered with his own. He next arranged on each side, with order and precision, the remaining implements of his father's trade; then surmounting the whole with dry heather, he sadly lighted the singular pile, and walked out of the hut.

Within a few yards of the spot, he seated himself on a fragment of rock to attend the funeral rites of his only friend: and there, with his face hid in his knees, the poor little orphan piteously bewailed his loss, and fervently wished himself to die!

The conflagration soon became perceptible; the combustible materials of which the hovel was formed, yielded easily to the devouring element; the roof gave way with a slight crash, and the whole of Redwood's earthly goods formed but a scanty funeral pile. But, the flames, impelled by a strong breeze from the sea, continued to mount, and spreading to a clump of tall fir trees that grew behind the hut, presently attained a power that was alarming; not, indeed, to their bereaved and heart-broken author, who was far too much absorbed in his own grief to have room for apprehension. The only evidence he gave of his consciousness of the fearful character his act had assumed, was by slowly and mechanically retreating to a spot beyond the immediate reach of the fire; where he stood to contemplate his work, and await with bitter calmness, the destruction of the favourite old trees of his home.

But, the sight of the flames brought others less absorbed by counteracting passions, to the spot, in fear and curiosity. With difficulty an explanation was dragged, by their questions, from the unwilling lips of the boy, who attempted to fly the instant he perceived the approach of strangers; and with still greater difficulty did they tear him from the scene, and carry him to one of their own dwellings for the rest of the night.

When Lady Margaret Mortimer's carriage drove into the fishing hamlet, and stopped at the little public-house to inquire the cause of the alarming fire she had seen the preceding evening, all the wives and children of the absent fishermen crowded round the owner of the Mortimer arms; to give their portion of information to the interrogator, to embellish and exaggerate the account, and to declare where the extraordinary child was to be seen, who had supplied so much wonder and conversation to the surrounding country. Lady Margaret was first conducted to the spot, and then, to the family who had taken little Guy under their protection. She found him calm, although dejected; but, if she was struck with the lovely appearance of the boy, she was equally disappointed by his manner. The young Redwood, alone with his sorrow amidst strangers, appeared in a state of sulky stupefaction; nevertheless, Lady Margaret had him put into her carriage, brought him to Moray Tower, and ordered him to be laid in bed. The next day he was better in health, and more intelligent: won by her kind and gentle manner, he was led to speak of the friend he had lost; to give a clearer account of his family and past life than she had gained in her visit to the hamlet; and finding he was content to stay with her, he was permitted to wander in the grounds, while Mr. Mortimer was consulted on the plan of retaining him as an inmate of their house.

Lady Margaret had been married to Mr. Mortimer, who was a widower with one son, ten years. She had no children, to her great distress, and she did not feel that affection for her step-son,—who had been at school since he was six years of age, and was an independent, thoughtless boy, who had never sought her regard, or appeared to care for his home,—which could recompense her for this deprivation. Mr. Mortimer was pleased with any object that interested Lady Margaret; and a dress of the Moray tartan was ordered immediately for the little Redwood, a black crape on the sleeve commemorating his misfortune.

In time, the spirits of the child revived, and the affections he had bestowed upon his grandmother centered, in his benefactress, perhaps in a still greater degree; for, to the depth and strength of his first wild, uncultivated attachment, he added now an unbounded gratitude. Truly it is said, "*Les bienfaits qui sont doux à recevoir, sont ceux dont le cœur s'acquitte.*" Guy Redwood's love for Lady Margaret made him proud of his dependance on her—proud of owing everything in the world to one, for whom he would have given his life. On her part, she called him her adopted child; and in frequent quarrels between her favourite and young Mortimer, referred to her decision, when others reminded her that George had greater claims than Guy, she would answer, "he is, indeed, the son of my husband, but the other is the son of my heart." This feeling did not produce any deeper dissension, for George Mortimer was unlikely to become jealous: so long as he kept his place in the house, he cared little for his place in anybody's heart: besides, he liked Guy as a playfellow and companion, and his wit and good humour amused him. Did he at times wound his feelings, he repented afterwards; though he could hardly prevent the like offence at another opportunity, for he found it difficult to avoid irritating a sensitiveness, or offending a delicacy, which he was wholly incapable of understanding.

The tie that bound Guy Redwood to his motherly friend above all others, arose in the exact reverse of this conduct; in the tact with which she spared him every mortification, with which she soothed every feeling exposed to humiliation, and in the tender and delicate love and affection with which she studiously raised him to her own level, and taught him to feel himself entitled to be her son by the nobleness and elevation of his mind alone, independent of all adventitious circumstances. But although of his birth and parentage, he spoke as humbly and openly as the most insolent could desire, for both were endeared to him by his affectionate recollections of the past, Guy was in a position exposed to many a cutting jest and disdainful look, with a pride and susceptibility alive to every glance, and jealous of every sarcasm. Truth and honour were the first words he had learnt from Joan: they had sunk the deepest, as they had been the earliest implanted. Often amid the pleasures and luxuries of Moray Tower, the lectures of the old woman rose to his mind, as she had sate by the peat fire, or the open door of the fishing hut, while the waves rippled on the sand, or dashed against the cliff. Redwood had pondered, too, upon her strange narration the night of her decease; and he constantly asked himself if they were the warning words of death, or the fancies of a wandering intellect. He recalled to himself that he had been at the time, in his ninth year; and that the fire which he had lighted in the distraction of sorrow, had been the means of discovering his existence to Lady Margaret Mortimer. This coincidence was striking; and had he been brought up in the ignorance of his childhood, his belief in the prediction would have been firm; but education had removed so many of the prejudices and superstitions of the fisherman's orphan, and life was before him in such gay and hopeful colours, that he no longer stooped to yield it his implicit credit.

It was, however, true, that at the end of another nine years Redwood was again deprived, by death, of his most valued friend—Lady Margaret expired, after a lingering illness. Although this event a second time struck at the root of the orphan's happiness, it had been too gradual to cause surprise; he had attended her bedside to the last, and he followed her to the grave with a sorrow that was soothed by the remembrance of the pains from which she was released.

Lady Margaret left her own fortune, an income of £300 a-year, to her adopted son. Mr. Mortimer was then in treaty for a commission for Redwood in the army; and he begged him to remain with him at Moray Tower, until he entered his profession. During that time, some plate, jewels, and other personal property of the Lady Margaret were to be collected; and in the examination it was ascertained that a pair of diamond ear-rings, of the value of one thousand pounds, was missing. It chanced that carelessly, and perhaps unintentionally, George Mortimer remarked, that "Redwood must know where every thing belonging to Lady Margaret was kept, and that he had been the only person constantly near her for the last three months." Of this idle, and thoughtless speech, one, as wicked as young Mortimer was weak, availed himself to persuade him that Redwood must know where they were now; and though the rumour spread but slowly in a house where its victim was as well known as he was beloved, it yet reached the individual who was the object of it.

Redwood heard nothing of an under-agent—he heard but the hint of George Mortimer. He went to the father of the young man, and he told him that he was come to bid him farewell for ever. He gave neither reason nor excuse for his determination; he resisted every persuasion, question, or entreaty; and declined availing himself of the legacy of his benefactress. Then, with an emotion that struggled under the sternness with which he denied explanation, repeating some faltering expressions of gratitude to Mr. Mortimer, he left the house. From that day, the Laird of Moray heard no more of his existence.

It is supposed that Guy Redwood then quitted his country, and obtained service on the sea, for nothing, for a considerable time, could be ascertained concerning him. A few years later, war was declared; separations occurred on every side, and the young man's disappearance ceased to be remembered in the confusion excited in the nation.

It subsequently appeared, however, that his talents and courage had made their way through all the obstacles that surround a poor and unknown adventurer, and gained their merited reward, by placing him high in his country's favour; for, in the year 18— a fine ship called the Release (homeward bound) was commanded by Captain Redwood. In this ship, were three English officers, who had been prisoners, and had received their exchange: the name of the one most important to this story, was George Mortimer. Time had so changed the boyish friends, they met as strangers. Mortimer's conduct arose in real forgetfulness of his former associate; but Redwood's, in his unwillingness to renew an acquaintance which was painful to him: he, therefore, held little or no communion with the three friends.

The voyage had nearly come to an end, and his taciturnity had excited nothing more than trifling animadversion. But Redwood had congratulated himself too early on the speedily approaching removal of the inmates of his vessel; he was not suffered to seperate from them unknown.

His merit as an officer and seaman were often the subject of conversation, and idle conjectures respecting his birth and family introduced. One evening, while they were still beating about on the wide German Sea, within view of the shore, but waiting for a favourable wind to land, one of the companions of Mr. Mortimer, who were drinking with him below, ejaculated, as he had done several times before,

"Who is this Captain Redwood?"

"'Pon my honour," answered Mortimer, "I'll tell you who he is; for I've been able to look well at him to-day for the first time: he is a fellow that was brought up in my father's house, and ran away on being suspected of pocketing some of Lady Margaret's diamonds."

"No! Is that true?" was shouted: "and with the diamonds!—Is that our captain!"

"'Pon my life, I tell you the fact; for I remember now the whole."

Mr. Mortimer stopped—the door of the cabin opposite to which he sate was open—he saw two dark blue flaming eyes—a livid lip—a menacing finger—and all had disappeared. The mirth died away. George Mortimer corrected himself, and endeavoured to explain—he was not understood, or not listened to—another subject of conversation had started, and the company soon after separated.

About two o'clock in the morning, the Release lay drowsily at anchor, and all within her was quiet. A light gleamed under the door of Mr. Mortimer's cabin—it was opened, and Guy Redwood stood before him. It was no longer the captain of the Release—it was the Guy Redwood of former times, in the hour of anger—dark and fearful, and irresistible as he had ever been. Mortimer was conscious he deserved rebuke; and he commenced an apology for words that he declared were uttered in the heat of intoxication.

"Mr. Mortimer," said Redwood, "I need no apology: get up, and come with me—if," he added, observing some hesitation, "you can trust to the honour you have defamed."

George Mortimer arose, hastily dressed himself, and followed Redwood to the deck; they descended the ship's side, and soon both were seated in a light boat made ready to receive them. They were rowed, in silence, to a small bend in the shore, directed by Redwood; there, they left the boat, and proceeded towards a barren, dreary spot, completely unsheltered, except by a wood of firs at some distance inland. Here they stopped.

"In this spot," said Redwood, breaking silence, "was I born. It has been here predicted that my twenty-seventh year would be fatal to me; probably, therefore, this spot I shall not leave again. It was a night like this, now eighteen years past, that I was here, without home or friend, as wild and savage as my birth-place. Hence was I brought to your father's house, and loaded with every blessing and kindness. That you have meant to cancel these, I do not believe—I care not to inquire. As the son of Mortimer of Moray, I have spared you once—I fled from words that there was but one way of resenting—I cast myself upon the world a second time, without a name or friend, and a second time I had made both, when you forced yourself again upon my way. George Mortimer, there was a time when words like those with which you have slandered me, would not, for your life, have been uttered. There was then one who would have despised you for them, as she may do now, could contempt pierce through the vault of heaven.—No matter—it is my fate.

"You have now," continued Redwood, "slandered me in a place where I have hitherto met with nothing but deference and submission—in my own ship—in the hearing, perhaps, of those whose respect must be entire and undivided—you have proffered words no retraction can do away;—at that moment, I could have found in my heart to have killed you on the spot! But I am calmer now, and I offer to you my hand in peace and forgiveness, before I propose the manner in which our meeting must end."

Mr. Mortimer accepted the hand of Guy Redwood. He replied, that he wished to repair his offence in any way, that could restore him to Mr. Redwood's good opinion; or that he should feel most suitable to his character.

"In that case," answered Redwood, with a voice and manner no longer betraying the influence of passion—no longer sustained by the bitter pride of recent injury, or the irritation of a vexed spirit—"in that case," he answered, in a low, steady tone, pressing hardly the hand he held within his own, while he presented with the other a brace of pistols—"you choose your distance, and I mine—let it be *well* taken—your hand steady—your eye true—for if your aim fail, *mine* will surely be within reach of your heart—remember, I have warned you—and now, farewell."

He gave both pistols into the hands of his adversary—turned a moment away—threw aside his hat—and stood, with folded arms and unflinching eyes—his hair playing around his pale brow in the night breeze, was all that gave sign of animated life in his whole person. Word, or prayer, or look, might as well have been addressed to a statue. Mr. Mortimer chose his weapon, and counted his paces; he took his stand at a loyal distance—and his bullet pierced the throat of Guy Redwood, who expired on the spot.

# LINES

### ON "LES NOIRS PEIGNENT L'ESPRIT—MAIS LES BLEUS, PEIGNENT L'AME[*]!"

### BY LORD ***.

THUS sings—if I conjecture right,—
A poet—of a certain age—
I 'm not of his opinion, quite—
Nor Byron, melancholy sage!
Black eyes, with *him*, were all the rage—
For instance—I forget the page——

"Her eye—(I 'm very fond of handsome eyes)—
Was large and dark—suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke—then, through its soft disguise,
Flash'd an expression," &c.

"But her large dark eye shewed deep Passion's force—
Tho' sleeping like a lion near a source."—

"Katinka was a Georgian, white and red—
With great blue eyes," &c. &c.

So, then, Katinka's eyes were blue—
A pretty, doll-like thing!
The very image, love, of you[†]—
The eye, the magic colouring,
The laughing look, the auburn hair—
I see thee, love, I see thee there!

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[*] The writer was desired by the lady in whose album the verse appeared, to contradict this sentiment.

[†] Supposed to be addressed to the blue-eyed lady.

From Sévigne, to slender zone,
Katinka's portrait is thine own!
Thy smooth fair brow, thy sunny smile,
Without much meaning all the while—
Thine ivory neck, thy coral lip,
Whereon the bee might stop to sip
The fragrant honey of thy breath,
From the sweet store that lay beneath—
All, all were her's!—but where, the soul
That should etherialize the whole?
Oh, no!—no soul the poet gave—
Katinka was—a blue-eyed slave!

But thou, young rival for the prize*,
Glows there no soul in those dark eyes?
And through their soft and fringed disguise,
Flash forth *no* deep-felt sympathies?
And he, the votary of the blue—
The boudoir-poet—saith he *true?*
Oh, could we read that soul of thine!
Oh! could we learn to trace
Each pure warm thought, each glowing line,
By feeling's hand, on duty's page,
Inscribed within that heart of thine!
Oh, for the power to disengage
One little captive from its cage,
To gild the sunshine of thy face!
'Twould be a lovely sight to see
Reserve, and maiden secrecy,
Each hope half form'd, and half subdued—
Each girlish thought in playful mood,—

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* The reader will not have forgotten my French adversary's text:—"Le noirs peignent l'esprit—mais les bleus, peignent l'ame!"

And every fond idea set free,
To tell—a woman's history!
And oh, 'twere bliss to mark that eye,
So darkly, beautifully shy,
Flash forth its light without controul,
And speak, the language of thy soul!
Full well, I ween, might seraphs share
Thine every thought, that harbours there;
Full well, I ween, an angel's tears
Might mingle with thy hopes and fears,
And not a sigh be backward driven,
But each an echo find in heaven!
  Yet oh, 'twere bliss to read them all,
  In cheeks that glow'd at Feeling's call,
And taste, in every glance that's telling
The tale with which the bosom's swelling,
Thoughts worthy of so sweet a dwelling—
  The honey—hived without the gall!

# THE WIFE AND THE WIDOW.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

"In Valencia," quoth the Castilian proverb, "flesh is grass, and grass is water; men are women, and women—nothing!"

It was perhaps at the instigation of this disparaging adage, that Don Luis di Junquera, the representative of one of the most ancient houses in the province, saw fit to amend his Valencian meat by the efforts of a Parisian *maitre d'hôtel;* and, the enervated temperament of his Valencian line, by an alliance with the only daughter of a Neapolitan nobleman, a refugee in Spain, from the political troubles agitating his native country. These innovations, however, tended greatly to disturb the more than *flema Castellana* of his kinsfolk and acquaintance. The correctness of the proverb was disproved no less by the manly boldness with which Don Luis had outraged Valencian custom, and the tenacity with which he defended his right to be the master of his own household, and the carver of his own destinies, than by the vehemence with which his lordship's sudden assumption of independence was resented by a certain Dona Xaviera d'Andujar, the widow of one of his near relatives, who had preconcerted his conjugal subjugation.

Dona Xaviera was decidedly "something!" She was a very beautiful woman, as well as a very audacious manœuvrer; and, but for the fact that she had attained her thirty-eighth year, while the lovely Carolina di Pignatelli was just entering her eighteenth, might have eventually succeeded in establishing her ascendancy over one who, although firmer and more manly in his purposes than accorded with the truth of the Castilian adage, was yet, peculiarly under the domination of female attractions.

One day, however, at the very period when Dona Xaviera considered herself securest of the offer of his hand, and, therewithal, of the presidency of his magnificent palace in the Gloreta, and castle on the Guadalaviar, with their costly hangings, sumptuous marbles, gorgeous plate, and princely caskets of ancestral jewels, it happened that Don Luis was persuaded to accompany her to the convent of the Assumption, fast by the Puerta de los Serranos, in Valencia, where her only child, his ward, was deposited, to be out of the way of her intriguing mother, and in the way of receiving some such sprinkling of education as was bestowed upon the daughters of hidalgo blood during the last century. Dona Xaviera was naturally anxious to display to the world the paternal interest taken by Don Luis in the welfare of little Dona Florencia; but, unluckily, the self-same grating which secured the little chocolate-complexioned damsel from the corruptions of the city, extended its protection over the maturer beauties of the blooming Carolina, who, at the moment of this ill-timed visit, was receiving the fond greeting of her father, Prince Pignatelli, on his arrival from a hazardous expedition to his Calabrian estates. Ever bright and joyous, the countenance of the young Neapolitan was so exquisitely irradiated by the rapture of an unexpected reunion with her parent, that Don Luis found it impossible to fix his attention upon the tapestry frame presented him by a lay sister, as a sample of the talents and industry of his future step-daughter. He could see nothing but Carolina's arm thrown around her father's neck; he could listen to nothing but the bland and endearing accents of affection with which she welcomed the old man's arrival. In vain did Dona Xaviera strive to win his ear by the cajoling tones in which she adjured her dingy little offspring, as, "*Hija de mi alma!*" "Child of my soul!"—her lion-port and awe-commanding grace were not in unison with words of human endearment. It was only the gentle Carolina who knew how to love.

From that period the destiny of the Valencian lord was determined. If the haughty widow of Andujar had found her influence insufficient to reform Don Luis's propensity for a foreign household, still less was it available against the heavenly charm of Carolina's eyes; and, in defiance of all obstacles, within two months of their encounter at the grate of the convent, Don Luis had managed to obtain the friendship of the banished Pignatelli and the fair hand of his daughter. His claims upon her heart were perhaps of a more problematical nature; but if, as yet, Carolina had bestowed no more than kindliness and gratitude on the man who had endowed her with a noble name and honourable home, and loaded her father with services at some risk to the reputation of his own loyalty, Dona Xaviera's inference was far from just, that the young Neapolitan was prepared to loathe the shallow egotist she had sworn to honour as her husband. It is true, the wily widow was, at present, careful to keep this opinion to herself. Having failed in her project to become the wife of Junquera, she still chose to write herself down his loving kinswoman and ally; and soon began to affect a matronly tenderness towards the bride, and even such airs of duennaship as she might have assumed towards a daughter of her own.

Carolina, meanwhile, who had been so early domesticated in Spain, as to have become more than half a Valencian in habits and language, accepted the counsels of Junquera's favoured relative as readily as she had already adopted the costume and dialect of his country. Motherless from her cradle, the guardianship of the venerable abbess and sisterhood of the Assumption had sufficed the instinctive cravings of her young heart after womanly companionship and guidance; and she was as ready to regard Dona Xaviera as a trusty counsellor and friend, as the crafty manœuvrer to proceed against her as an enemy. When, at the conclusion of the carnival, the hidalgo and his household migrated from their palace in the city, to the castle of San Felipe, overlooking the beautiful Huerta de Valencia, Carolina earnestly seconded the entreaties of her lord, that his charming relative would deign to bear them company during the summer season; and Dona Xaviera allowed herself to be persuaded, with seeming reluctance, into acceding to a project originally planned and suggested by her own intentions.

It was a welcome thing to the bride, immured, as she had been, for years and years of childhood, and habituated to no nearer intercourse with nature than could be effected within the narrow limits of the cloister-gardens of the Assumption, to find herself, for the first time, pacing, by her husband's side, on a stately Andalusian barb, black as night, unless where a speck or two of foam was seen upon its glossy flank, and with two scarlet pomegranate blossoms stuck gallantly into the head-rein of its silken housings, along the deep ravine forming the channel of the Guadalaviar; or roaming, with his sprightlier kinswoman, among the garden grounds skirting the castle of San Felipe, an ancient Moresco fortress of considerable dignity. Like a wild bird or a honey-bee, she seemed to hover over its fragrant wilderness of geraniums and jessamines; or reclined beside its tinkling fountains; or mused beneath the shadowy thickets of venerable cork-trees, forming the outermost barrier of the domain; tracing vistas of the valley far—far below, whose spreading rice-fields and verdant plantations of mulberry trees have obtained, for Valencia, the appellation of the garden of Spain.

Every object around her was new and precious to Carolina. The purple mountains—the sheltered pastures—the intertangled woods—the solitary, down-drooping tree—the herds midway in the pool or grouped tranquilly in the shade—the majestic bird winging its flight sea-ward through the skies—the grasshopper singing in the grass—the chaffinch brooding over its nest—the humblest as well as the most imposing shows of nature, each had a voice for her ear, and woke a respondent chord in the sympathy of her young heart. The beauty of the external earth seemed to afford to her lips a fountain of intoxication. She sang—she flew—she laughed her solitary way through the green gardens, as though she had learned to trifle with the solemnities of her lofty destiny. The joy of gazing unchecked upon the sunshine or the moonlight, upon flood or forest, was enough for her happiness; she had attained the consciousness of a sense which had hitherto slumbered in her breast—even that of gratitude to God for his gifts of loveliness unto a world which his goodness seemed to have adorned only for her sake!

Most men would have rejoiced, and even the undemonstrative Conde di Junquera evinced some satisfaction in finding himself the instrument of so much happiness to so gifted a being; for Carolina never looked more beautiful than when she smiled, and now, having overcome the depression of spirits produced by her father's return to Italy soon after her marriage, she was always smiling. But Dona Xaviera saw things in a different light. *She* had no faith in innocent gaiety; and choosing to interpret the vivacity of the young countess into the indication of a vain and frivolous disposition, was exasperated that the conde, in deference to the foreign birth of Carolina, should have been induced to dispense with that second providence of Spanish virtue—the veil and the duenna. She was careful, however, not to awaken the vigilance of Don Luis till she could contrive to introduce as a guest into the castle a certain Don Juanito d'Albufera, whom she took occasion to present to the notice of its noble owners, as a high-born Murcian cavalier, selected by her maternal care to be the future husband of her daughter. Yet vast and manifold as were his merits, she admitted her anxiety to exercise some further scrutiny into his character, ere she hazarded the happiness of her child by his solemn betrothment with Dona Florencia; and Don Luis, who felt himself pledged, both as kinsman and guardian, to watch over the welfare of the young lady, could do no less than request that the intended bridegroom might become his inmate for a week or two, during the sojourn of Dona Xaviera under his roof.

Juanito was accordingly welcomed into the domestic circle of San Felipe. He came—he saw—he even conquered—*not*, indeed, at first sight, the gentle heart of Carolina, but what the wily widow regarded as a first step towards that final consummation—the esteem and predilection of her husband. The young hidalgo was in truth a very taking personage. He possessed all that easy frankness of demeanour to which persons so reserved and formal in their address as Don Luis di Junquera are apt to affix especial value: he was a bold and expert horseman, and consequently a pleasant companion to the lord of the castle; he was an accomplished musician, and therefore a valuable acquisition to the lady. After rising with the lark to follow Don Luis to the chase, he would wake and watch with the nightingale, that he might touch his guitar in accompaniment to the Moorish ballads with which, during the hush of the moonlight hour, Carolina was persuaded to recreate the ears of the conde and his friends; and Don Luis, who loved to listen to her spirit-stirring recital of the prowess of his ancestors—the defeat of El Chico, and the redemption of the fortress of San Felipe from the hands of the Moors, was grateful to the aid of a minstrel, by whose animated chords her genius seemed to be inspired.

It was impossible, in fact, not to like Juanito. The irresistible openness of his countenance and character won every heart to his side. But had he been less prepossessing, Don Luis was not the man to be moved to a paltry feeling of jealousy by the mere beauty of his person, or the mere refinement of his manners. Carolina's bridegroom boasted not a very strong or a very cultivated understanding, but he had high instincts of honour. The countryman of the Cid, he was proud of the distinction: and the generosity of character which sense and enlightenment sometimes fail to strengthen or excite, arose in *his* mind from the consciousness of chivalrous descent. He would have been guilty of a sin—of a *crime*, rather than of a base or unworthy action; and suspicion he regarded as mean and degrading. Nor could all Dona Xaviera's hints and insinuations avail to stir up his jealousy of the superior attractions of his young guest; for Don Luis was satisfied that both his lady and Juanito were come of too gentle blood, to be guilty of deceiving a hospitable host or confiding husband.

The widow, meanwhile, shrugged her shoulders at the obtuseness of his perceptions, and refrained not from her efforts to render them more susceptible to the fact, that his sable-silvered head was seen to disadvantage by the side of Don Juanito's raven locks, and that the soft cadences of her Florencia's intended bridegroom did not tend to enhance the harsh discords and unpleasing sharps of his own untuneable accents. She seemed resolved that her refractory kinsman should not be *too* happy in the enjoyment of his cheerful home and the tenderness of his youthful bride; and it was wormwood to her to find her manœuvres obstructed by the more than knightly magnanimity of the high-minded Junquera. Although neither so young nor so handsome as the boyish D'Albufera, he was incapable of stooping to become the puppet of an envious woman's machinations.

Unfortunately, however, Carolina was as little conscious of this enmity on the part of the widow, as of this elevation of soul on the part of her husband. Reared in the seclusion of conventual life, she had not improved her mind by the study of love romances, printed or acted; had neither "run the gauntlet of a string of puppies" in the ball-room of fashion, nor refined her sentiments by the code of any manual of tender devotion more modern than the ballads of Granada, or the Righte Tragicall Historye of Inez de Castro. Unprepared, therefore, to espy indications of passion in Albufera's dark eyes, she was equally unobservant of Xaviera's cunning, and of the dignified demeanour of Don Luis, and continued to laugh and talk, and ride and run with Juanito; suffering him to place the pomegranate blossoms in the silken housings of her jet-black jennet, and inviting him to join his voice with hers in the fervent strains of some old madrigal, or the unmeaning sentimentalities of a modern canzonet. She even accepted from him the gift of a dainty silken-eared spaniel, such as seem formed to become the appropriate watch-dog of a lady's boudoir; diminutive as that wonder of a lapdog in the fairy tale, which lay concealed within a grain of millet-seed. and originally destined by the gay gallant as a gift of homage to Dona Florencia d'Andujar.

But although the young hidalgo allowed himself to be confided in by Carolina as a brother, and roamed with in the shade, and sported with in the sunshine, he had deeper thoughts and deeper feelings concerning the lady of San Felipe than could have been altogether conned out of his lady mother's book of psalmody, or acquired in the seminarium whence, but a few months before, he had issued forth from studentship, to gird on the sword of chivalry. Whether his motives were brightened by instinct or increased by experience, stimulated by the pulses of his own heart or the instigations of Dona Xaviera, it might be difficult to determine; but certain it is, that he began to see in the beautiful Carolina the youthful wife of an elderly lord; open as such, by established precedent (and perhaps accessible), to the persuasive words and more persuasive sighs of any young and handsome cavalier who might be so lucky as to penetrate into the sanctum of her familiar friendship. He drew closer to her side, therefore, when they wandered together through the algarobba groves of the Huerta; he seized her bridle-rein when they approached some rugged ascent in the mountainous regions of the Puente de la Viuda, and hung over her with more than fraternal intimacy as they sat together at eventide, beside the open lattice of her bower window, soothing the summer air with music. And thus, while the widow calculated upon poisoning the ear of Junquera with hints of his wife's indiscretion, Juanito, on *his* part, was striving to insinuate himself into the better graces of the wife, by attempting to excite her jealousy of Don Luis and the widow. The first moment he found himself alone with the lady of San Felipe, was sure to elicit his lamentations over the destiny of one who had been tempted to sacrifice herself in marriage to a hoary libertine; whose reminiscences of former profligacy were still too strong to admit of his imbibing the principles of a pure and hallowed affection.

At these condolences Carolina at first laughed heartily, but when again and again, and circumstantially repeated, she at last grew angry. Her soul was anything but disposed to soften at Juanito's tale of perfidy; she was no less indignant at the imputed treachery of Don Luis, than at the *positive* treachery of the guest who had thought fit to unfold it to her knowledge. Yet it was scarcely possible to remain angry with her young companion; Juanito laughed off the confession of his fault with so good a grace, that she soon forgot to tax him with his scandalous propensities; and the bride, and he who would have been so suitably matched as her bridegroom, became closer and dearer friends than ever.

Such, alas! was the critical epoch selected by Dona Xaviera for a definitive attack upon the credulity of Don Luis di Junquera.

"You profess, I perceive, a somewhat catholic latitude of faith in the virtue of womankind, and the discretion of your charming Carolina," said she, one evening, when she had drawn him forth to amble by her side along the castle bastions, holding in his hand her fan of peacock's feathers and her confit-box of cardamums, as became a gallant of his years and breeding; "and, truly, you are right. As it has been observed by all in Valencia on this delicate topic, when a man so far presumes to outrage the customs of his country, as to unite the pure blood of his race with that of a Neapolitan rebel, he must needs have had especial incentives to so mad an action. The peerlessness of the object preferred can alone exonerate its rashness."

"Methinks," replied Junquera, caressing his beard, as with dignified gravity he stalked along beside her, "methinks, madam, the excellent merits and attractions of Prince Pignatelli's daughter afford a sufficient apology for my alliance with a stranger of noble blood, even admitting the right of all the old women in Valencia to impugn my liberty of choice."

"The *superficial* attractions of mere youth and beauty," quoth the widow, with a bitter smile, "were not always accounted, by the opinion of the world, sufficing qualification, in a wife. There *was* a time, my good lord, when parity of years, parity of station, parity of ——"

"There is a time for all things, madam," interrupted Junquera, in a peevish accent. "When a mere boy, and trammelled by the prejudices of the narrow circles of that narrow city which you are pleased to call the world, *I*, too, fancied that the bloom and cheerfulness of youth were secondary in importance to inter-alliance with the more ancient houses of Valencia; for bloom and cheerfulness were then familiar things to my eyes, and in the common course of enjoyment. But I have grown older, Dona Xaviera d'Andujar, and those who were fair and guileless when I was young, have, like myself, become morose, and crafty, and hard of feature; and *now*, it is, that enlightened by their deficiencies, I begin to appreciate the value of loveliness of person, and simplicity of mind."

The mortification experienced by the widow at this insolent inuendo, caused the habitual paleness of her complexion to vary into a green and yellow tint, emulating that of the citron fruits which turned their pale gold ripeness to the sun, in the fragrant orangery overlooked by the bastions of San Felipe. Predetermined on vengeance, her malice was now overflowing.

"Far be it from me," she cried, "to plead the cause of age and deformity, which none, my lord, regard with a more loathing eye than I do. Yet I confess I know no cause why maidenly modesty or matronly purity should be held inconsistent with a smooth cheek, a winning smile, and a waist of comely dimensions; I can even figure to my fancy a lady of San Felipe, a wife for the Conde di Junquera, sufficiently graced in person to satisfy the fastidiousness he affects, yet incapable of soiling the high name with which he has endowed her, by trifling with a handsome stripling—a mere stranger, the affianced bridegroom, moreover, of her husband's ward."

"The Holy Trinity be judge over me!" muttered Don Luis, turning suddenly aside towards the bastions, as if to stretch his gaze over the valley below. "Does the fiend possess this woman?—On what poisonous herb has she trodden? Let not, however, her mischief-working tongue betray me into unbecoming emotion."

"Even now—even at this very moment," resumed Dona Xaviera, "when the birds are carolling their even song among the bushes, and the sunshine streams in mellow splendour athwart the Huerta, and all things in nature are arrayed as if to allure us forth to their enjoyment, does it not please the lady countess, forsooth, to tarry in her chamber, making music, or making grimaces, for the diversion of yonder fanciful boy? Ay! my lord, even though I, her guest, her kinswoman, and her elder, even though *yourself*—her husband, and her elder still, have condescended to solicit her company in our promenade!"

"Twenty legion of fiends repay this creature's malice!" again muttered the Conde, apart. "That I had but strength of mind to stop her short at once!"

"And though such, my dear friend, may be the unseemly customs of the Sicilies," persisted the dona, bridling with self-importance, "*we* old-fashioned wives and mothers of Valencia, are accustomed to look with suspicion on their introduction to our homes and hearths."

"You do wisely," said Don Luis, abruptly; "should the lady Florencia, my ward, for instance, strive to introduce them into *yours*, beware, madam, beware of the innovation; for from *her*, such innocent freedom of speech were an outrage against the established pruderies of her country. But my Carolina drew breath on a foreign strand; and on *her*, the Spanish ceremonial of the duenna and confessor would sit as unbecomingly as the basquina and mantilla of an Andalusian on some sculptured goddess of Greece."

"I had ever imagined," insinuated the widow, "that Prince Pignatelli's daughter imbibed her notions of decorum, in company with my own daughter, in the Spanish convent of the Assumption, in the Spanish city of Valencia?"

"Rather from heaven itself!" interrupted the conde, with sudden warmth, rendered furious by the pertinacity of his companion; "from heaven, which blessed her with such angelic innocence of heart!"

"Innocence so absolute and complete," retorted Dona Xaviera, "that she espies no evil in twilight assignations with a gay Murcian cavalier, whose whispers, if their nature may be inferred from the heightened complexion and enraptured glances which accompany their utterance, can scarcely be listened to with impunity."

"*Assignations?*" reiterated Don Luis, indignant against himself for giving ear to her scandals, yet wanting the self-mastery to silence them at once.

"Assignations," persisted the widow. "When suitors of

Don Juanito's age, and heroines of that of Dona Carolina di Junquera, meet together by appointment in some secluded solitude, I know no other term by which to designate the rendezvous. Between ourselves, my good lord, your lady is in possession of the key of a certain private garden—the pavilion-garden of the castle—which has been made the little instrument of mighty evil."

"That very key," observed Don Luis, musing, "did I myself present to Carolina on her arrival at San Felipe, to secure to her a tranquil and unmolested haunt, and when I asked it of her this morning, with the view of exhibiting the frescoes of the pavilion to—to—to——"

"To *Juanito*," said the lady stoutly.

"Even so; to Don Juanito d'Albufera: that very key did my wife protest was no longer in her possession."

"She may have spoken truly; it might at that moment have been in *his*."

"And ingenuously laying the blame on her own carelessness," continued Junquera, without adverting to the lady's inuendo, "she admitted that she had lost it from her chamber!"

"What matter where or on whom *she* laid the blame?" cried Dona Xaviera, impatiently; "'tis where yourself, Don Luis di Junquera, shall be pleased to affix it, that the stain will rest. Nevertheless, *I* would be the last to influence your counsels. See with your own eyes; hear with your own ears, and exhort or condemn with your own lips. This evening, so please you, we will watch together in the plantations leading to the pavilion, and then——"

"Play the spy upon my wife?—degrade myself into an eavesdropping lacquey?" cried the don, well content to have found a pretext for the explosion of the wrath already boiling in his bosom. "I—I, who have proved my superiority to the vulgar foibles of matrimonial life, by bestowing on my Carolina the freedom of action enjoyed by the wives of other countries? Better call back at once the duenna and the veil, and render myself a laughing-stock to all the prudes and viragos of Valencia."

"As you will!" replied his companion, drawing up with assumed dignity. "But permit me, meanwhile, to doubt whether the charming Dona Carolina di Junquera will leave it a matter of your *choice* to become a laughing-stock to the world. The distinction may chance to have been already, and amply, conferred!"

So saying, and having at that moment reached the portal, Dona Xaviera, as she claimed back the *abanico* from his hands, courtesied, with mock respect, to the ground, and instantly glided through the open wicket; leaving to the unfortunate husband the alternative of ending his perplexities, by accepting her counsels, or by a leap from the fearful northern rampart of the castle, overlooking the rocks of San Miguel de los Reyes.

"Fool and wretch that I am!" murmured he within the troubled depths of his soul, on finding himself alone; "*fool*, for having given scope to the possibility of such mischiefs as this she-demon announces; *wretch*, for wanting courage to clear up my misgivings, or confirm the sentence of my despair! Meet him by twilight—moonlight—midnight—how said she?—in the solitude of the pavilion garden? Caroline—my wife—*mine!*—that yesterday were but come again; that I could but sleep and wake, confirmed in reliance on her excellence, as before this boy's arrival—that I could but look once more into her face, and hold it, as at first, the mirror of every earthly—every heavenly virtue! I, who so trusted her—who gave my honour into her keeping, without so much as an apprehension of being forced, even in jest, to call it back for scrutiny! Meet him by night, in the Pavilion garden!—to what end? Does she not see him every hour of the day? Has he not the entree of her oriel chamber, unchecked, unwatched? Ay, ay! but *there* my dainty lady is subjected to importunate visits;—*there,* this boy—this stripling—this damned, damned lover—minion, may be obstructed in his homage by the intrusion of a jealous husband or an officious waiting-maid. And they must needs appropriate to themselves the pure retreat I had devoted to her secret meditations—her solitary delight! Faugh! I cannot breathe this evening—a heavy storm seems brooding in the air—how fearfully still is every thing around me! yet the strangest tumults are ringing in my ears, and my breast is loaded with oppression. *Carolina!—Juanito!*—Oh! that it were—that it were with us, but as yesterday!"

But as he gradually drew towards the castle, calmer thoughts possessed themselves of the mind of Junquera; and the high self-reliance of a noble nature returned with double force.

"I will visit her chamber," said he, firmly, as he set foot upon the private stair leading to Carolina's apartments—"I will question her with frankness, as husband to wife, even as I could wish that she would deal with me in her turn. She so loved her old father—she so loves and venerates him still, that I will not believe she can have stooped to that which would lay his gray hairs with sorrow in the grave!"

And thus, taking counsel of his better self, he ascended slowly towards the private entrance especially devoted to his use in Carolina's apartments, which having gently opened—oh, grief!—oh, consternation!—he found the arras' hangings discreetly drawn over the door, as during the chilly autumn evenings, so as to screen the persons within from sudden interruption!

It had been but the work of a second to tear aside the tapestry, and at once unveil the offenders; but as Don Luis raised his hand for that purpose, the voice of Albufera, modulated to tones of the tenderest intercession, suspended his movements. At that critical moment, the cry of honour was stifled in the breast of Junquera, and his hand involuntarily clenching the hilt of his rapier, sufficiently revealed his determination to play the spy—to hear and revenge all—to become a listener, and perchance—a *murderer!*

"Believe it or not, as you list," were the first words uttered by the unlucky Juanito—(and Don Luis could not but figure to himself, as he stood with his limbs convulsively pressed against the threshold, the blooming cheek of his Carolina fanned by the perfidious breath that gave them utterance)—"but 'tis as certain as the truth of heaven, that a league somewhat more tender than of mere amity, subsists between Dona Xaviera d'Andujar, and your respected lord. Disposed though we may be to interpret favourably of the conduct of both, I am bound to declare that I have seen nods, and winks, and smiles, passing, after a most unseemly fashion, between my future mother-in-law and her daughter's guardian."

"It may be so—it may be so—it may—it may be so," said, or rather sang, the gay-hearted Carolina, lightly touching the strings of her guitar, as if in accompaniment to her giddy affirmation—"and why not, I pray you? Junquera is Dona Xaviera's near kinsman, and was her husband's friend; and there may be private matters of business stirring between them, which it little imports us to know."

"And can you content yourself," exclaimed Albufera in a still closer whisper—a whisper that caused the ardent blood of Don Luis to scorch his very veins—"that he whom you profess to love should withdraw his gaze from your lovely countenance—a countenance whose merest smile is worth the Indies! to fix it on the meretricious graces of a withered coquette? 'Tis on Dona Xaviera that the eyes of Junquera are riveted—'tis to *her* his compliments are addressed—'tis——"

"And would you have him, hidalgo as he is," interrupted Carolina, somewhat moved, "inflict his caresses in public upon his wife, like some water-carrier or melon-vendor of the street-corners of Valencia. Look you, Don Juanito, this arraigning of my husband's conduct, is, on your part, but a

graceless effort. Don Luis di Junquera is my elder in years: I knew it when we wedded, and was not daunted by the fact; I know it now, and the knowledge serves only to mingle some shade of reverence with my attachment. I love him, Juanito, I honour him, as those alone deserve to be loved and honoured who know how to show love and honour in return. And if at times I am moved to regard his measures as mysterious or of ill account, I have but to look down yonder on the olive groves of the Huerta, and mark how dim and dark the aspect of their foliage, till the breeze, wafting aside the leaves, reveals their silver lining to the day. So is it with the character of Junquera!"

"Bah!" interrupted Albufera, while, unconsciously, the heaving breast of Don Luis drew calmer breath, and his hand released its clutch of the pommel of his sword—"*this* is the mere language of romance! But facts are stubborn things: and when I show you this key, which I have managed to coax out of Dona Xaviera, *this* key, which, by her own admission, has long afforded her means of secret interviews with the Conde, and which, I, dearest, loveliest Carolina, humbly trust to render the protecting talisman of mutual happiness between us, more blest than ever fell to the lot of mortal man——"

"That key is *mine*," interrupted Carolina, eagerly, snatching it from his hand. "It must have come into the possession of our kinswoman by treachery, but not by the treachery of my husband, for Junquera is incapable of one unworthy thought or action. Since Dona Xaviera became our guest (unwilling to admit even a friend into a spot rendered sacred by happiest and holiest reminiscences) I have neglected the Pavilion garden, and therefore noted not that the key, for some invidious purpose, had been withdrawn from my chamber. But now I bid you restore it, my lord!—yes!—I bid you restore it, with the authority of one who, insulted by your evil designs, has a right to assume so much command over your proceedings. Give me the key, and quit this place for ever! We have been happy companions together, but I was deceived in you, Don Juanito; and thrice deceived in the mother of Dona Florencia d'Andujar. No more, sir! Repair, at least, the injury you have done me, by departing from San Felipe without compelling me to acquaint my husband how greatly we had misplaced our trust:—I would willingly spare him the pain of the discovery! God forgive you, my lord—God forgive you, and save us in future from such false friends!"

"I obey you," replied the young hidalgo, in a subdued tone; for in a moment, he saw that the indignation of the lovely lady was genuine and undissembled. "With a heavy heart I quit your presence; but believe me, when I swear on my life, my soul, my honour, that I am guiltless of all participation in the plots of Dona Xaviera; guiltless, dearest, sweetest Carolina, of all but adoring you!"

The sound of a heavy weight falling on the floor of the chamber, reduced his protestations to silence. Don Luis di Junquera, overcome by the emotions contending in his bosom—by the sense of shame at his own position as a spy—of indignation at the perfidy of his kinswoman,—and, above all, of triumph in the noble excellence of his wife—had fallen into a deep swoon. Ere he recovered perfect consciousness, Dona Xaviera and her protegé, apprised that their misdemeanours were brought to light, had discreetly taken their way back to Valencia, without waiting for the ceremony of a farewell interview.

Six years afterwards, when Don Luis di Junquera was gathered to his Gotha forefathers, it was to his widow he bequeathed the vast inheritance of his fortune and estates; but it is no where recorded in the scandalous chronicles of Valencia, that the fair Carolina was ever moved to share them with Don Juanito d'Albufera.

# LINES.

BY HENRY BENTINCK.

Worst of all ills that flesh is heir to,
Plague, famine, M.D.'s, war, and care too;
Worst of all ends a man can come to,
Though married some, and hang'd are some, too;
Worse than all woes from empty pouch, too,
That luckless man's obliged to crouch to;
Worst of all places man can get to,
Is that vile place—a lazaretto.

Cut off from social human kind,
Like wild beast, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined;"
Not worse his lot, perforce, who dwells
In Newgate's unromantic cells;
In sad reality the same,
They differ only in the name:
Alike the stony roof and floor,
The padlock'd gate, the massive door;
One chair adorns the cobwebb'd room,
One dingy table helps the gloom;
And when, on yon hard wooden bed
You seek to rest the weary head,
Softly upon the ear will come
The shrill musquito's buzzing hum;
Alas! forbidding all repose,
By lighting on your luckless nose.

Should the poor victim of ennui,
To mitigate his misery,

Turn out of doors his languid gaze,
What lively prospects he surveys!
On one side, if you cast your eye,
You see a spider catch a fly;
Or, cast your eye a little wider,
You see a sparrow catch a spider;
Now with discordant oath and shout,
Boats tow a Greek polacca out;
Now, to diversify the scene,
Boats tow a Greek polacca in;
Here with grave face and serious wit,
The guardiani smoke and sit;
There with grave face and solemn joke,
The guardiani sit and smoke.

Yet though upon the victim's head
Accumulated woes are shed,
Though life's enjoyments all are perish'd,
One lingering thought is fondly cherish'd—
One ray of hope to cheer the sinner,
The soothing prospect of his dinner.
Still does that meal, when placed before us,
To temporary ease restore us;
And haughty man will always stoop
To drown his miseries in soup.
But cold your fare, and comfort small, if
Furnish'd by Mr. Joe Micallef;
Nor does it come a whit more cleverly,
When sent by Mr. Thomas Beverley*.
By dint of bad and plenteous oil
Your salad they contrive to spoil;
That poor old hen received no warning
That she was doom'd to die this morning;

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* Mr. Joe Micallef was the principal coffee-house, and Mr. Thos. Beverley the ditto hotel, keeper in Valetta.

The soup and fish are very nice,
Save that they're both as cold as ice;
But then, to make amends, you've got
Your fresh spring water—piping hot.

Such are the joys of those who set
Their feet within a lazaret;
Such was the hapless poet's lot
In Malta's island, dull and hot.
Oh ye, who meet our laws to aid,
Merry Old England's "great unpaid,"
Whene'er ye join a solemn quorum,
With lots of culprits brought before 'em;
When Dick's been seen to set a snare,
Or Robin's lurcher snapt a hare;
When Tom the butcher's rude and tipsy,
And ducks are found on Giles the gipsy:
No more, for these offences dire,
With cart-tail floggings sooth your ire:
No more with tread-mills vent your spleen,
But put the rogues in—quarantine!

# THE STUDIO.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

Tormento il più crudele
D'agni crudel tormento,
E' il barbaro momento
Che in due divide un cor.

METASTASIO.—*Didone.*

When I was a young man, I spent some years in Italy—Italy, the garden of Europe—the resting-place of the fine arts. I visited all those spots famous in story, and frequented the studii of the best painters and sculptors. I formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into friendship, with Rinaldi, a young artist of great genius, and with a cultivated mind. In his rooms at Rome, I spent part of every day, and anxiously watched the progress of each picture, now and then giving him suggestions to which he listened with pleasure, and I trust with some profit.

The monks of Monte Cassino, had given Rinaldi an order for a full-length picture, representing the Annunciation; and as a large sum was agreed to be given, provided it could be finished within a certain time, Rinaldi worked almost incessantly at it.

It is well known that the studii at Rome are frequented by most travellers, many of whom bestow their tediousness on the artists; affecting to be connoisseurs, when their profound ignorance of the arts unfits them for even the more humble part of amateurs. Frequent were the interruptions poor Rinaldi had to endure. Few gave orders, many gave advice, and I have seen him throw down his pencil in despair, after listening to the conflicting opinions of his advisers; one finding his colouring was too vivid, a second that it wanted force; none agreeing but on one point, namely, that he had much to learn.

One day Rinaldi and I were together, when a party entered his studio. They admired and found fault alternately—I mean, the little and unpleasant word, *but*, frequently followed their commendations. As usual, their visit produced no benefit to the artist, save that it exercised his patience. Rinaldi and I accompanied them to the door, when they departed; and we were beginning to talk them over, when, on turning, we saw a gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, sitting before the easel; his tearful eyes fixed on the picture which Rinaldi had nearly finished. He appeared for some time insensible of our presence, but at last heaving a deep sigh, he turned towards us—

"Name your price," said he to my friend; "this picture must be mine."

Rinaldi represented to him that it was bespoken—offered to paint a copy. No; of that picture he must be the possessor. And he stamped and looked so wild, that Rinaldi requested he would call the next day, wishing at any rate to be relieved from his presence for the time. He bowed—moved to the door—returned again—gazed, sighed, his eyes filled with tears—he took Rinaldi's hand, and retired.

As may be imagined, we debated together on this strange incident, wondering why the gentleman should be so peculiarly anxious for the picture; and we ended by charitably supposing him crazy: a conclusion generally made when persons either possess more feeling, or evince more, than the rest of mankind. Rinaldi thought that in all probability he should hear no more of his strange patron; but the following morning he came, and for a week daily, spent many hours in the studio, much to Rinaldi's annoyance.

One day he said, "the picture is now finished; I am charmed with it, and will send for it to-morrow—my name is Giulio Leoni."

He seemed to feel assured that it was to be his; and as Rinaldi knew not what to reply, before he had made up his mind on the subject, Count Leoni was gone. In the course of the next day, servants came from him, and putting into Rinaldi's hand, a parcel containing nearly double the sum he was to receive from the monks of Monte Cassino, carried away the picture. Rinaldi began another for the convent; and, by working indefatigably, had it finished by the time appointed; but though beautiful, it was not to be compared with the one, Count Leoni had bought.

I shortly after left Rome, and did not see Rinaldi for more than a year.

The day after my return to the Eternal City, I entered his studio, and found there, *the* picture which Count Leoni had made such a point of possessing.

After the first greeting, I asked how it came there. Rinaldi handed me a small packet, saying, "Read this, and you will know all. I received it last night from the hands of Count Leoni. He no longer lives; and his last commands I am about to obey."

I sat down and read the following story:—

. . . . . . . . . . . . "I shall never forget her. Even now she seems to stand before me in all her dazzling fairness, with her silken tresses of chestnut, beneath which her lustrous eyes, shaded by dark lashes, shone like stars.

"Oh, those eyes! they were of the darkest blue—that deep tint seen in the heavens on a summer night, and on which we gaze as though the eye could never weary. Isabella, my sainted love, thou wast beautiful, too beautiful for earth; on which thou hast not left aught so lovely. Ah no, I can never forget her!

"I loved her—passionately loved her. I was jealous of her slightest look, of even a word addressed to another. One day, walking in the Boboli gardens, at Florence, a child fell, and cut its tiny hand; she raised it, sat on the grass with the infant in her lap, and kissed and soothed him. Judge of the madness of my passion when I avow that I hated that child;—but, the truth was, I envied even the zephyr which fanned her cheek, and waved her bright ringlets. I soon afterwards was introduced to her, and my most fervent wish was thus in part accomplished. For days had I sought this opportunity, yet now I had attained it, I could not speak to her.

"I gazed so ardently that she blushed almost to weeping; yet there was nothing of anger in the timidity with which she shrank from my too passionate admiration. My attentions were so unremitting, that she soon distinguished me from the other young men who surrounded her, and I was happy in her smiles.

"Isabella lived with her aunt, the Marchesa Grimani, who was not a bad, but, alas! a weak, vain, worldly-minded woman. She prided herself on the number and rank of Isabella's suitors, and—why am I forced to record it?—she taught the idol of my heart to value their adoration: and Isabella became a coquette.

"When I reproached her for this more than weakness, she would turn those mild and eloquent eyes on me, and whisper, 'I would please all, but I love only one.'

"One night, at the Palazzo Mozzi, where there was a concert, I had tried in vain to approach her: she appeared engrossed by Count Adolpho Visconti. Rage and jealousy possessed me—my mind was in a state of tumult.

"When she and her aunt were about to leave the room, I rushed forward to offer to conduct her to the carriage; she bowed coldly, as I thought, and, passing me, placed her arm within that of Count Adolpho, who smiled triumphantly as he looked at me.

"I was stung to the quick, and rushing into the street after them, determined on demanding satisfaction from the count, for that smile maddened me; but I only reached the door in time to see him enter the Marchesa's carriage, and drive off.

"I reached home in a state of frenzy—I stamped—I tore my hair—I raved like a madman. My servant listened at the door, thinking I had lost my senses: and he was right. At length, all was still as death; he entered, and found me lying on my bed, in a high fever. Medical aid was called in, but for many days they had no hope of my recovery. During two weeks, I was delirious. Why—why did not death then seize me? What misery had I been saved!

"Nearly a month had elapsed after that fatal concert, before I had strength to venture out. My first visit was to the marchesa's house: I walked up to Isabella's *boudoir* with a beating heart, and was obliged to pause, in order to gain composure ere I entered it. She was seated on a couch by an open window; and never had she looked more lovely, though her cheek was paler than usual. Her guitar lay near her—her eyes, those heavenly eyes! were suffused with tears; and melancholy clouded her brow, but injured not its beauty.

"I spoke to her; but, at the sound of my voice, she started in alarm, and rose from her seat. I attempted to take her hand, but she drew it in terror away and uttered a half scream: then, with effort, recovering her composure, 'Count Leoni,' said she, 'begone! you insult me with your presence.'

"Her lip was haughtily curled, but her eyes—they were still moist.

"'My soul!—my adored Isabella!' said I, 'why are you thus changed? Since that dreadful night, I have never left my room—I have been near dying—would to heaven that I *had* died, since 'tis thus, you receive me!'

"'Ill!—dying!—What do I hear?' said she: 'I was told that you had forsaken me for Lauretta—for an opera-dancer.'

"The truth flashed across my mind. My cousin had indeed formed a disgraceful *liaison* with the girl mentioned; and his name, too, was Leoni. I hastened to undeceive my Isabella—I attempted to clasp her hand, uttering the fondest vows of love, when Count Adolpho Visconti entered the room. His eyes flashed fire. I met his glance with one still fiercer than his own, nor relinquished my hold of Isabella, who, turning pale as monumental marble, sank on the couch, exclaiming, 'My husband!'

"Isabella was indeed married, and I—was a wretch for life!

"Visconti hurried her from the apartment, and, maddened by contending emotions, I rushed from the house. Distracted as I was, I sat down to write an explanation, and demanded one; as if explanation could restore to me, her who was dearer than existence. Many efforts did I make before I could complete a letter; but at length I wrote a short and incoherent one, and despatched it by a messenger, whose return I awaited with feverish anxiety. He came at last, but only to tell me that the Count and Countess Visconti had left Florence; and where they were gone was unknown. The Marchesa Grimani had quitted her house, on the wedding-day, for Paris. My mental faculties became paralysed—all was confusion in my tortured brain—nothing seemed to make any impression on me, for my whole soul was filled but with one feeling—that of despairing love. For six months, I traversed Italy in search of Isabella; to see her once more and die, was my only thought.

"I then determined on visiting Paris, hoping to find the marchesa, that I might learn from her where to seek her niece. While there, the papers one day announced to me the death of Count Adolpho Visconti, at Naples. He had fallen from his horse, and expired in a few moments after.

"Hope rekindled her illusive torch in my breast. I hastened back to Italy, my heart filled with bright visions of future joy; I travelled night and day, and I reached Naples to find—Isabella was no more!

"Heavens! do I still live to recall the sufferings of that hour! Have I for five-and-twenty years survived HER, who was my soul's idol?—HER for whom alone I existed?

"The shock of seeing her husband killed before her eyes had produced premature labour: and she died in giving birth to a boy."

When I had finished reading this sad tale, I turned towards Rinaldi, who said, "Now hear the sequel, and own that the ways of Providence are inscrutable. I am Isabella's son! A very ill executed portrait of my poor mother belongs to me, and from it I painted this picture. That I succeeded in the likeness, Count Leoni's agitation on seeing it, proves. Three weeks ago, he was seized with illness, and sent for me. The picture hung at the foot of his bed; and while he had strength his eyes were fixed on it. He murmured frequently, 'Beloved Isabella, we shall soon be reunited.'

"I told him, one day, it was strange that Isabella was *her* name; also whose portrait I had tried to depict when I painted the Annunciation.

"'I never asked,' said he, 'who was the original—I feared to hear, knowing the description of female who is frequently an artist's model; and I should have grieved to have learnt that one less pure than my early, only love, could possess so enchanting a form.'

"I informed him the original was long since dead—that she was my mother. He clasped my hand: 'Let me,' said he, 'gaze on all that remains of the beloved of my youth.—Alas! there is no resemblance!—and your name?'

"I explained to him, that poverty having compelled me to avail myself of my talents as an artist, I changed my name, as my family thought my profession degrading to their rank.

"He that evening sent for a notary, and altered his will. Last night he expired: and his testament having been opened, it was found that he had ordered me to have a magnificent chapel built, in which the picture is to be placed; and has left £10,000 for an endowment, in order that masses may be said night and day, for the repose of his soul, and of that of her, he loved so well. The residue of his fortune he has bequeathed to me, her son; and it is so ample as to enable me henceforth to study, as an amusement only, that art which has hitherto supplied me with the means of existence, and in the pursuit of which, Providence has sent me a benefactor."

# LAMENT OF LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE.

### BY THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.

"Que suis je ici sans toi, que puis je y devenir sans te voir, et si *pres* de toi!.. Tu n'as pour te rapprocher de moi qui si peu de pas à faire, et tu me delaisses, et tu m' oublies!"

MADAME DE GENLIS.

"Faut-il qu'un seul sentiment depouille ainsi toute la vie?"

CORINNE.

ONCE, once again, my weary footsteps come,
   Slowly to seek the old accustom'd spot;
And my sad eyes are turn'd towards thy home,
   *Thine*—which *was* OURS—where I am now forgot!
Where others gaze upon thy kindly brow—
   Where others hear that long familiar voice—
Where young fair cheeks beneath thy praises glow—
   Greet thee with smiles, and, while I weep, rejoice;
Nor dream of her, whom midnight's quiet star
Still finds a lonely wretch—so near, and yet *so* far!

So near, the well-known songs with lingering sound
   Float towards me on the wild inconstant breeze;
Swelling and dying mournfully around,
   Or lost amid the dark and rustling trees.
And while with shrinking heart, I bend to weep,
   I glean from the rich harvest of their mirth
Laughter and music, mingling as in sleep—
   Vague, scatter'd tones, that seem not of the earth—
Some wandering melody, without the words—
Some burst of louder joy—my *own* harp's stricken chords!

Painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A.

Engraved by C. Heath.

La Vallière.

Ah! didst thou know how desolate it seems
To sit alone, where we two sate of yore,
To let my weak heart wander forth in dreams,
And *then* remember—I am loved no more!
To hear those songs, like echoes of the past,
Faintly repeat the tale of days long gone—
(Spring days of joy and youth, which flew so fast,
When music pleased thee from *my* voice alone),
Then, though thy heart *hath* burst love's bond in twain,
Thou could'st not bear to hear those happy songs again!

I sit alone!—and not for hours, or days
(Though *days* apart seem'd tedious to me then),
But for long years of life!—that thought outweighs
All other griefs—all other sense of pain.
I sit alone, when early morning breaks
With spreading radiance o'er the brightening skies—
When the full harvest, where the ripe corn shakes,
Golden and gleaming in the sunset lies;
And when the wild bird wings its weary way
Back to its welcome nest, where fades the lingering day.

Then comes my fever;—in the quiet night,
When through the blue depth glides the unconscious moon,
For then the palace casement's glittering light
Streams forth, and tells me, *thou* art *not* alone.
*Then* come those memories of light words, which chance
With love's own seal upon the heart hath set;
Those sudden flashings of a careless glance—
Those struggles to remember—and forget:
Those agonizing guesses where thou art—
Whose voice is in thy ear—whose love is in thy heart!

Oh! Louis, in those glowing scenes of joy,
Where all, with eager hope, aspire to please;
Does no pale vision wander weeping by—
No wailing voice float towards thee on the breeze?
Does thine eye never seek me, when some jest
Strikes on thy fancy, and thy glance goes round
With the lost sharer of thy thoughts to rest,
Secure an answering smile would there be found?
Does thy heart never miss me, when the deep
And causeless sadness comes, which makes thee turn and weep?

In the still night, when on thy feverish brow
The courted slumber doth refuse to fall,
Does *then* no thought return of her whom thou
Wert wont the spirit of thy dreams to call?
When she, the treacherous friend *, with proud caress,
And vehement words of love, replies to thine,
And bends with eager haste thy lip to press,
Oh! Louis, dost thou ne'er remember mine?
*My* love!—There was no *triumph* in the tone
In which *I* murmur'd forth those blessed words—"mine own!"

And is that voice, so long, so often heard
In all its tones of trial and of joy,
Forgotten, like the carol of a bird
From its forsaken wild-wood wandering by?
Thine, *thine* doth haunt me through the tedious night,
And whispers sadness through the heavy day;
Still murmurs words of love—or faint and light,
Dies like an echo on the wind away.
Teach me thy spell—thy deep spell—TO FORGET,
Lest that my worn heart break with passionate regret!

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* Madame de Montespan.

# KELLINGHAM HOUSE.

## A TALE OF THE SUBURBS OF LONDON,

### FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE NORMAN.

It was on a July morning, in the year 183—, that Eustace Deloraine and his friend Lord Mortimer, were returning from their usual gaieties in London, to a villa, where the family of the former resided during the summer months, situated at the distance of about three miles from the metropolis. It was that hour which of all others impresses the mind with the idea of utter stillness and desolation; and perhaps the only one in the neighbourhood of London when the busy hum of men does not fall on the ear with the unceasing murmur, which indicates the precincts of a large and populous city. It was daybreak; the sun had not yet dispelled the clouds of mist which hung in festoons at the end of every street; the last denizens of the night had disappeared, either to their luxurious couches to dream of wealth, beauty, and gaiety, or to the miserable receptacles of want, idleness, and crime; and even the houseless wanderers had found some hole or corner in which to shelter themselves from observation till the revolving day should bring them again, with their tales of misery, to the rich and heartless, to be again passed by in scorn and neglect.

"I always find that daybreak is the coldest part of the twenty-four hours," said Eustace Deloraine to Lord Mortimer, as he wrapped his cloak about him with a kind of involuntary shiver, and gave an additional impetus to the horse, which was conveying their cabriolet at a brisk trot.

"Yes," replied the other, "not quite so snug as Crockford's, certainly—by the way, what splendid suppers his are, though it seems unsentimental to say so, after seeing Malibran's divine personification of Desdemona. How beautifully classical is her whole appearance!—her wild disordered locks, and the agonizing paleness of her cheeks! it transfixes one—but——"

Just as he was about to finish this sentence the attention of both was suddenly arrested, in the most forcible manner, by the most thrilling shrieks, which proceeded from the window of a house exactly opposite to them—"Murder! murder!—oh, help! for God's sake, help me!" They both shuddered on discovering that these sounds of distress came from a woman, apparently young and beautiful, as far as her dishevelled hair and dress permitted them to observe. She was dressed all in white, and a profusion of long black hair fell over her shoulders. Lord Mortimer jumped from the cabriolet with the velocity of a dart; but before either of them had recovered from their surprise sufficiently to mutually express their horror, the mysterious apparition was dragged from the window by unseen hands; a scuffle appeared to ensue, and the window was half shut down, when again it was violently thrown open, and the same form was extended more than half out of it, and the same imploring tones were heard vociferating, with even greater energy than before, "Murder! murder!" Once more the apparently wretched being was dragged in, the window was forcibly closed, the shutters were barred, and again the stillness of the grave succeeded.

"For heaven's sake, let us lose no time, my dear Eustace, in discovering the cause of this dreadful appeal," exclaimed Mortimer, as he rushed to the gate of the building, which he shook violently, and attempted to ring the bell; which, however, refused to do its office, owing to the rust with which its wires were loaded. He looked at Eustace as he said this, and, to his consternation, found his eyes almost glazed in their sockets, and his cheeks pale and wan.

"Oh, Mortimer! did you see that form?" he half inarticulately murmured. "I know those features—and yet it cannot be—no—it is impossible—she is dead, I know; but for the sake of her whose lineaments those so strangely resembled, and for the sake of common humanity, let us investigate this horrid proceeding."

"Stop!" said Mortimer, "will it not be more prudent to get some of the police to accompany us? If you remain here with the cab, and watch the house, I will run and fetch some of them—they are always within reach."

"Anything you please," reiterated the other, "only, for God's sake, be quick, or she may be murdered—who knows what a moment's delay may occasion?"

Whilst Mortimer ran off to the nearest police station, Eustace had time to contemplate the dwelling which had thus, in so singular a manner, been thrust on his notice; and it was remarkable, that often as he had passed that way before, it had never struck him with the appearance of gloom and desolation which now seemed to shroud it. The building receded some paces from the road, being situated in a kind of court but the grass that grew upon the gravel walk in front, and the decaying appearance of the gateway, on which had been written, though now more than half effaced, the name of Kellingham House, seemed to indicate that it had been long unknown to the footsteps of man. It was almost concealed by a high wall, which ran along the front of the building, and those windows which were visible, were either closed on the outside, or disfigured by numerous panes of broken glass. One of the doors appeared as though it were occasionally entered, but the other was barred up; and the little paint which had once been expended on it was nearly rubbed off, making the original colour of the wood by far the more predominant. The outside of the house, that had once been stuccoed, was now of a dim grey colour, which, from the plaster being knocked off in several places, left the dusky appearance of bricks visible beneath. But the time we have occupied in making these observations was much longer than that in which they passed before the mind of Eustace: and though his friend was not above two or three minutes absent, yet they seemed to his excited imagination as so many hours. At length he returned, accompanied by a policeman; and they all three proceeded to enter the mansion. The gate, after two or three violent efforts, gave way, and they found themselves at the door of the house. There was neither bell nor knocker; and they in vain shook it, kicked, and used every attempt to obtain ingress—the echo of their blows, and of their voices, were the only replies they received. After about five minutes thus expended, one of the top windows, but in a different direction to that from which the screams had issued, was cautiously opened, and an elderly female head was seen to protrude through it.

"What do you come for, disturbing peaceful folk, at this hour of the morning? Do you want any thing of me?" was inquired in a hoarse, peevish tone.

"We want to come into this house—we must come into it —we are authorised to enter it:" replied Eustace. "We have a constable with us, and if you do not come down immediately and admit us, we shall break open the door."

"Well, that is no business of mine; them as placed me here must pay for the mending. The house does not belong to me, or the rubbish that is in it; but, if you will wait till a body can make herself decent, I 'll come down and let you in."

"Be quick, then," replied Eustace, "or, I tell you again, we will force a way."

About three more minutes elapsed, when the door slowly creaked upon its hinges; and a revolting picture of dirt, ill-temper, and slovenliness, stood before them in the person of the old woman.

"We come armed by the authority of the police," said Eustace, advancing a few steps into the dreary-looking hall, "to demand who is confined and ill treated in this house; and by whom those dreadful cries of murder, which attracted our attention so fearfully, as we were passing by, were uttered."

"I know not what you mean," answered the old woman, with the most imperturbable composure. "I am the only living soul in this house; and you may search from top to bottom of it, if that is your fancy, but I'll defy you to find any one in it but me."

"Then you have murdered her!" exclaimed Eustace and Mortimer at the same moment. "Policeman, do your duty, and take this wretched old woman into custody!"

"There has been no one murdered here!" vociferated the crone. "Here are the keys from the garrets to the cellar: there has not been a creature in this house but me for weeks, and I was left to take charge of it, by a gentleman and his wife, who are gone abroad."

Thus saying, she led the way into two rooms on each side of the hall, where they were standing. They were nearly destitute of furniture; and the unwholesome smell of dirt and confined air, which was perceived as soon as the doors were opened, unpleasantly proved that they had neither been ventilated nor inhabited for a considerable time. Thence, they proceeded up stairs; the old woman pausing at the entrance of each apartment, while she allowed her three strange intruders to examine it, as they passed.

"This is the chamber whence those dreadful sounds proceeded," said Eustace, in a low voice to his companions, as the old woman was opening the last door in the passage where they stood, "I can tell it by its position."

They entered—but it wore the same appearance of utter desolation exhibited by all the other apartments. There was a wretched bedstead in one corner of it, but no indication of its having been recently tenanted; two or three mutilated chairs, and an old chest of dark-looking drawers. There was no carpet, and the floor was of plaster, on which the slightest stain of blood must have been visible.

"You have seen the whole of the house now, except the cellar; but you can go there, if you wish," said the old woman, "though I have hardly been into it myself, since I came here, and it is almost empty."

They, however, followed her into that also, and here their search ended: there was nothing to be found in the house that could lead to any discovery of the object they pursued.

"You have no objection, I suppose, to give your name, and that of your employer?" said Eustace to her, after a pause.

"My name is Mary Thomas, and I was sent here to look after this place, three months ago, by Mr. King, the gentleman's agent; and I dare say he will give you my character, and tell you the name of the proprietor; for I do not know it myself, and I don't believe he is in this country now."

This was uttered with the same indifference of manner that had characterised her whole conversation. As it seemed evident that nothing more could be done at present, they reluctantly took their leave; having first sent an account of the whole transaction to the police captain of the district, and earnestly recommended him to observe minutely all that took place there in future. Eustace and Mortimer then stepped again into their cabriolet, and continued their drive homewards, but neither of them seemed disposed to interrupt the reflections with which the other was overwhelmed; and the silence lasted almost undisturbedly till they arrived at the door of Roseville Cottage.

The chief topic that was discussed by the family the next day, was the adventure of the morning; and Augusta Deloraine, the sister of Eustace, to whom his friend Lord Mortimer was affianced, declared that she would never rest till the mysterious circumstance of Kellingham House was investigated, and the unfortunate lady, who she did not doubt was concealed in some hole or dungeon, should be released from her cruel tormentors.

We must now leave them to their conjectures, to revert to the history of the mysterious being who has already been brought before the notice of our readers. We shall commence our history at a date some years antecedent to that in which we introduced our two heroes to them, and explain the circumstances by which Eustace Deloraine appeared to be connected with the unknown heroine of Kellingham House.

Some years had elapsed since the regiment, to which Eustace Deloraine belonged, had been quartered in a country town about four miles distant from Evelyn Hall. Blanche Evelyn was then in her eighteenth year, and report spoke of her as beautiful, highly accomplished, and a considerable heiress. They first met at a ball given by the officers of the —th; and with all the ardor and enthusiasm natural to the youth of the one, and the profession of the other, the acquaintance, thus begun, soon ripened into a sincere and lasting attachment.

Blanche Evelyn had had the misfortune to lose both her parents early in life; her own mother she had never known. To repair the loss of his first wife, her father had united himself again to one who but ill fulfilled the charge with which she was entrusted; for, when soon afterwards she became a widow, her whole care and thoughts were bestowed on her own son by a former marriage, who was about six years older than Blanche. The connection which subsisted between them not being thought a sufficient obstacle to their union, Mrs. Evelyn had early resolved upon the accomplishment of this scheme; and in order to ensure success, she had kept Blanche in the strictest seclusion, up to the time in which we have introduced her to our readers. In the event of her marrying any one else, Evelyn Hall and the fortune belonging to it would, of course, be snatched from this manœuvring stepmother; but, by uniting her with Herbert Sidney, she imagined that she should secure the possession of both, in her own family. It may be supposed that few arguments were required to make her son enter into her views; and Blanche herself was so accustomed to obey her stepmother in every thing, that Mrs. Evelyn dreaded no opposition from her, when it should be thought proper to apprise her of their intentions.

Herbert Sidney had been some years on the Continent, as it was considered more advisable rather to prevent her seeing any one else, than to give her too much of the society of her affianced husband; especially as, in her days of childhood, she had conceived such a violent dislike to the dark, rough, and passionate boy, who used to teaze her when he came home for the holidays, that Mrs. Evelyn began to fear more opposition to her plan than she had expected, if these childish impressions were allowed to acquire strength. It was under this idea, therefore, that they had been separated, when Blanche was in her thirteenth year; and from that time, they had never met. It was contrary to the inclination of this prudent stepmother to allow her charge to mix in any society whatever; but, at the instigation of a good-natured old lady, who lived in the neighbourhood, she was occasionally induced to break through her intention. It was at the house of this third person, that further meetings between Blanche Evelyn and her partner of the ball had taken place; and though she knew of no other motive for concealing them from her stepmother than the general reserve and harshness with which she was treated by her, something always seemed to check her, when she was on the point of imparting all her feelings to the protectress of her youth.

It might be three months, from the time when she had first become acquainted with Eustace Deloraine, that she was on a visit of some days to Mrs. Pierrepoint, the elderly widow lady just mentioned. Mrs. Evelyn allowed her to go there alone, because she believed, in the first place, that she was likely to meet with no society of her own age; and also to shelter herself from the charge of keeping her in too strict seclusion, which she felt might too justly be brought against her. To Mrs. Pierrepoint, Blanche had been in the habit of unreservedly telling all her thoughts; for she was one of those kind-hearted old ladies who remember they have once been young themselves, and whose great delight is to see those around them happy and cheerful. Eustace Deloraine was nearly related to her husband's family; and he was nothing loath to remind Mrs. Pierrepoint of his existence, and frequently to refresh her memory by his appearance at her house, when he found that Blanche Evelyn was occasionally its inmate.

On a lovely day in July, all nature seemed hushed into the most tranquil sleep. Not a leaf was stirring—scarcely the hum of an insect was heard—and the only sound which broke the solitude, was the quiet, unceasing flow of a little fountain in Mrs. Pierrepoint's flower-garden, that trickled down a bed of rocks, and fell, in glittering spray, into a clear glassy pool, where the water-lilies reflected themselves on its smooth surface. By the side of this romantic little stream, Eustace and Blanche were enjoying the cool air which floated along its margin; and listening to that soothing sound which alone seems to render the contrasted silence of nature more perceptible, namely, the calm, uninterrupted flow of waters. They had been sauntering for some time up and down the shady alleys which intersected the parterre, when Mrs. Pierrepoint herself came to summon them to dinner.

"I am sorry to say, my dear Blanche," she began, as she took her hand in hers, "we must part with you this evening, as Mrs. Evelyn has sent her carriage for you: her son has unexpectedly arrived from abroad, and she wishes you to return home immediately."

Blanche, almost unconsciously, turned pale at this intelligence; her eyes met those of Eustace, and both seemed oppressed with melancholy. Few words were spoken by any of the party during dinner, and almost immediately after, Eustace accompanied her to the carriage. As he took her hand at parting, he contrived to whisper to her, "You will not forget your promise, then, Blanche; and even if we do not meet again at present, you will still remember me, and the vows of constancy you have uttered?"

"Never, never!" exclaimed Blanche, hastily; "but do not fear—it is impossible they can object to our wishes: besides, you know, when I come of age, I shall be my own mistress; and then, surely, I may bestow my fortune on whom I please."

"Mention not that," said Eustace, "you know I care for nothing on earth but yourself; and even if you were pennyless, it would make no difference to me: but farewell, dearest Blanche."

"Farewell!"—and the carriage conveyed her from his sight.

The next day, he received the following note:

"Mr. Sidney is requested by Miss Evelyn to inform Mr. Eustace Deloraine, that, having apprised her guardians of the engagement entered into between them, they entirely object to her forming any connexion at present. She, therefore, begs leave to say that she herself desires the termination of their intercourse; and very much regrets having ever given Mr. Deloraine the slightest reason to suppose that he was otherwise than totally indifferent to her. Any letter addressed to Miss Evelyn will be returned unopened."

The evening of the same day, and before he had had time to reflect on the bitter reverse that four-and-twenty hours had wrought in his prospects, orders were received from head-quarters for the —th regiment to march instantly to a distant part of the kingdom, whence it was supposed they were to be ordered on foreign service. The bustle and confusion of departure drove his private misfortunes out of his head for a short time; but just as he was going to mount his horse, and bid a hasty and sad farewell to the scene of his first and earliest love, a small piece of paper was slipped into his hands by a country girl, who waited while he read it. It contained the following words:—

"Of course, you will not believe that I could be such a wretch as to sanction the writing of the note you received this morning. I am just the same, and shall ever remain so, but wretched and miserable; for, heaven only knows to what they are striving to compel me! I hear you are going away, and with you my only hope is taken from me, as I am sure you would never have allowed me to be oppressed. What do you think? They insist on my marriage with the man whom you know I always detested. He is no longer what he was, but ten times worse; very civil and polite, but more deceitful and hypocritical than ever. I am not allowed to stir out of one set of apartments. They affect much kindness, but I cannot receive it as such, for I am convinced it is only to render me amenable to their plans. But of one thing I am resolved, they shall never make me marry Herbert Sidney. If you but knew how I detest him, and yet how frightened I am at him! He looks more scowling and black than ever, though when he talks to me, he assumes a smile which appears even worse than his frown. Heaven forgive me if I have judged harshly of him, and bless you, my only true friend.

"BLANCHE EVELYN.

"P. S. I send this, in fear and trembling, by my own maid, who is, I think, to be trusted, though I cannot be sure of any one."

To this simple and touching note, Eustace hastily returned an answer by the same messenger, expressive of his love and eternal constancy, and urging her, by all means, not to yield to the solicitations of Herbert Sidney and his mother; adding, that in a few months he would return and remove her from the power of her persecutors. He then again mounted his horse; and was soon far away from the neighbourhood of Evelyn Hall, and its lovely inhabitant.

When he next returned there, which was at the expiration of a year, the house was shut up. No tidings of Blanche could be heard; and the servant who remained to look after the mansion said that the family were gone abroad on account of Miss Evelyn's health, who was supposed to be in a deep decline. How long they might remain on the Continent, or what were their ulterior intentions, was unknown. Shortly afterwards, it was reported in the neighbourhood, that Blanche was dead, and that the estate had come into the possession of Mrs. Evelyn.

Thus ended this ill-starred attachment: but still Eustace Deloraine never forgot his plighted troth; and the remembrance of her whom he believed to have met with an untimely fate was never absent from his imagination. Judge, then, what must have been his horror and agony on discovering the well known features of the object of his fondest affections, in the mysterious being who was so fearfully brought before his notice in the beginning of this story. That it was Blanche Evelyn—the same lovely and engaging creature to whom he had early in life given his faith, he had no doubt; her countenance was too strongly impressed on his mind ever to be forgotten, and he felt more and more convinced that she was now suffering under some cruel persecution of her unnatural stepmother and her son, and he determined to lose no time in investigating these atrocious proceedings.

But as he foresaw that nothing was to be obtained by any rash or hasty measures, he determined to commence a strict survey of the place; and for this purpose, he hired a small room, the window of which exactly overlooked the back-door of Kellingham House, being the only point in the neighbourhood from which it was observable. Here he stationed himself, determined to watch most narrowly the proceedings of its inhabitants. The only contiguous ground to that which surrounded the house was an extensive burying-ground, which enclosed three sides of the court-yard; the other side fronted the lane through which Eustace and his friend were passing, when they were attracted by the screams. The window he occupied commanded a view of the lane, and also of the burying-ground.

The first night he took up his quarters in this situation, in company with Lord Mortimer, he neither saw nor heard anything to excite the least suspicion; but the next night, as they were on the point of abandoning the watch, they were roused by seeing the shadow of a man slowly moving along the wall, sometimes crouching down beneath it, and apparently dragging some heavy weight after him. He paused in front of Kellingham House, and gave a low whistle. A ray of light was seen to proceed from the lower window-shutter. Presently the door was cautiously opened, and a man came out, who assisted the other in lifting the burden into the house. As far as Eustace could judge, it appeared to be a sack containing some bulky and ponderous substance.

"This is not as it should be!" exclaimed Eustace to his companion; "let us instantly go down and see what they are doing."

Thus saying, they both left the apartment, and soon found themselves in the open air, when a few steps brought them to the door of Kellingham House. It was still a-jar; and as the men who were inside, appeared too much occupied with their own concerns, to pay any attention to what was going on without, they remained silent spectators of the scene. Callous, indeed, must have been that mind who could have beheld it unmoved. Three of the most desperate-looking villains that imagination can conceive, were seated on low stools, with pipes and the remains of a dram-bottle on a table before them; in one corner of the apartment, the old woman who has before been mentioned was sitting on a broken chair, with a pipe half dropping from her mouth, as her head nodded backwards and forwards under the influence of sleep; and her cap, which was not of the cleanest or neatest description, having almost escaped from her head, a profusion of uncombed-looking, matted, grizzled hair was most conspicuous. In the opposite corner of the room was placed carelessly against the wall, the sack which the men had been carrying; and, horrible to relate, from its open mouth was seen to protrude the ghastly features of a recently exhumed female. Eustace and Mortimer shuddered; but both continued silent.

"I say, Bill," said one of the men to his companion, "if you had not been such a spoon, we could have got ten guineas for that 'ere stiff'un, and I promise you I won't let this go so easily."

"Why," replied the other, "I thought it best to nab what we could, and to make off before any questions were asked us; but I'll tell you what, you old fool," and he then lowered his voice to such a pitch, that they were only able to catch the words, "prime her up a bit, and she'll do the deed, I'll warrant."

"Why, if that's all," answered the same speaker, in a louder tone, "I dare say Squire Sidney would ask no questions as to how she came by her death; for old Moll, there, says, that all he wished was to have her quietly put out of the way, and then, you know, he'll get all the fortune at once; for they say she won't sign it away to him, as he wants her to do, though he has shut her up in this hole. But I can't say I have any wish for the job; it's all very well when we get the bodies in the regular way of trade, but though I'm no chicken at heart, as you know, Bill, yet I don't relish that sort of cold-blooded butchery——But I wonder why Jack is so long coming with the cart; if he don't make haste, it will be getting light."

Just as he said these words, the rumble of a vehicle was heard in the lane, on the other side of the house.

"There he comes!"

And the three men started up at once; while a fourth made his appearance at the other door of the room, and they hastily tied up the sack, and carrying it between them, left the house.

"Shall we not go for the police?" whispered Lord Mortimer to his companion; "we shall lose them otherwise."

"Let us wait a few minutes," returned Eustace, "the ground will then be cleared of them, and we shall have more chance of finding her whom I believe, without doubt, to be confined here."

"I say, mother," said one of the men, as he was leaving the room, to the wretched-looking being who still sat snoring in her chair, "if you go on sleeping there, with the house-door open, you will let your bird escape. Come, wake up, and mind your business."

"Ay, ay!" muttered the old hag, and she appeared to be rousing herself in her chair; but as soon as the man was gone, she again sank back in a deeper sleep than ever.

"Now is the time," whispered Eustace, softly; "unarmed as we are, it would never have done to have broken in upon those ruffians, especially as we are without the authority of the police; but now we can soon master the old woman, and make her show us where her poor victim is confined."

Thus saying, they gently pushed open the door, and were on the point of entering, when a tremendous bull-dog, which they had not before observed, sprang at them, barking furiously. The old woman started from her slumber, and on seeing two strangers entering the house, she vehemently excited the dog to attack them.

"That's right, Growler! at 'em, and bring them down!"

But Eustace seizing the dog by its collar, kept him at bay, whilst Lord Mortimer entered the room. After a few growls, the animal retired into its kennel, where Eustace confined it in such a manner, that it could offer them no further annoyance. But, as they apprehended, its barking had not been in vain, for just as they were going to secure the old woman, the inner door was burst open, and the three men rushed into the room. A desperate scuffle ensued; blows were struck; and had not Deloraine and Mortimer defended themselves like heroes, they must have been overpowered.

"If you will only give up your captive, the young woman, who we know is secreted in this house," exclaimed Eustace, "we will take no farther notice of your proceedings. As to detaining us, we have too many powerful friends to allow the possibility of our disappearance being passed over in silence; and though you may be too strong for us now, such searches will be made, as will finally cause the destruction of your gang, and the delivery of yourselves into the hands of justice."

One of the ruffians who was grasping Eustace's throat, paused at this address.

"Well," he said, "the young woman is nothing to me; I have never even seen her. My mother, there, looks after her; but they say she is wrong in her head, and very violent sometimes, and that her relations do not wish it to be known.

You may ask the old woman yourself if you like—but, stop; mind, we have your oaths that you will not 'peach."

"You have, on the honour of a gentleman."

The man and his companions paused for a moment; and on looking round to speak to the old woman, they perceived that she had left the room.

"Let us follow her quickly," said Eustace to his companion; "she is gone to conceal her, as she doubtless did the other day."

They rushed from the room, and proceeded up the staircase. Just as they reached the first landing-place, they heard the most appalling screams of distress, which but too plainly directed them to the awful scene. The old woman, seeing she was discovered, endeavoured to escape by making a headlong attempt to rush past them down stairs. Lord Mortimer seized her, in the intention of detaining her, when the gruff voice of one of the ruffians was heard on the staircase.

"Hold! man—if you touch a hair of the old woman's head, our agreement is at an end. She is my own mother that bore me; though she is an old devil when she is 'tossicated, yet I have some respect for her gray hairs."

Reluctantly he was obliged to yield; for since the great object of their search was on the point of being accomplished, they thought it more prudent to withhold their resentment against the old woman for the present. They accordingly entered the room from which she had darted, and the door of which she had left open. Extended on a mattress on the floor, with her hands and legs fastened, her dark hair floating neglectedly over her person, and her loose white garments torn and disordered, lay the pale and attenuated form of the once beautiful and envied Blanche Evelyn.

"Take me, take me!" she faintly said, without moving her head from the position in which it was lying; "put an end to this wretched existence, only do not allow that fearful creature to come near me again. Oh! would to heaven you would despatch me at once!"

"Madam—Miss Evelyn," said Eustace, approaching her more nearly, "we are friends, come, I hope, to release you from your present dreadful situation. Do not be afraid of us," he added, as she uttered the most piercing shrieks, which were succeeded by alarming convulsions. They untied the bandages that fastened her hands and feet, rubbed her forehead with water, and applied pungent aromatics to her nose. In a few minutes, she became more composed.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a faint but hollow voice, "can this be one who has known me in my happier days? Long, very long is it since I have heard that name pronounced. Oh, if I was still what you suppose me!" and she again fell into violent hysterics.

Eustace, who perceived the error of which he had been guilty, in too abruptly mentioning a name that gave rise to such painful remembrances, used every endeavour to restore her to calmness. He partly succeeded; and she remained silent and composed for some minutes. She was the first to interrupt the pause.

"But, do you really intend me no harm?" she faintly said; "tell me who you are, for how can I trust myself to two nameless strangers? Perhaps, for what I know, you may be in a league with those wretched people below;" and she again paused, and shuddered.

"You may, indeed, trust us," replied Eustace; "we are true friends, and will take you from this miserable abode, as soon as you are able to move; and to give you more confidence, I will send for my sister, who will bring a carriage to convey you to a place of safety, where you shall remain as long as you please."

"Oh, may heaven bless you!" she faintly articulated; whoever you may be, you are the first human beings that have spoken a word of kindness to me for years; and that voice sounds familiar to me, like one I remember, but which has long passed away;" and the unhappy lady gave vent to a flood of tears.

They allowed her to weep unrestrainedly, whilst Eustace lost no time in despatching a messenger for his sister. In the mean time, the wretches who had made this house their abode, had all disappeared. It was nearly daylight when Miss Deloraine arrived, bringing with her several articles of wearing apparel, which might be readily adjusted; as well as some of those cordial restoratives, in the use of which, the female sex are so conversant. It did not take long to remove the wretched garments with which the miserable sufferer was clothed, and hastily to substitute some others which were clean and fresh. Then, having assisted her down stairs, for in consequence of the long confinement to which her limbs had been subjected she could scarcely walk, they lifted her into the carriage; and, Miss Deloraine having placed herself by her side, and Eustace and Lord Mortimer taken possession of the opposite seat, they proceeded with their delicate burthen to Roseville Cottage.

A comfortable chamber had been provided for her; she was carefully extended upon the bed, and Augusta Deloraine herself kept watch over her slumbers. They were long and uninterrupted, for her frame was exhausted with fatigue and grief; and when she awoke, the evening sun was gilding the windows of the room, and the tall, shady trees were casting lengthened shadows on the smooth green turf in front of the house. On seeing herself surrounded by strange objects, and a face she was unused to, leaning over her, she at first fearfully started; but soon recollected, and recovered, herself. In the conversation that followed, she learned that she was indebted for her deliverance to the being whom she had formerly known and loved in her days of happy youth. But Augusta was somewhat surprised and mortified at observing that this discovery only seemed to oppress her with a deeper gloom.

Not, however, to weary our readers, we will briefly proceed to state that the rest, and good treatment, of a few days, wrought such a wonderful change in her health and appearance, that she was able to give her kind friends, a long and connected account of her history since the period she parted from Eustace Deloraine. From this time, there was but one drawback to the happiness of the party, which was, that she strenuously persisted in never seeing Eustace; and painful as it was to him, respect for the delicacy of her motive forbad him from intruding himself into her society, especially as the sight of him was always productive of the deepest emotion to her. We shall now repeat her narrative.

On her arrival at Evelyn Hall, after having left Mrs. Pierrepoint's, Mrs. Evelyn had been apprised that she had been in the habit of meeting Eustace Deloraine there; and when taxed with it, Blanche instantly avowed her attachment, and related all the circumstances of her acquaintance with him, asking her pardon for having concealed it from her. Mrs. Evelyn then informed her, that she must never more see him, or think of him, as she was about to be married immediately to her own son, Herbert Sidney. The remonstrances, tears, and entreaties of Blanche to be spared a union which she so much dreaded, were all in vain. But, finding an opposition to their scheme which they did not anticipate, Mrs. Evelyn and her son determined to quit Evelyn Hall, and secretly remove her to some spot where they should have her more completely in their power. From this time, she was treated as a child; being entirely confined to her own apartments, and her food restricted to the plainest and coarsest sort. Generally about once a-week Mrs. Evelyn and her son paid her a visit in her own room, where they employed every means that art could suggest to bring her over to their purpose, but unsuccessfully. To the world it was made to appear, first, that she was dangerously ill, and finally, that she had died abroad. Having hired a mansion, which, from its seclusion and desolate appearance, seemed every way calculated for his purpose, Herbert Sidney placed his wretched victim at Kellingham House. Here, at first, she was allowed a show of comfort; but the place was filled with his creatures, and he himself constantly visited her with his mother. At length, one night, she heard an unusual bustle in the house; and presently her stepmother entered the chamber, dressed unusually gaily, and accompanied by two waiting-women, who, in spite of her resistance, proceeded to array her in a bridal costume. Shortly afterwards, Herbert Sidney, accompanied by a gentleman habited as a clergyman, entered the room, and the ceremony of marriage was concluded between them, before she had time to recover from her surprise. She was then forcibly carried down stairs, placed in a carriage by the side of her husband, and conveyed along at a rapid rate. She had been too long ill-treated, and too much weakened by all she had endured, to make much resistance; and, at last, she sat by his side in the carriage, perfectly passive and motionless, whilst the unchecked tears rolled unrestrainedly down her face. They travelled in this way, till they reached a sea-port town, where they embarked, and landed in Holland. She was conveyed in rapid succession through various foreign cities, though they never stopped in any one place above a night. At length they halted at a small town in Germany; and a retired house in its suburb having been engaged by Mr. Sidney, he appeared inclined to take up his abode there. She seldom saw him, as he spent most of his time from home; and when he returned to her in the evening, his manner was of the most stern and chilling description. One day, after he had been seated for some time without speaking, he addressed her in the following words:

"You are, I suppose, aware, Blanche, that in becoming my wife, your fortune and estates become mine, also; but, as we were married in much haste, and without the usual form of settlements being drawn up between us, it is necessary for you to put your name to a paper which I have had prepared by my lawyer, and which will save you from any future trouble in the management of your affairs. As soon as you attain your majority, I shall expect your compliance with this request."

"I hope I may be allowed to read over the settlements myself," said Blanche, mildly, but firmly, "for it is utterly impossible for me to sign my name to a document, of the contents of which I am ignorant."

"It is not necessary that you should do anything but obey me, madam," answered her husband, fiercely, "and prepare to do so, or dread the consequences."

At length, the fatal day arrived when she attained her majority, and, as she expected, her husband brought her the papers to sign: this she positively refused to do, unless she might be permitted to read the contents. It is impossible to describe the fury of Herbert Sidney at the calm, determined opposition displayed by his wife. After a few more unsuccessful attempts to shake her resolution, he conveyed her back to England; and again placed her in strict confinement at Kellingham House. The few intimate friends of the family who were still aware that she was alive, were now informed that she laboured under an unfortunate aberration of intellect; and every measure that cruelty and brutality could dictate, was employed to drive her to that state in which it was their interest to affirm she had really fallen. Every comfort was now denied her; her limbs were confined by bandages; she was scarcely allowed sufficient food to support nature, and, indeed, almost denied the necessaries of life. She was placed under the care of an unprincipled old woman, who was largely paid by Mr. Sidney to conceal all suspicion or appearance of the iniquity they were perpetrating.

This wretch was in league with a gang of desperate resurrectionists, one of whom was her own son. Whether Mr. Sidney was aware of this circumstance or not, was matter of ignorance to his wretched wife, though sometimes she fancied that it was employed as a means of rendering her situation still more alarming; for, she was frequently a listener to conversations pursued on the very threshold of her chamber, from which it appeared that the monsters were bargaining for her body. The most revolting scenes were acted before her; and repeatedly were the freshly exhumed carcases placed against her door in such a manner, that when she opened it to admit the old woman, who brought her meals, she stumbled over them, or they fell down upon her. At other times, she fancied it was their object to make her destroy herself, as bottles, on which was written "Poison," were left in her room.

At last, on one awful night—that which had first led to her discovery—she was suddenly awakened by seeing her husband, whom she had not beheld since he had placed her at Kellingham House, hanging over her bed, with a pistol in his hand, which was levelled at her head. She started up in the greatest horror, when he composedly presented the papers to her, saying,

"Blanche Sidney, if you will sign these settlements, I forgive all your former rebellion and disobedience, and will again consider you as my wife; but if not, prepare for the doom which inevitably awaits you."

She raised herself on the couch, and in a calm but solemn voice, exclaimed,

"You may end this wretched life if you please; but these papers I will never subscribe. You well know that I should not have become your wife with my own free-will; and death is preferable to the existence I endure."

Whether she was endued with supernatural powers, or whether he was appalled by the earnestness of her manner, she knew not; but certain it was, that he offered no resistance as she rushed from the bed, and throwing open the window, screamed in the violent manner we have related in the beginning of this story. He followed and dragged her in, and, not expecting that she would make any further attempts to obtain assistance, retired a few paces into the room; when, discerning a passing cabriolet, in her desperation, she then made a second attempt to be heard, which ultimately led to her deliverance. As Herbert Sidney expected that this appeal would not be without effect, he hastily carried her up into a large space in the roof, where he secreted her and himself under some sacks, having previously drawn up after them the ladder by which they ascended; the only entrance to it being a trap-door, that, as he expected, escaped the notice of Eustace and Lord Mortimer. When every thing was again quiet, she was taken down from her place of concealment and placed in a remote part of the house, facing the church-yard; and here, she had continued till the blessed moment when Eustace Deloraine had effected her rescue. What had become of her unworthy husband since that time she knew not, as she had not seen him again; and the stillness of the house gave her reason to believe that no one was in it but the old woman, until the last evening, when she plainly distinguished the sound of male voices. Shortly afterwards, she heard this abandoned creature loudly exclaim, outside her door: "Well, Bill, shall I do it, or not? You know Tom will bring in one body, and we may as well send them both off together, as the cart is coming to take them away; and I dare say she is asleep now, so I could soon throw the pillows over her face, and I'll warrant she'd make no noise." This diabolical proposition was deliberately answered by a gruff voice from below, saying, "Well, we had better wait till Tom himself comes in, for I have nothing to do with the baggage."

In about half an hour after the termination of this truculent dialogue, the old woman again broke into her room, to make a last attempt at secreting her. She then felt assured that her immediate death was the object of this violent intrusion; and it was this conviction which produced the agitation she displayed when Eustace and Mortimer entered.

How to discover the wretch whom she was obliged to call her husband, was now the great object of Eustace Deloraine. On his visit to, and search of, Kellingham House, the next day after the escape of Blanche, he found it totally deserted; and not even a vestige remaining of the monsters who had made use of it to carry on their illicit trade. For some time afterwards, it was strictly watched by the police, yet it was never ascertained that any of the party returned to it again; but as it was not a part of his purpose to pursue them, he confined his searches and inquiries to the discovery of Mr. Sidney. At length, after various failures, he succeeded in tracing him to a lodging in London, and having placed him in strict custody, he was soon after committed to prison to await his trial. From the moment of his capture, his manner wore the most gloomy reserve; and even to the questions of his own solicitors, he would not return the necessary replies. "Having failed," he said, "in the only object he had ever taken any pains to accomplish, life and every thing in it were utterly indifferent to him." He even refused to see his own mother, who was also indicted to answer to the charge of conspiracy against Blanche Evelyn's life and fortune.

On the evening preceding his trial, the guilty and disappointed man terminated his wretched existence. In a paper, in his handwriting, which was found in the prison after his death, he accused his parent as the instigator and original planner of all the cruelties that had been practised against the person of the unfortunate Blanche. The trial of Mrs. Evelyn, though delayed by this event, took place soon after; and although it left no doubt on the minds of every one present, that she was guilty of the most atrocious proceedings, yet from want of sufficient evidence, and owing to Blanche's refusal to appear as a witness against her stepmother, she was acquitted, after a severe reprimand from the judge. The old woman with whom she had been in league, was found guilty and imprisoned.

It is now merely necessary to say what became of Blanche Sidney. Being left a widow on the death of her unnatural husband, she retired to Evelyn Hall, of which she took possession, to the great joy of all the neighbourhood, and more especially of Mrs. Pierrepoint; but after having resided there for some months in complete solitude, she did not, at the end of that time, refuse to receive a visit from her amiable friend, Augusta Deloraine, now Lady Mortimer. Shortly afterwards, the party was enlivened by the presence of Eustace and his father, who had, some time before this story began, inherited a title from a distant relation. At length, all objections to their union being removed, Evelyn Hall and the neighbourhood became the scenes of the most joyous festivities, in consequence of the nuptials of the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Deloraine. In the affectionate devotion of her husband, and the kindness of his family, her spirits gradually resumed that tone of buoyant feeling which had characterised her earlier years; though there were times, when the remembrance of her past trials cast a deeper gloom over her.

Having now wound up our tale to the pitch at which all interest must necessarily cease, we will take our departure from our readers, after mentioning that Mrs. Evelyn, being unable to reside any longer in a country where her name was held in such odium by all ranks of society, retired to the Continent, where, under an assumed name, she passed the remainder of her days in the oblivion and neglect she merited.

Drawn by M. Stephanoff.　　Engraved by Heath.

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# THE GERMAN LOVERS.

### BY LORD NEWARK.

*Albert.* Bertha, what think'st thou—is yon star a world?
*Bertha.* A world, my Albert!—Such a world as ours?
Oh! no—it hath too meek a radiance
To be another scene of man's undoing—
Another Eden at its birth, until
Marr'd by another Eve! Oh! no, it hath
Too pure a flood of chasten'd, heavenly light,
Now, as at twilight's close I gaze on it,
Too pure to be reflected from a world!
Mysteriously intense, yet mildly bright;
Dimm'd, yet far-shining, through the mists of eve!
Oh, rather 'tis some pitying angel's eye
Turn'd hitherward from heaven, as if in love,—
And sometimes weeping for us, in the dews
That fall unseen at even-tide.—My Albert,
Thy sages err, that scan the firmament,
If they have deem'd yon beacon-light a world!
They have not look'd on it, as I have done,
Piercing the clouds that ride the nightly winds,
And beaming calmly bright above their strife!
Nor when the nightly winds are sleeping, watch'd it,
Throned in its deep and measureless abyss,
A beacon where earth ends and heaven begins,
To guide the wandering spirit, as it oft,
In maiden doubts and fears, hath guided mine!—
They would prescribe thee laws, thou lamp of life,
Lit by the Almighty's hand, who bade thee shine,
Spark of the fire that burns before his throne!

And they would span thine orb, and, mocking thee,
Prate of thy coming and thy going, till
They meted out to thee thy flood of rays,
And bade thee minister to God by rule!—
Look, Albert, it hath sunk behind the cloud!
The moon hath risen!—I see upon her face
Dim forms and shadowy outlines, as of seas,
Mountain, and plain, and valley—can it be?
Is she, too, earthly, like the star I love?

*Albert.* Bertha, the hand that made the firmament
Hath linked the universe in one bright chain,
And made each earth a star, each star a world!
Nay, marvel not; yon shining beacon there
Hath beings of its own, to whom this earth
Appeareth but as one of many stars!
And they, perchance, at dawn or shadowy eve,
As we on their abode, do gaze on ours;
And, melting into twilight as they see
The far horizon, ask what star is that,
And wonder whether it hath hearts that beat
Within its distant orb—or souls that love!—

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# THE EXILE.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

By heart-sick cares and lonely hours o'ercome,
My weary days in fruitless exile wearing,
Go! happy breeze, to my forsaken home
Whisper the secrets of my soul's despairing;
Whisper unto those hollow walls, how often
My heart invokes their love-fraught memories;
Tell them what tears my haughty spirit soften,
When in its dreams those recollections rise!

Say to the friends who, faithful still and true,
Around their hearths with gentle words recall me,
That darkening shades my footsteps still pursue,
That coming ills with warning frowns appal me.
Tell them how oft in sleep their murmuring voices
The sweet home-accents of my youth supply;
That when that blessed sound my soul rejoices,
I wake—I call—and strangers yield reply!

Tell them my smiles are fewer than they were,
Some twilight gleams of happier times retaining;
Tell them my star shines dimly in its sphere,
But, oh! 'tis not for *them* to mark its waning!
Tell them the dove of peace, in storms benighted,
Returns no more to her abandon'd nest;
Tell them Love's wreath of roses, sorrow-blighted,
Ends in a crown of thorns, like all the rest!

Oh! bid them think of me, when o'er some page,
With noble thoughts inscribed, their tears have started;
Or when at eve their twilight pilgrimage
Leads to the silent grave of friends departed!—
Bid them remember me, when soft reposing,
The dew-bathed flower hangs folded on its stem;
Bid them remember me, when day is closing,
For then, oh! then, my spirit is with them.

By all the past, the reminiscent past,
With its pale shadows from the grave arising;
By the sad present, with its skies o'ercast,
And one faint ray the gathering gloom disguising;
By the dread future—by each sacred token,
The blest concession of their love implore
For one whose heart of hearts, bereaved and broken,
Embalms them in its tears for evermore!—

# THE FORTUNES OF BLANCHE BOLTON.

MY MRS. S. C. HALL.

> " Her beauty, Princes durst not hope to use,
> Unless, like poets, for their morning theme;
> And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
> Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem."
> SIR WM. DAVENANT.

" BUT I am not ambitious, cousin," said the Lady Blanche, glancing from her embroidery—" indeed I am not ambitious; and the beautiful Henrietta of England can have many bower maidens better suited to her light pageantry, and far more lovely, than your little cousin Blanche."

Lady Thornewold looked with a mingling of pity and affection upon her cousin, and shook her stately head in disapprobation.

" Would you have me believe, Blanche, that a Bolton exists without ambition? Can I suppose you insensible to the witcheries of a court, or the admiration of courtiers? Here, with your aged father, you are as safely enshrined as your patron-saint. You might as well have been born a gipsy as a well-favoured and high-born damosel."

" Gipsies seem very happy, Izabel. Do you know I had my fortune told by one—not a common gipsy, but the queen's daughter, who reads the stars far more swiftly than Father John his breviary."

" Silly girl!" exclaimed the stately lady, " it is time you saw the world as it really is; you will else become quite superstitious. Your father can have no fears now on account of our religion; her majesty is an avowed catholic; and, take my word for it, Bishop Laud is a Roman in his heart. Did

I tell you the answer made to him by the Earl of Devonshire's daughter, when he asked her why she became a convert?"

"No, lady mine—repeat it me, I pray you, while I finish the spiry leaf of this carnation."

"'Tis chiefly,'" she said, "'because I hate to travel in a crowd; and I perceive that your grace and many others are preparing to set out on a pilgrimage to Rome.'"

"Have you thought, Izabel," inquired the fair girl, after a pause, "what my father would do without me? Were I to leave him to the solitude of this old house, who would sing to him, at matins and vespers, the choice and holy music he so much loves? Who would lead him into the shade or into the sunshine, as best suited his mood and temper? Who would watch the time to speak, the time to remain silent—who but his own Blanche? Izabel, Izabel, a court is very grand, our queen very beautiful; and," she added, blushing slightly, "the praise of gay courtiers, if tempered with due modesty and discretion, must needs be very sweet to a country maiden's ear; but for ten thousand times ten thousand these inducements, I cannot leave my father."

"We shall see," replied Lady Thornewold, who straightway sought the chamber of the old gentleman, resolved to awaken his ambition for his beloved daughter, as the most likely means of accomplishing her object. Lady Thornewold, many years older than the gentle Blanche, had lived her life at courts, and found that the younger and fresher beauties of Henrietta's train somewhat impaired the lustre of her charms and the power of her influence; she therefore shrewdly thought that the introduction of such an ally as Blanche would wonderfully strengthen her authority, for did she but look as lovely at Whitehall as she did at Bolton Priory, there was little doubt of her attractions becoming the theme of court panegyric.

Blanche Bolton's charms resulted not merely from the possession of personal beauty, but the beauty of sentiment was combined with it in so marvellous a manner, that it was difficult to know which predominated—the one added lustre to the other; and the true and ardent nature of her piety sanctified the whole, and gave a lofty tone to her manner and conversation, that rendered her no less an object of admiration than astonishment—astonishment, that one so young should be so immeasurably above the world in high and generous feeling, and yet have sympathy with every bird that sung, and every flower that drank in the sunbeams and the dew. This mingling of the lofty and the simple, of the great and the humble, of the wise and the natural, it is hardly possible to conceive, yet Blanche was a living illustration of the possibility of such a miracle; and, what is still more extraordinary, she was valued—almost worshipped—as she deserved. In her own circle she reigned lady of the ascendant—her young companions never dreamed of rivalling their queen: and even those who disliked the doctrines of catholicity, said that the Christian practices of Blanche had sanctified in their eyes the religion she professed. This was a great concession at a period when controversy waxed so fierce in England that it carried death into many a peaceful house, and desolation into many a happy village.

In Lady Thornewold all the harsher features of her faith were distinct and rigid; but Blanche softened down asperities and reconciled contradictions, although her only sophistry was that of a heart, gentle in all its feelings, and a practice, the foundation of which was benevolence to every living thing. Lady Thornewold's acting principle was ambition—an ambition that, cold and speculative in its nature, would seat itself upon the wreck of the great universe without a shadow of regret, if, by the ruin she had wrought, her own purpose was accomplished. It was not to be expected that two females so dissimilar would agree either in their purposes or the manner of attaining their desires; but Blanche trusted much to her cousin's knowledge of the world, and loved her too tenderly to doubt the justice of her motives. She believed that in the often-expressed desire that she would leave her aged parent and reside for a time at Whitehall, as one of the maids in Henrietta's train, her cousin sought solely her advancement; but she loved her father with a respect approaching to devotion, and felt herself of value not only to the retainers of her house, but also to the tenants of his domain. Was she not enshrined in their hearts?—was she not necessary to the happiness of scores and scores of affectionate people, who blessed her at sunrise and at sunset, at midnight and at noon, by their hearths and in their meadows, at catholic altar and in protestant church? What could she desire more? More *she* did not desire; and yet, her father's consent—his *command* that she should be for a season with the court, went forth, and, followed by her faithful attendant, little Magdalene Boyle, she made a farewell pilgrimage to every farm and cottage, to every dingle and dell, to every mountain stream and limpid spring that flowed amid her father's fields. She kissed the fair flowers that grew upon her favourite heath, and waved her arms in mournful adieu to the stately trees that had shadowed her infant footsteps.

"You are making a mourn of it, madam," said Magdalene, whose heart bounded at the prospect of a green cardinal and new lovers, "yet, I am sure, you will not want to come back. They tell me the serving maidens at court wear high heels and breast-knots—may I wear a breast-knot, my lady?"

"Ay, Magdalene; but see that when we return it covers as guileless a heart as now beats beneath your straight-laced boddice."

"Look, madam! yonder—by the hazel copse!" exclaimed Magdalene, as they proceeded—"yonder, lady, is the gipsy queen who told you your fortune; she signs us to stop—will it please you stay, mistress?—pray, pray stay!"

"Father John lectured me well on superstition, and said I ought not heed such witchery," replied Blanche, walking quickly forward.

"But she is here," said the waiting-maid; and, truly, as she spoke, the gipsy stood in the path.

Blanche widened her purse-strings, and put a silver coin into the girl's hand.

"I do not need it," she said—nevertheless placing it in her bosom—"but I grieve that you are going. Have you noticed, lady, that when there has been a long, hot summer's day, the thunder gathers and bursts, and the fierce lightning strikes—it strikes the castles and the spires, and lodges in the mountains? Go not to the court, lady, it is dangerous; the court line on that fair hand is full of crosses—but there's an under line, lady."

Why did Blanche at that moment blush? Was it the gipsy's words

> "That chased the tell-tale blood unto her cheek?"

It could not be! What was there in her jargon to call such symbol forth—"*An under line?*" There must have been some strange association with those words. Gipsies are cunning workers on the human mind, and tune their mysteries to suit the hearts they play upon.

"An under line——"

Blanche heard no more.

"Nay, my good girl," she said, when recovered from her confusion, "you dare not mean that kingly power is in danger; 'tis not for me to listen to such intimations."

She passed on; but the shrewd gipsy pressed her hand on Magdalene's arm; the servant stayed behind her mistress, and the sybil appeared both anxious and earnest to be believed.

"Let the lady bide on her own domain," she said, "for there is peril to those who trust in princes; and let her worship after another fashion, for idolatry is departing from the land."

"Away, Aysha!" exclaimed Magdalene, no way pleased by her communication; "what should you know—away from me, I say!" and alarmed by the energy of voice and manner evinced by the young wanderer, she signed herself devoutly with the sign of the cross.—The gipsy's shrill laugh danced amid the trees, and called forth the echo of the woods.

"And you have, before now, called me superstitious," she said, "and yet you mark yourself with that mark! Well, go your own way, go your own way; but the smoke will curl over our tents, and the fire blaze beneath our curtains, when the mass-bell shall not dare ring, nor the cross be seen at the church door."

Magdalene, angry and alarmed, hastened to the side of her mistress, and when they stood beneath the arched entrance of Bolton, they saw Aysha's scarlet cloak fluttering amid the trees.

It signifies little how Blanche Bolton spent her time at Whitehall; between pageants and lovers, admirers, fetes and costly dressings, none had more of what would now be termed "success;" and yet neither her cousin nor herself were satisfied. Lady Thornewold complained that Blanche, instead of forwarding, impeded the progress of her plans; and Blanche felt but too surely that Lady Thornewold, having set up ambition as her idol, cared not what she sacrificed at its shrine: she had no sympathy with the purity and singleness of purpose and of action which distinguished all her cousin's deeds and words; she had little esteem for one who smiled only because she was pleased, and bestowed as much attention upon a person of small fortune and weak interest, as she did upon one gifted in lands and rich in power. She found Blanche the most unmanageable of all from whom she had hoped to derive assistance, simply because of her uncompromising rectitude; and in her secret soul she often wished her back again at Bolton Priory.

It was in vain that Blanche dressed, and danced, and even smiled, to please her crafty cousin: she would not be satisfied; and stern reproaches, followed by lamentations, were the companions of the few hours which the duties of the court permitted them to spend together.

"Why did you bring me here?" one day, exclaimed Blanche to her cousin, as they waited in the queen's anteroom; "why did you bring me here? I was so happy at Bolton! Did I not tell you I was not ambitious—did I not entreat that you would permit me to remain with my aged father? Let me return to him now, and receive and bestow happiness, as was the custom of my early days."

"You are ungrateful and mean-spirited," said Lady Thornewold, "and you forget to whom you have owed your advancement."

The beautiful lip of the Lady Blanche curled with somewhat of bitterness.

"Advancement!" she replied; "oh, Izabel! can you call my situation here *advancement?*—Do you remember how I lived—mistress, queen, empress, in my father's house? how beloved I was of all—by all? how free to go and come; no bridle on my smile, no padlock on my lip? Here, all is splendid misery: our royal mistress, not mistress of her actions; our king, the gentlest and the best of princes, trammelled—misrepresented—treason-snared at every step he takes; the blandest words spring forth from traitor's hearts, and the same hand grasps both the olive and the dagger."

"My little cousin of the Priory," replied Lady Thornewold, "has grown poetical, and not yet learned that those who dwell in courts, must pitch their voices in a lower key than those who roam in forests. If you have not yet grasped a coronet, or wedded nobly, 'tis your own fault, good Blanche. You might have been—I know not, care not what; but this I know, that you have been to me a very plague-spot—thwarted my plans, and under shadow of simplicity, stood in my light on all important subjects. What is it to you if heat and turmoil enter here; can'st not keep cool, and watch and feel not?"

Lady Thornewold had been much chafed that morning by various matters, and was forgetful of herself, insomuch that as she walked hastily up and down the ante-room, she gave voice unto some thoughts that, had she been more cool, she would have stifled in their birth. Blanche listened, and it was sad to note how pale her cheek had grown within a few short months, and how her fair hand trembled as it held a rose, which already was gemmed by her tears.

"Cousin," she replied, "let me go home to Bolton; if I pleasure not you, nor yet myself, why stay I here? To her majesty I am of little use, and small content; for if I weep when she is sad, you call me fool——Let me go home to Bolton."

"I care not where you go, fair mistress; your time is past. *You* love nought but yourself, and have, I am assured, some tie beyond your father, that binds you to the Priory. Go to; you blame the court for its servility, yet are you now the first to fly when that you learn the queen's unhappiness."

"Izabel, you do me bitter wrong!" exclaimed Blanche, proudly rising from her seat. "When Henrietta was all-powerful, sweeping throughout the land like a meteor, glorious and glorified, I sought her not; nor would I leave her now, if by devoting this young head unto the axe, I could bestow upon her twelve months' safety."

"I' faith, young maid, I do believe ye," interrupted a voice from behind the arras; and as the words were uttered, the Queen of England, not full of life and gaiety of spirit, but sad and sorrowful, in dignified and melancholy beauty, stood before them. "I do not wonder," she continued, "that the heavy atmosphere of courts oppresses this poor girl. If she is happy in the light of spring, and satisfied to pass her summer life beneath the shadow of the trees, and by the waters and the brooks that prate of the Almighty's goodness, let her go home. I would not have my English maidens wed for sake of gold, or power, or fame, or—I could have almost added, love; for love, alas! will not ensure our happiness in this strange world: the king and I have loved—and yet——"

Many a queenly eye has been steeped in tears, and Henrietta of England had already tasted of bitterness; her lip quivered, and she turned away her face to conceal her emotion. Blanche seized her hand, and kneeling at her feet, covered it with warm and earnest kisses.

"I will stay with you, madam, for ever!" she exclaimed.

The queen looked on her kindly, and pushed the hair from her fair brow.

"No, child, you shall go home; home to your bees, and birds, and flowers; home to your father and his cottages: perhaps *I* may go home ere long. Why should I deny the privilege which God has granted to the foxes of the field? You shall go to Bolton to-morrow."

The heart of the released captive beat quickly in her bosom; but as she looked at the royal woman who stood before her, she felt much grief at parting from her at such a time.

"You are not angry, gracious madam?" she enquired.

"Angry," repeated the queen, at the same time unclasping a jewelled chain from her neck, and throwing it over Blanche; "angry! oh, no; I once looked on a wild-flower—a small blue flower, which all who saw thought beautiful, and I uprooted it with mine own hand; it looked so fresh and lovely on the green whereon it grew—I placed it in the richest earth, near to the hottest stove, where no air entered but what was perfumed; and all the courtly flowers flourished there, yet it was dead ere morning——You shall go home to Bolton."

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Time passed on—a mighty tempest overwhelmed England. A man had arisen from among his fellows, stern, dark, and powerful, who overthrew, by a rare combination of wisdom and determination, the established forms and hierarchy of the country. A mild but misguided monarch had laid down his life in atonement for errors, which, almost at any other period of our history, would have been overlooked, as part of the "divine prerogative of kings;" and *He*—the Overthrower, was striding onward to grasp in his own hands the very authority he had subdued—to raise it up under another title, and to sit in the seat of kings—himself the most absolute ruler that England ever trembled under, or boasted of.

Henrietta, the widowed queen, had sought a home in another country, and mourned with her children the loss of crown, sceptre, and, above all, the husband whom she loved. Lady Thornewold followed in her train, seeing how completely all distinctions of rank, and freedom of religious opinion were banished from the court and country. She thought, and thought rightly, that in France there would be at least the shadow, if not the substance thereof; and she did all in her power to induce her uncle and Blanche to accompany her in her flight.

"I have never interfered in politics," said the old gentleman; "never raised hand or voice for feud or party; never occupied either time or money for any purpose, except to benefit my dependents, whose cottages and families have flourished and lived beneath my protection for more than half a century. I am an old man, and have endured long, and cannot expect that many years will now be added to those that are gone; therefore will I remain where I have dwelt, even unto the end, and if they should take my life, and confiscate my lands, because of my religious faith, why, let it be so. I repeat it; on my own land will I live and die!"

"But Blanche ——"

The venerable man looked upon his daughter: his resolve remained unshaken.

"Let her go, if she will, but I will not again say unto her, 'depart from me;' I would rather that she ——"

He could not continue; his voice fainted within him. But of words he had no need, for Blanche had resolved not to leave her father, and he determined to continue and die where he had lived.

Although there was something so dignified in a gentleman in his seventieth year calmly and patiently awaiting the result of civil war—not mingling in the fray, but risking all to protect the lives and liberties of his dependents from destruction—yet this, united to the universal respect felt for him by every class of society, could not protect him from the insults and suspicions of the Puritan party. Those who talk the most of toleration are ever the most intolerant, and certain rumours inclined the Lady Blanche to fear that the period was not far distant when they would be compelled to renounce their faith or their property; she, however, mentioned nothing of this to her father, but with a mild and determined resignation to the will of an all-wise Providence, resolved patiently to await whatever might betide.

It was a solemn and beautiful picture, to see this fair girl within her oratory, offering up heartfelt supplications to those in whose power she trusted to save and protect her father. The room she had chosen to sanctify to the holy purpose of secret prayer, had been divided off by some of the old possessors of Bolton from the chapel, and what considerably added to the solemnity of the narrow chamber was, that a monument to the memory of one of her ancestors remained set within the wall; the effigy of the stern old warrior contrasting with the living and breathing form of the beautiful woman, who knelt before a temporary altar, over which was suspended one of the finest of Murillo's paintings of the Virgin and Child.

It was evident that things of earth as well as heaven mingled in the fair girl's mind, for a vase that stood near the missal wherein she read, contained a single flower of richest perfume and blossom, and jewels of great value sparkled on the sleeves of her dress, and rested on her bosom. She had prayed long and earnestly, when a knock at the painted window, through which the light streamed heavily, arrested her attention, and crossing herself devoutly, she arose and opened the casement. In a few moments she was engaged in earnest conversation with a youth about her own age, or, it might be, some few years older, and the strict plainness of his military dress showed that he was a follower of him of whose sternness and power we have already spoken.

"I believe all you say," said Blanche, in reply to some argument he had used after their affectionate greeting; "I know that we exist but in an atmosphere of danger; yet the danger is none of our making; we have not provoked it—my father's life has been harmless as ever, and I—have I done aught to anger your general?"

"I have told him that you retired voluntarily from a court, whose impurities and gaieties you loathed ——"

"Peace, Gilbert Fairland; I tell thee, peace," interrupted Blanche; "I saw no impurities—I loathed not the harmless gaieties of the lovely queen; but I longed for my father's home, for the quiet woodlands, and the tranquillity and peace of Bolton, I——"

"It is my turn to interrupt you, now, Blanche," said

Drawn by G. Cattermole

Engraved by C. Heath.

The Lady Blanche.

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for thy—may I say—*dearest* friends, the right to exercise their faith, or keep the lands their ancestors dwelt upon for full five hundred years?"

"Blanche, become my wife?—and, need I add, that you shall practice your own faith (until such time as the Lord pleaseth to turn your heart unto another) in secrecy and silence. Put far away those crosses and those symbols: prepare your father to receive our general, and not to talk of bells, and books, and candles, and all the mummeries of his religion—and all will then be well."

"Well!" repeated Blanche, "well, with what?—with whom?—with our own hearts? Do you remember the long summer evenings when you used to read to me from your own bible, under the ashen tree, nigh to the gipsy copse, texts full of beauty and of wisdom? One I remember in particular. The words—the mere words have slipped my memory, but the sense ran thus: 'He who denies *Me* before men, the same will I deny before my Father who is in heaven.' Are there *two* readings to that text, Gilbert?"

He was about to answer when Magdalene rushed into the oratory and exclaimed that the court-yard was filled with armed soldiers, and that her master had been summoned, without any dignity, as 'old Martin Bolton of Bolton, profanely called the Priory,' to appear before two who were then in the marble hall.

"I do not ask you, Gilbert, if you knew of this sudden assailing—I *know* you did not." And having so said, Blanche was about to quit the chamber—the youth arrested her steps.

"Leave, I entreat you, that cross here; and suffer that this missal and these pictures be concealed."

"Never:" replied the heroic girl, firmly. "Never! What I believe will I profess—I will never either speak or act a lie."

She passed to her father's chamber, and in a short space of time stood with him in the presence of Cromwell and one of his chief satellites; nor was she long in perceiving that Gilbert Fairland also waited their approach.

Sir Martin Bolton had ever been a mild, firm man, of a cold and somewhat austere manner, and of a goodly presence and address; but the weight of seventy years will crush mildness into inanity, and relax the firmest nerves, whether of mind or body; and, as he stood, his head, surmounted by a small cap of black velvet, from beneath which his snowy hair descended in courtly curls upon his shoulders, his bent figure clinging to the graceful and beautiful form of his daughter, it suggested the idea of the woodbine yielding support unto the oak, by which it had been originally trained to perfection. At first the stern covenanter remained erect, and stubborn in his aspect, rugged and uncouth, and gave small show of courtesy; but Gilbert Fairland advanced, and bowing respectfully unto his aged relative, presented General Cromwell to Sir Martin and the Lady Blanche Bolton.

"Enough, enough of mummery," interrupted the rough soldier; "imagine ye, I knew not who they were? Methinks I have heard so much of the popish maiden that I could distinguish her amid ten thousand: and the Lord knoweth that we have prayed for her that she might be turned from the errors of her ways, for with such as her doth Satan bait his nets."

"I fain would know to what end I am indebted for the honour of this visit?" inquired the old gentleman, without heeding Cromwell's observation. "And though you are unexpected guests, yet, in accordance with the rules of hospitality, I request that you will enter and partake of some refreshment."

"We came not here to satisfy carnal or fleshly lusts," replied the soldier, "but to execute the commands of the parliament, into whose hands the God of Jacob has committed the care of this distracted country: they have been duly informed that you indulge in the idolatries of popery, and practice the abominations thereof. Nay, that maiden wears, even now, upon her arm, the symbol of her heresies. Cast it from ye, young woman, cast it from ye!"

Blanche drew her form to its full height, and after pressing the cross to her lips, placed it in her bosom.

"I would not," she said, "willingly offend any human being, but it is holy and dear unto me as my existence. It was on my arm when you were announced, and I could not play the hypocrite and conceal it; because I would have you and all men know, that for my faith would I sacrifice my life."

Cromwell fixed upon her his unquailing gaze, and the maiden's bright blue eye met it with so sweet yet firm an aspect, that his look of sternness faded, and much that was gentle in expression succeeded his former fierceness of word and look.

"Now the Lord pardon, in his mercy, this benighted land," he exclaimed, "and pity its sons and daughters! I have wept and laboured in the vineyard, yet darkness still covereth the earth, and gross ignorance the people. I have wrestled and prayed, but in vain: and now what remains but that I should execute the orders of those whose authority hath been established in the land. By these missives you shall see that it hath pleased the rulers in our Israel to bestow these domains, this house, and all that therein is, upon just persons, and to exclude the unclean and idolatrous master of the present time from power or participation therein. Thank the Lord, then, Martin Bolton, that thou hast not been tried and condemned to lose thy life for treasonable practices."

The puritan moved, with a heavy step, across the hall, and the astounded old man sank upon a marble bench. He grasped the hand of his daughter, who stood firm and unmoved by his side, and, looking in her face, muttered, in broken sentences,

"My property confiscate—both wanderers—without a home!—I, who have been a father, a protector.—O, Blanche, my child!—the old trees!—the birds!—my servants!—Oh, Blanche, my child!"

It appeared to his daughter as if his faculties, hitherto weak and failing, had been completely overthrown by this last great blow; and the opinion was confirmed when she saw full round tears coursing each other down his cheeks, while an aged hound, who well loved his master, lifted up his head while crouching at his feet, and howled a howl so deep and wailing in its tone, that it pealed throughout the hall, forming a strange accompaniment to Cromwell's monotonous tramp, that clanked along the pavement as he walked restlessly to and fro, glancing upon the passing scene, and motioning Gilbert Fairland to silence, every time he would have addressed him on behalf of the old master of Bolton.

"Bear up, father, remonstrance is useless;—nay, let them not triumph in your tears," continued Blanche, as she endeavoured to shield the drooping head and streaming eyes of her father from the notice of the stern general—"they cannot take your life, nor me from you:——let them not triumph—bear up, good father."

"At your pleasure," said the old man, rising and addressing Cromwell with assumed firmness—"at your pleasure; but I will appeal."

"To whom?" inquired Cromwell, turning round abruptly, "to whom will you appeal?—unto the parliament? Behold, *here* is their command. Without, there!—possess this dwelling with the Lord's soldiers—see that ye neither pillage nor destroy, but hold all in trust for him whose bravery and zeal in the good cause will thus be rewarded with a portion in Israel."

He turned round, and then, as if he had only at that moment seen the youth Fairland, started, and added, "How is this?—we were so occupied, that though we spoke to, we saw you not. We thought you on your way to Gloucester—but in good time, though unexpectedly are ye here to take possession of your own estate—the commons have bestowed the lands of Bolton upon you—'tis good when righteous men receive a righteous gift. I need not charge you," he added with a grim smile, "to remember a portioning of mercy even to malignants. The man is old—the maiden may be saved—and"—— without concluding his sentence, he turned to his soldiers and led them forth himself into the outer court, leaving Blanche, her father, and Gilbert, alone in the marble hall.

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We can hardly relate what passed: Blanche, firm as ever to her faith, and the old gentleman firm to his prejudices—for age does not lightly lay down what it has cherished for many years—and it was an opinion of Sir Martin, liberal though he was on many subjects, that a poor relative was one who could not achieve or deserve greatness.

It was in vain that Gilbert Fairland represented to him that Cromwell, knowing the lands would be seized upon—knowing his affection for his cousin—knowing how poverty had thwarted this affection—resolved to turn the disposal of the Bolton property to their advantage, and while fulfilling the commands of the parliament preserve them to their present owners. Sir Martin continued cold and inflexible, shedding many tears, yet resolved to seek another dwelling.

Blanche Bolton could well have supported the loss of property and station, but she had long and fondly loved her cousin, and his image, his presence, was enshrined amongst the trees and recesses of her dwelling. In such a copse, during their early years, he had gathered her nuts and wild flowers; under such a tree he had sung, or they had sung together, the legendary ballads that nurse romance and chivalry in every youthful bosom. And when his politics separated him from her father's hearth, and that father sent him from his door, they had often met by the mountain stream, that, babbler though it was, never prated of their love. As easy would it be to trace the pathway of the swallow through the viewless air, as to follow the heart's imaginings, or note the growth of the affection which Blanche cherished not only for Gilbert Fairland but for all that Gilbert loved; yet when he implored her to become his wife—when he assured her that her father should still retain the real command of his hereditary lands—that he only accepted them because it enabled him to protect and shield her whom he worshipped with all the devotion of a true and steadfast mind, her answer was: "I would share poverty and death with you—I would deem that misery with Gilbert was only miserable because he suffered from it—I could not suffer while with him: but I will not *share* what of right belongs unto my father; nor will I ever permit him to be considered a guest where he ought to rule as master."

The old man could hardly understand the fullness of his daughter's virtue. She whose gentle nature had been flexible as is the willow, which bends to every breeze, had become at once dignified and resolute, and imparted strength to him from whom she might have expected support under such bitter trials. Cromwell had retired to another portion of the building, and was indulging his ambitious and gloomy thoughts, when Gilbert Fairland entered the apartment.

"Your speed, young man, is as the speed of Jehu, and yet your countenance is troubled," said the general, addressing him. "Go to, you play the master ill. I have travelled far, and need refreshment; the sun has sunk, yet have you bid me to no supper."

Gilbert covered his face with his hands, and then withdrawing them, replied:

"You say truly, sir; the sun has sunk, the storm has risen: even now the thunder rolls, and the bright lightning flashes through the sky; yet they would go forth amid the war of elements. My ancient friend, who cherished my young years—who ——"

"Reared you in all heresies and abominations," interrupted Cromwell, "so, that had it not been for the marvellous goodness of the Lord, you would have been even as themselves, an outcast from the courts and temples where the righteous may dwell together in peace."

"He cherished me," recommenced the youth, but was again interrupted by the general, who added,

"As Satan cherishes his angels to send them forth to work destruction. Did you labour to convert the maiden? Methinks you might have used strong arguments, such as well suit a woman's understanding:—house and gay furnishing—a lacquey—a well-decked palfrey—a jewelled ring—or ——"

"Sir, sir!" in his turn interrupted Gilbert, "you do her wrong. And yet, you who read the heart while others only look upon the face, well know the difference between a soul like hers and the vain bauble that beats its measures to the tune of vanity. Take back those deeds unto the Parliament, I will not lord it here—give Bolton to another master,

Cromwell was rarely seen to smile; and when he did, he smiled in such a fashion that those who saw thought it the sternest mockery of mirth they had ever looked upon. And though he made no reply, he smiled at the young man's rhapsody, and led him to the window which overlooked the park, and the river that intersected the wooded park of Bolton. There had been a bold but brief thunder-storm, and the clouds were rapidly passing from the moon, which rose in great majesty, and showered silver on the little dell where Gilbert had often met his love, after she returned untainted from the court; the last beams of the setting sun were resting upon the hill, and lingering amid the dews of evening; and the whole picture was one of tranquillity and beauty. Cromwell opened the casement, and the fresh air burst upon the young man's fevered brow and cooled his bubbling blood. The wise puritan waited until the calmness of the landscape and the freshness of the atmosphere, had tranquillized his feelings—then, and not till then, he spoke.

"And you seek to turn the goodness of the parliament, as if it were as dust, upon themselves? And you wish to cast from you the bread that the Lord hath thrown into your lap? Methought there was much about the place you valued, or I would not have spoken for you; but be it so, the Parliament hath many friends who deserve reward, and who will utterly uproot and destroy every remnant of those unbelievers who must now dispute with the fox and the badger for their dens."

"Uproot—destroy!" repeated Gilbert, unconsciously—and then the feeling arose in his mind that he could still preserve what they both had loved. Cromwell saw the advantage he had obtained, and pursued it with his keen unerring skill, until he had received Gilbert's written acknowledgement of gratitude for the benefits conferred upon him. The general would not have taken this trouble for an ordinary person, but he knew that bestowing an obligation on a grateful mind is a sure guarantee for its future services; and he felt, that by increasing the influence of his friends, he established his own strength.

The next morning rose in brightness over the Priory, but the soul, the spirit that rendered it so blessed a paradise, had departed. Gilbert walked amid the groves and gardens, thinking how he could mysteriously convey the assistance to Blanche and her father, which he knew they would not receive from his bounty. Many plans he imagined, dismissing one after the other from his mind, until, as he passed the hazel copse, the gipsy Aysha stood before him.

"And all things are changed," said she; "you, who, like the mole, worked in darkness to meet her you loved, and called on the poor gipsy for assistance—you are now master here; and they who were time-honoured in the land have sought a humble cottage in a far country, as their only safe retreat. When she was exalted, and Gilbert Fairland low as the grass I now tread upon, I told her to shun courts, for that change was coming. I ask you, Gilbert Fairland, has it not come? I now tell you to shun power, because unto you say I also that change will come. He who now portions out estates, and will soon portion kingdoms, will never find a quiet grave in England.—Beware of power! the higher you ascend, the greater will be your fall."

As she finished speaking, Cromwell's soldiers, who had occupied Bolton during the night, sounded their reveillé bugle, and Aysha disappeared amid the trees.

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Time passed on. The mighty one—the Protector of England—had lived and died, and Charles the Second was seated on the throne of his fathers, himself the worst and most debased of the weak race of Stuart.

Bolton Priory had seldom been occupied by its possessor, but was, nevertheless, kept in exactly the same order in which it had been left by Sir Martin Bolton. The oratory remained undisturbed, and once or sometimes twice a-year Gilbert Fairland would pass many hours within its walls, and take a melancholy pleasure in gazing on the hassock, the cross, the picture, the altar—just as they had been left by the beautiful Blanche on the eventful day which made him rich, yet robbed him of all that he held dear on earth.

Blanche sought with her father an asylum in France. She watched and soothed his sufferings, and when she laid him in his coffin, earnestly and piously thanked the God, who, in making her acquainted with affliction, had also taught her wisdom.

Her birth and beauty rendered her an object of great interest at the court which the bounty of France enabled the royal exiles of England to support near Paris; but she knew too well the value of a quiet conscience and a pure mind, to trust them within the reach of contagion; and could she have forgotten Bolton Priory and its associations, she would have been happy, even in a strange land; for the means of good for others and herself were liberally but mysteriously placed at her disposal.

Her father had not been dead more than two months, when the third great political change that Blanche Bolton had witnessed in her comparatively short life, again altered the dynasty of England, and an official letter informed her that "the minion of the regicides" had been displaced from his unlawful possessions, and that now she was undisputed mistress of Bolton and its fair lands. Will those who thirst after wealth and its possessions believe, that this letter, securing to an exiled and beautiful woman all that the human heart is supposed to desire upon earth, instead of being sunned in smiles, was moistened by tears. "*The minion of the regicides!*"—Gilbert—Gilbert Fairland! the first—the only one she had ever loved, became present with her. She had thought little of him in the time of his triumph and prosperity, but now, when misfortune and change had fallen upon him, and he was alone and in captivity, the blessed current of woman's love burst from her heart, and in three days she demanded admittance to the Tower of London.—What sought the mistress of Bolton there? A worn-out and a stern-mannered soldier, whose hair was gray, whose eye was sunk, and who, when his cousin Blanche stood before him, expected a mandate of death, not a vision of beauty.

"Am I so changed, Gilbert, that you do not know me?" she said, as he bowed before her; "am I indeed so altered, or have you ceased to—to love Blanche Bolton? I have craved, and I have obtained my boon from the new king. You are pardoned—you are free. But change may have come with passing years: perhaps you do not love me, now —perhaps ——"

The detail of successful affection is only interesting to the parties concerned, and prone as men certainly are, to inconstancy, it would be doing injustice to Gilbert Fairland's steadfast character, to suppose him untrue to his early attachment.

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There was a bridal at Bolton in a few months, which the second Charles would not have objected to attend, had he been invited thereunto. Magdalene Boyle, who had faithfully followed her mistress' fortunes under all circumstances, was as full of importance upon the occasion, as waiting-maids generally are, and assumed much more authority than her fair mistress. One evening, as she wandered with a great affectation of sentiment, towards the hazel copse, who should she meet but her old gipsy acquaintance, Aysha.

"Get along, do," she said, as she paced with a composed air down the beechen alley; "get along, Aysha, for I remember you perfectly well, although you are much older, and have a couple of gipsy brats strapped into your red cloak, that used to float so gaily on the breeze. O, you need make no signs to me; I know the vanity of your abominations."

The gipsy laughed, and the waiting-maid tossed her head.

"Ah, ah!" laughed the gipsy; "but I told your lady the truth, and I told your master the truth—I told her the *court line* on her hand was full of danger, but the *under line*—what said I of the under line?—Has she not prospered when traversing that—is she not here a bride, after all her trials? and have not those trials made her more beloved than her prosperity? You shall have a serjeant, or it may be, a cornet, in the black-browed king's own guard, for a silver coin. *Young* mistress, cross my hand—all crosses are out of fashion but the gipsy cross," and the sybil advanced to Magdalene, her brown countenance smiling, and her little gipsies smiling also.

"Aysha," said Magdalene, looking very wise, "I heard my mistress say, that those who cater for the follies of mankind make a better livelihood than those who provide for its necessities; and that is the reason, I suppose, you look so well."

"Let me tell *you* of the cornet," continued the gipsy; "ah! his dark eye and arched eyebrow have ——"

Magdalene paused and listened, and absolutely rewarded the gipsy with a silver dollar. What she said, or what she did not say, is of little consequence, for Blanche was again mistress of Bolton.

The night that Gilbert and his bride took possession of their future and beloved home, was as calm as their own subdued but most happy spirits—and as they stood at the window from whence Cromwell had pointed out his domain to the new lord, they both poured forth their thankfulness for their trials and their triumphs: their trials had taught them the value of true wisdom, and the remembrance of their misfortunes sobered their exaltation; happy in each other, they diffused among others the blessings which they themselves enjoyed.

## A FRIEND.

### BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Who borrows all your ready cash,
And with it cuts a mighty dash,
Proving the lender weak and rash?—
Your friend!

Who finds out every secret fault,
Misjudges every word and thought,
And makes you pass for worse than nought?—
Your friend!

Who wins your money at deep play,
Then tells you that the world doth say,
"'Twere wise from clubs you kept away?"—
Your friend!

Who sells you, for the longest price,
Horses, a dealer in a trice
Would find unsound, and full of vice?—
Your friend!

Who eats your dinners, then looks shrewd;
Wishes you had a cook like Ude,
For then much oft'ner would intrude—
Your friend!

Who tells you that you've shocking wine,
And owns, that though he sports not fine,
Crockford's the only place to dine?—
Your friend!

Who wheedles you with words most fond
To sign for him a heavy bond,
" Or else, by Jove, must quick abscond
Your friend."

Who makes you all the interest pay,
With principal, some future day,
And laughs at what you then may say?—
Your friend!

Who makes deep love unto your wife,
Knowing you prize her more than life,
And breeds between you hate and strife?—
Your friend!

Who, when you've got into a brawl,
Insists that out your man you call,
Then gets you shot, which ends it all?—
Your friend!!!

# A DREAM.

## A FRAGMENT.

### BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

The sun had set, and o'er the eastern sky
The cloudless moon stept forward into light
With a pale smile, and look'd round bashfully:
Even as a bride, who, watching the calm night
Steal o'er the mountain and the silent river,
Heaves a soft sigh and gives a gentle shiver.

The moon was up; and all her train were there
Of hand-maid stars, that beautifully glance
Their twinkling eyes around; and through the air,
To sounds, unheard by mortal ears, advance;
And duly, as the shadowy night returns,
Pour out their rills of light from crystal urns.

Sooth'd by the placid hour, and much opprest
By the day's turmoil, I sought out the shade
Of an o'er-arching oak, to take my rest
On moss-beds prank'd with flowers, whereon I laid
My languid limbs, and soon began to close
My eyes for weariness, courting repose.

This tranquil bower was planted near the bank
Of a vast river, on whose heaving breast
Tall masted ships, at anchor, rose and sank
So gently, that the motion looked like rest.
Woods waved along the margin, and afar
The stedfast mountain propp'd the silent star.

Skirting the distant shore, wash'd by the tide,
With all its jutting quays and rising towers,

That glisten'd in the moonlight, in its pride
  A city lay, watching the midnight hours:
Soundless she lay, as though she were a tomb
Whence life had pass'd, yet death without its gloom.

Deep sleep came o'er me: sudden, methought,
  A mighty wind upgather'd, clouds spread wide
O'er heaven, the congregating waves seem'd fraught
  With a hoarse fury; while, above all, cried
The Spirit of the Tempest, in his wrath,
As o'er the earth he traced his fiery path.

Then, from that city's heart, a wild commotion
  Burst on my ear:—I heard a cry go forth
Of freedom, like the wave-fall of the ocean
  Upon a rock-bound shore:—the very earth
Shook; and anon the shout of victory
Came blending with the cheers of revelry.

The scene was changed, and at that city's gate
  I stood: the air was musical with joy;
And marshall'd ranks went glancing by in state,
  Chariot and steed, stern warrior, laughing boy,
The matron with her infant; all seem'd fill'd
With rapture—the hush'd heaven with rapture thrill'd.

Upon his car of glory, drawn along
  By shouting crowds, a champion meekly stood,
Bending around to that tumultuous throng;
  Conqueror, yet half by modesty subdued:
While at his chariot wheel the vanquish'd band
Follow'd, with downcast eyes, link'd hand to hand.

The slave that slept had waken'd. * * * * *

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## THE SPIRIT OF THE WYE.

### BY THE HONORABLE GRANTLEY BERKELEY, M. P.

It chanced that in the summer of 18— I had been residing for a few days, at a comfortable inn at Chepstow, since famed for the beauty of its hostess' daughters. During that time I had amused myself in seeking the different views most worthy observation, in which that neighbourhood so redundantly abounds. On the afternoon of one of those sultry days in July, when the ground itself seems agape from thirst, having left my horse in a shed at some distance, I had, tired with my rambles through the beautiful scenery of the Wye, stretched myself on the grass to refresh my wearied limbs, my sole companion a favourite deer greyhound, of the old English breed, called Shark. Like myself, he seemed to enjoy the cool grass, but with the further luxury of a small rill of water, in which, from time to time, he stretched himself like a sphinx, to lave his deep and panting chest.

I had chosen an elevated spot on the Chepstow side, commanding a beautiful view of the winding course of the river, and of the venerable ruins of Tintern Abbey. After feasting my eyes on the beauties outstretched before me, and indulging my fancy in a thousand idle dreams, watching each heron in her stately flight as she sailed by me with the golden tint of the setting sun upon her wings, I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke, the day had passed; but what the hour was, I did not know. The moon had arisen in all her summer splendour, and so high, that her silver beams danced on the ripples of the Wye; it could not, therefore, judging from the age of the moon, be very early. But all hours being alike to me, I wandered down to the abbey to gaze again on the beautiful scenery now in a different light and shadow. As I stood beneath the ruins contemplating the vengeful work of time, and the perishable nature of all that emanates from man, I was surprised at hearing a sound upon the river, resembling the note of a guitar. I listened with attention; suddenly the music ceased; but presently it was renewed, and much nearer to me, when the sweetest female voice I ever heard, sang the following words:

Soft, sweet, and lonely, shines yon silv'ry queen,
  Her beams are resting on the mountain's brow,
And fairies, deck'd with wreaths of dewy sheen,
  Are forming rings on em'rald vales below.
Cloudless the sky—attendant stars appear
  To view their rays resplendent in the stream,
Gilding each ripple on the river clear,
  And dancing blithely by the royal beam.
Stir not—speak not—whisper but of love,
And rule each feature from the scene above.

When the strain had ceased, the fall of oars upon the river met my ear; and though of no novel occurrence, yet, instigated, perhaps, by the sweetness of the voice, the scene, the hour, and the surrounding stillness, I felt the deepest desire to see the boat, without being myself observed. Gliding, therefore, behind some ivy, that grew on one of the walls, I listened attentively, and soon ascertained that the skiff approached the site of the abbey. In another instant, its light bow struck the shore; and, as I leant still more forward, I beheld a female figure in the act of fastening it to the foot of an alder that grew hard by the spot on which I stood. What my sensations were in those romantic days, and what I felt, I leave to those of the age that I then was, to picture to themselves; for all words that I can find must fall far short of the impression which I wish to convey to my less sanguine readers.

But let them endeavour to imagine the appearance of a lovely girl, alone, on the softest summer night, amidst such scenery as I have described, and the eyes of the captious world far away. Yes, lovely she was, and every motion grace, with a figure rounded in the softest line of beauty; full in every just proportion, and bearing upon her face the blooming and sweet expression of a seventeenth summer. Her hair was dressed in rather a Grecian fashion, and fell upon her beautiful bosom in dark and glossy ringlets; which, to my heated imagination, seemed to cling more closely to her lovely neck, as each gentle zephyr fanned them as it passed.

Her dress was also of a foreign and somewhat eastern fashion, displaying her figure to the greatest advantage. The inner vest apparently pink; while the outer, a sort of robe, open in the front, but fastened at the waist by a zone of some rich material, was of a deep crimson. Her boat being secured, she entered the ruins of the abbey, where for a few moments she paused to listen; then stepping more lightly and brightly than forest fawn, she passed close to where I was concealed, and seated herself on a fragment of stone which had once formed the summit of a lofty tower. Oh, never had that turret been so graced, even when the brightest hues of heaven glittered on its splendid and unbroken front! and never had the eyes of the holiest man the abbey ever contained, looked upon the structure of religion with half the fervour, the adoration, which I then experienced! It was a moment of strange and thrilling delight; and, scarcely knowing what I did, I came forth from my place of concealment, and gliding between her and the boat, I dropped on one knee. No deer, when the hound first opens on her lair—no dove, when she finds the falcon stooping on her young, ever betrayed greater fear, or a more painful sensation of surprise, than did this beautiful girl, when she beheld a man, and a stranger, in that lonely hour, between her, and her place of refuge. I imagined that I read in her bright eyes, an intention to spring past me to her boat; and therefore, to render her stay the

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more secure, I arose, and stepping a few paces backwards, I took the oars, and retaining them in my grasp, again approached the spot to which, in her graceful fear, she still remained rooted.

With an aspect of the truest veneration I spoke to her, assuring her she had nought to apprehend, and imploring her to tell me who she was, and whence she came. While I thus addressed her, though her alarm still seemed to be very great, yet I fancied that her soft dark eyes fixed a less timid glance upon me, and that the expression of her countenance was more that of one who listened to, than shunned a prayer. Whether the change that thus appeared to have taken place in her, was made to throw me off my guard, or whether my vanity might not have deceived me, I then did not know; but suddenly, and with the speed of the shooting star, she sprang past me, and in another moment, she was in her boat and floating upon the bosom of the Wye.

Vexation first, and then the most anxious fear, seized upon my soul, as I saw her skiff obey the force of the tide, without an oar to protect her from the rocks. Expressions for her safety, uttered as though for one bound to my heart by every tie of the warmest and most matured affection, escaped my lips, and the thought of plunging into the river was busy within me. At last, I resolved to launch the oars, so that she might yet reach them, ere the boat felt the full force of the tide. In another moment, the water flashed as they fell beneath the rowlocks of the boat; and I saw her, even with a thrilling sensation of delight, regain possession of the very means that were to remove her from my sight. Then, gracefully waving her hand, as though in gratitude for my action, with a smile that all I have since endured has failed to obliterate from my recollection, she glided down the line of light thrown by the moon upon the river, apparently, in the intention of taking advantage of the receding tide. Reflection for one moment chained me to the spot, and the next, I was speeding swiftly by the bank of the river, keeping the object that engrossed every thought in view: but, alas! like most objects in life pursued with the same reckless haste, it was soon to be snatched from my sight. Screened by the thickets, which, in some places, descended to the very edge of the water, but which, though they concealed me, blinded my eyes, and clung upon my steps, I continued the chase. After struggling through the thicket and reaching a meadow on the other side, I gazed again upon the glittering waters; ay, till my eyes, either from stress or disappointment, were suffused with the element on which they bent so long; but no—no boat was there, not a spot, nor a speck, nor even a shade in very kindness to deceive me—sight, sound, every thing was gone, and a loneliness fell upon my heart, such as, until that moment, I had never known.

I was recalled to some further sense of my situation by the cold moist nose of Shark thrust into my hand, who, with that perception so strongly given to his race, seemed to be aware that all was not well, and that his master was unhappy.

It is the fashion to laugh at love at first sight, and to deem the early passion of youth easily extinguished, because so soon in flame; yet there was an intenseness of feeling, and an utter devotion in my heart at that time, which has never since been equalled. Upon the romance, the excitement, the enthusiasm, which this attachment engendered, I can now only look back as on things for ever passed; but, like a beautiful dream, it created and left a deeper sensation than aught but the midnight labour of the soul can ever frame or fashion.

After I had regained my horse, reached Chepstow, and retired to rest, ten thousand varying thoughts beset me, and conjectures vain and wild filled my waking hours. When I slumbered, the vision of a beautiful girl pervaded my brain, mingled alternately with delight and horror, as I either clasped her in my arms, or beheld her struggling for life in the waters of the Wye, while some oppressive power chained me to the ground, and prevented my stretching forth even a hand to help her.

I need not dwell longer upon the hopes and fears that possessed me; suffice it to say, that friends and companions, profession (for at that time I was in the army) and every other duty were alike forgotten. Oh, how dreary did the following day appear, how tardily time seemed to linger on my hands, and how long and listlessly the accursed bells boomed forth the lagging hour! But, as all things will have a termination, morning, noon, and night at length, arrived; and long before the moon was up, I was again, with Shark for my companion, in the ruins of the abbey, straining my eyes through the gloom which hung upon the waters, and internally cursing every boat or sound I saw or heard, that did not bear to me the object which brought me there. Why *was* I there? I had no promise that my newly-made acquaintance would return for my sake; on the contrary, I might prove the very cause of her absence. Yet, in spite of these misgivings, I remained on the spot, and hour after hour passed: the sound of an oar became of rare occurrence; at length even the gentle wind died away, and the stillness of a summer's night reigned above, below, and on the bosom of the river.

This watch of mine, when looked upon in the cool reflection of after years, seems a strange, wild phantasy; but with me, at that time, the path of the heart had not been beaten bare by the busy feet of a designing world. The lesson had not then been read which was to come; nor had the sombre cloak of reality been held up as a foil to the fairer colours, in which the pencil of the youthful imagination is ever apt to be dipped. No; the mind was then rich in hope, in love, and wild with delusive dreams.

Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasure that came upon my mind, when I saw a light and silvery cloud arise over the opposite cliff: first one, and then another, sailed slowly on the brightening sky. On looking back, I beheld the highest boughs of the woods above, glimmering with a thousand dewy lamps, lit, as it were, to herald the approach of my love; and when I turned again to gaze once more at the bright and fleecy cloud, there—above the time and storm-worn rock, that frowned upon the hanging woods, I saw the glorious light of heaven. On high, and higher still, the queen of night held her unclouded sway. The ripple on the river glittered once, then full and broadly fell the glorious beams on its bright expanse; and, as though brought by the trembling light, a boat, my own long looked-for boat, breasted the current of the stream. I gazed upon it, and fancied that it made some way towards the shore where I stood; but suddenly it seemed to obey the tide; it grew less and less, and soon was again hurried, alas! I knew not whither.

I will pass over the disappointment I felt, and the many wretched hours of blighted hopes and expectations I afterwards endured, in my vain attempts to meet with her who had so strangely infatuated me. Often, long before and after the light of the moon had ceased to gladden the face of the landscape, did I hold my fruitless watch; and often did I fancy that I saw the boat, but the object passed so quickly, that I could not be certain that it was not a phantom, the creation of my own feverish imagination, till one night a circumstance apparently trivial attracted my attention. My dog had, of late, occasionally wandered from my side; and on the evening of which I am speaking, he had been absent for an hour. When he returned, I observed something around his neck, and on examining it, I discovered that it was a wreath of the water-lily; but, whether it had been placed there before I left Chepstow, or whether it had been hung upon his neck by some of the children I had encountered in the earlier part of the evening, was matter of conjecture. It is sufficient that it made, in the then excited state of feelings, a deep impression, and I resolved to keep, on the next night, a strict watch upon my four-footed favourite.

The following day found me, as usual, before sunset, on the banks of the river; and when the sun went down, which it did with remarkable brilliancy, according to my previous determination, I took especial care that my dog never for one instant escaped my sight. I was sitting on the fragment of an old lime-kiln, on the banks of the river, not very far from a grove of alders, listening to the melancholy voice of the owl among the crags on the opposite side, when I first observed Shark stealing from me in the direction of the alders. At that time, the moon had just attained sufficient height to throw her beams upon the bank of the river on which I was, and I could see distinctly, save where the grove intervened, for a long way. My dog, after pausing three or four times, and gazing back wistfully at me, at last trotted off, and I then lost sight of him among the trees. I followed as gently as possible; and on looking through the alders into a little bay formed by the turn of the river, my feelings may be easier imagined than described, when I saw him sitting with his forepaws upon the bow of that boat which I had so long watched for in vain; while the mistress of my heart not only caressed his passive head, but fastened around his neck a fresh wreath of flowers.

It seemed that though she did not detect my presence, Shark did; for, after a struggle or two, to free his crest from the embrace of those beautiful arms, he sprang from her, and came leaping towards the alders, which had screened me from view. I could willingly have killed him then for his very affection; for no sooner had he reached the thicket, than the boat flew from the shore. I stepped forth to the water's edge, and Shark, perhaps gathering from my manner that he had done wrong, crouched at my feet. The boat paused at a few yards distance. She spoke not, nor for a moment could I speak; at length the silence was broken by me. In a voice tremulous with emotion, I besought the object of my affection neither to fear nor shun me; and Shark thinking himself forgiven by the mildness of my voice, had risen by degrees, and was looking up into my face with a mute expression of affection, which none but those well used to dogs of this description can understand.

Need I say more, than that I pleaded my cause well, and that at my solicitation, the boat seemed spontaneously to approach the shore; or perhaps the eddies of the river set that way, for I could not detect the slightest motion of the oars, which her beautiful hands seemed to passively retain. But still, the distance between us diminished: one step in the shallow water, and I had hold of the bow; one more, and I was in the boat, and kneeling by her side!

I will not attempt to describe the many hours of bliss that I afterwards passed in the society of this lovely girl. Night after night, from this time, I met her about the same place; but never till the moon had arisen, and consequently at every interview, the hours of my happiness were shortened, as it was her decision that we should separate at the dawn of day.

Oh, but rapture, immeasurable rapture was mine! Each romantic feeling of first love was upon me, and I had nothing to regret. The very frensy of my passion was returned; not after long attention and constant intercourse had worn off the brilliant hue that nature gives to all her earliest affections, but while the bloom of my enthusiasm was mantling in my bosom, in all the freshness of its summer birth; and while novelty, that ever powerful auxiliary, was sweetening with its honied wings the enchanted path on which man in his gravest wisdom ever has been weak. But, mine was a madness far too sweet to last!

I could not, at this time, learn from her who she was, or whence she came; indeed, we had barely time to talk of anything but our mutual passion. Alas! the hours flew so blissfully and so fast, that the necessity of asking explanation was forgotten, till one night, the last of the moon ere the dawn of day, when but a few moments remained of her stay with me, she seemed suddenly to be aware of some bitter remembrance, and burst into tears. I was instantly at her feet, beseeching her to tell me the cause of her grief, and endeavouring to chase away, by every kindness in my power, the melancholy that had seized so suddenly upon her mind. As far as I can recollect, her reply was as follows:

"Oh, how strange you will think my conduct, and how neglectful I have been of the happiness of that heart which you tell me is so completely mine! I must, alas! in a very few minutes bid you adieu for some days; I had forgotten this necessity, or rather I knew it not, until the present moment; but, such is my fate, and nought can rule it otherwise. Here we must part; but should I have the power, when the nights are again sufficiently light to render my way upon the water secure, I pledge you that on the spot where you first saw me, there will I again be. Do not ask me to come before the time I state, or try to see me here or elsewhere, for your endeavours would be but vain; and, above all, do not attempt to prevent the fulfilment of my resolution, or ruin will inevitably fall upon us both. In every action, I must be free as the boundless wind; and were you but to dream of now detaining me, from that instant we are separated for ever. Adieu, then, for the time I have mentioned, and oh! do not forget that on you I have placed all that is dear to me; each hope, nay, my life itself, is centred upon you!"

Her manner was completely changed from what I had ever seen it before; and there was a solemnity and energy about her, that told full forcibly upon me. When she had disengaged herself from my arms (for during the first part of what she said, her head had reclined upon my shoulder), I think if she had bid me remain rooted to the spot for ever, I must have obeyed, so lovely, so lofty, and so energetic did she appear. I saw her depart; I saw the boat glide from the shore; the light fall of the oar upon the water met my ear, and my eyes filled with tears. I did but lift my hand to dash them away, and when I looked again, the boat was no longer in view!

Passing over the grief I felt, and the complete desolation which for some time overwhelmed me, I must now introduce to my readers a third person, who had been, in fact, the cause of my visit to Chepstow; and who has too much to do with the closing scene of my story, to be lightly mentioned. This was an acquaintance I had formed at a military college, of the name of Rindley, whose family resided in the Forest of Dean, and who had often pressed me to come into his immediate neighbourhood, but never invited me to his home. I used to think that he lived uncomfortably with his parents; at least, when he spoke of them, there was invariably a bitterness about him, which seemed almost to be a part of his character, confirmed either by long indulgence, or induced by some passage in his existence, to which he never alluded. I had, therefore, previously to my arrival at Chepstow, written to Rindley, to apprise him of my intention; but, whether the letter reached him, or he affected not to have received it, time and circumstance alone will show.

During our stay at college, Rindley had obtained over me a sort of ascendancy which I could never satisfactorily explain, unless it was that he was some years my senior, and had protected me in several boyish quarrels, where the age and strength of my antagonist might have been more than I could have contended with. In all other respects, there was no apparent reason why he should have held this ascendancy; as in the more refined parts of our education I was his superior, and, if in many of the rougher exercises he was generally enabled to foil me, yet in those which depended principally upon skill, I was almost always the more proficient.

His temper was graver than mine, and often dogged and sullen; and this feature, together with an air of greater wisdom, which he used frequently to assume, perhaps were the principal sources of the power over me, which he so long maintained.

He had frequently enlarged upon the scene of the adventure I have just detailed, and often pressed me to visit the Wye, with a peculiar earnestness, which I attributed to his admiration of the scenery, and I had often promised that I would comply with his request. This promise I had now fulfilled.

I expected to have met him on my first arrival, but he did not join me until after my separation from Ella. With the ingenuous feeling of youth unused to the world, I made him acquainted with the whole history of my passion. He was grown, I thought, if possible, graver than usual; and whether his views in life had been crossed or not, I did not know, but he seemed to have an inclination to sneer at all that was most respectable. When I spoke to him of my love, and affirmed that the object of it was the fairest creature in the world, he listened to my rhapsody with the most profound attention and silence, till I had left nothing untold; for, had he professed to doubt a single syllable, I had cut short my narrative at its commencement. But, when he thought, that he was in possession of all the facts, I perceived a bitter smile lurking in the corner of his lip; however, he did not then choose to give any further expression to his asperity.

I shall now pass over the month of August. The hours of her prescribed time of absence having elapsed, I again constantly met my lovely Ella, and with her explored all the beautiful scenery on the Wye. Were I to live a thousand years, those hours so passed would beam upon my recollection as the brightest gem of my existence!

In the month of September, I received an order to join my regiment, to proceed immediately on foreign service. Rindley was with me when the order came, and he witnessed my grief, I may almost say, my madness. My first thought was to throw up my commission; but he coolly pointed out to me, that were I to do so, I should forfeit the respect and affection of my family and friends, and might expose myself to a suspicion, that though a soldier in time of peace, yet, when ordered on service, I shunned the danger it entailed. I scarcely know now the reply I made him; but it was to the effect that they were friends to me no longer, who could wish to take from me all of happiness which life possessed; and that if the world doubted my courage, I was willing to assert it to those who would openly accuse me of wanting it. Nay, I believe in my fury, that I told him I had often heard him *talk* of fighting, and that the most friendly thing he could do, would be to give me an opportunity of *proving* upon his body, the futility of the doubts he so maliciously implied.

He kept his temper well; and bore all my reproaches without any exhibition of emotion. Indeed, it was difficult at any time to rouse him; for, as he was always dissatisfied, he might truly be said to have a never-dying animosity in his breast, which time had stilled into a steady and unvarying passion. When my violence was over, I felt I had done him some wrong; and it was my mood on such occasions, to repair, by a thousand passionate kindnesses, the pain I thought I had needlessly inflicted. It was in this feeling, that I consulted him with regard to my hopes and fears as to a separation from her whom I so dearly loved; and only then, that I made him acquainted with the exact situation in which we stood, and the circumstances that seemed to influence our nightly meetings. I told him she still would not inform me who she was; that she would not fly with me; and that I dared not even ask her now, so much pain did it seem to give her, to meet me elsewhere, or at any other than the accustomed time. He coldly and passionlessly reviewed the whole of the circumstances; begged me to listen to a friend older and more experienced than myself, and to the suggestions of his cooler reason; at the same time, entreating me to attribute all the pain he might inflict upon me, to the sincere wish he entertained of bringing me to a better sense of wisdom and of honor. Oh! how I have cursed myself since for listening to him, and how have I wondered that I could hear the bare mention of the line he counselled me to pursue! But thus it was; and the same affectation of superiority he used to wear at school still aided him; and I even suffered him to dictate to me, while at the moment I could have stabbed him to the heart, for framing the line I involuntarily felt I should be forced to follow.

He began by sneering at the heart and truth of woman, and he quoted a thousand instances of deception which had happened to him and others—whether true, or invented for the occasion, I know not. At last I absolutely heard him hint that the hours which separated me from my own, my beautiful, my guileless Ella, might be passed by her in the company—nay, in the arms of another! God forgive him for the thought! for the pain he inflicted upon me, and the gross, the flagrant, the infamous injustice that he did her! I almost shrieked with indignation, when the infernal calumny passed his lips; and seizing my pistol, which lay loaded on the chimney-piece, in another instant he had lain dead at my feet, with his falsehood blackening upon him, had he not caught my wrist as it came down to the level, and shouted in a firm and commanding voice, "Yet hear me still! I mean not to say that she *does* wrong you; I mean not to say that it is even *probable*, but it is *not impossible*."

As he uttered these words, with my usual rapidity of transition, I calmed from rage to tears; and, craving his forgiveness, I sank into a chair, and wept like a child. These were the thoughts that unmanned me:—My own—my gentle

Ella, in the arms of another! Those ruby lips that addressed to me so many soft, sweet, and endearing expressions—those lips that I had deemed had never, *could* never yield their warmth and happiness to any but myself, might now be whispering in another ear, or sighing in a strange abandonment! Oh! no, no, no! it was *improbable*. And then, as if the fiend was busy with my heart, the words again sounded in my ear: "'Tis not *impossible!*"

Oh! may curses fall upon that word! Let those who would be happy, blot it out from the book of memory! and those who love, deem *all* impossible, that tends to stain the object of their passion, till proved beyond the power of doubt! True it was, that the circumstances under which we met were wild and strange; and still more evident it was, that the regulation of our meetings, dependent apparently on the light of the moon, was stranger still. Was there a spell in this case? —Could she not really come at any other time? and if not, why keep me in ignorance as to the real and authenticated reason? Doubt, doubt, that damning curse of our existence, predominated in my mind, and jealousy from that hour took possession of my soul. Frequent now were the consultations between Rindley and myself; nor did he lose a single opportunity of pouring into my ear, drop by drop, as it were, the searching oil of jealousy, till by degrees he brought me to the resolution of forcibly carrying off the object of my affections.

The moon now had ceased to shine, and I told Rindley, with a bitter smile, that when it arose my doubts and fears should end; and that I would convince him that I not only was possessed of firmness, which he always pretended to question, but that I had the undivided affection of the fairest creature nature ever formed. I then declared my resolution to snatch her from the obscurity which at present involved all her actions, and to make her mine in the face of the world. With an appearance of the greatest and most plausible sincerity, he took my hand, and after praising my determination, volunteered his services on the occasion. Fool that I was! I accepted them.

It was then settled that we were to proceed together to the accustomed spot of rendezvous. He was to be near at hand in case of need, and I was to bear her in my arms to my temporary residence at Chepstow; thus at once putting me into possession of all that rendered life desirable to me, without the slightest infringement of my military duties.

On a dry but wild and stormy night in the early part of October, when the winds had begun to sport in wanton rudeness with the withering boughs, I resolved to put my scheme into execution; and I left Chepstow accompanied by Rindley and my constant companion Shark. I shall never forget even the commencement of that evening. I had been wandering about the ruins of Chepstow castle, in a strange and unaccountable humour, disposed to be unusually joyous, and feeling inclined to look at every thing on the sunny side. Even the owl, as she flew from her ivy bower, and cast a sidelong glance at me, was matter of merriment; and the daws, as they chased each other round the higher parts of the ruin, uttering their short, sharp cry, amused me. In fact, I was in one of those moods when the heart and brain keep time and pace, intoxicated with the delusive draughts of the world, gilding all things, the past, the present, and the future, with those gaudy dies which are too often but heralds of the deep and colourless night that is to follow.

It was nearly midnight when we reached the shed where I had been in the habit of leaving my horse; and having fastened our steeds, we sped on our way down to the abbey. It was singular, but the moment I reached the spot where I first listened to those sweet sounds, they came again upon my ear, but in a much more melancholy strain than before. I seized Rindley by the arm, and pointing in the direction of the song, we both listened in almost breathless silence.

When the music ceased, I desired my companion to conceal himself behind the walls of the abbey, and I looked with eagerness for the nearer approach of that boat which was to give me Ella and happiness for ever; but it came not as usual. Even Shark had grown impatient, and had more than once swam a short distance into the river—a thing which I had never observed him do before, though my impatience on many occasions had frequently been the cause of my arrival long before the appointed hour of meeting. At length I could endure no farther suspense, and going a little way down the river, I found a boat that had been left there by some fisherman, into which I leaped, and in another instant was pulling in the direction whence the song had seemed to proceed. I was not long in discovering the well-known object, lying, as usual, on the now fitful line of light thrown by the moon upon the river, nor was I slow in discovering that my lovely Ella was, as usual, within it; but, alas! how changed was the once happy face that used to greet me! As she raised her beautiful head, I saw that she was in tears; and that though she still regarded me with an affectionate, yet it was a mournful look, which struck daggers into my soul. In one hand, she held—the chain being still around her neck—a locket which I knew contained some of my hair, while with the other, she beckoned me not to approach. Oh, that I had obeyed that small white hand! Oh, that I had prayed her to have forgiven my obstinate determination of resorting to violence! But let that pass—a curse was upon me—a fiend in human shape had dictated the line I was to pursue; and I felt as though I were impelled by a fate it were vain to attempt to resist.

One stroke of my oar brought me close to her boat; I saw her rise from her seat—her foot seemed barely to touch the bow—and in a moment she plunged into the stream! She was scarcely a yard from where I stood; and as she sank, and her light and beautiful hair waved upwards with the swell of the waters, I beheld, or thought I beheld, her eyes fixed upon me with an expression of sorrow and pathos ineffable!—I saw no more!

Had I been turned to stone I could not have been more fixed and petrified than I then was. But my *heart* still existed; and I could hear it beat as though it would have burst my bosom, and buried itself in the stream! My faithful dog had leaped from my boat and swam round and round upon the place where the light of my life had disappeared, before I returned to a full sense of my misfortune. The first movement of which I was conscious was the act of swimming, alas, but in vain! Still I struggled with the current, and at last, blind and breathless, I struck I knew not whither, when I felt myself seized by the arm. It was my dog;—and then a stronger grasp was on me—and I was dragged from the river and stretched upon the bank beneath the walls of the abbey; saved, in the last moment, from death by the hand of the very man who had rendered life not worth possessing.

I lay for some time in a state of inanimation; and thrice happy had it been for me had that death-like trance lasted for ever! But with the pain of returning existence came the misery of the mind; and then, there shot through my frame the fearful shudder which arises in the conscious hopelessness of the heart!

Oh, there are fearful moments in our existence that surely may atone for many an hour of guilt! and this was one. The bright, the beautiful—she that had loved—adored me, had passed away, by an act of *mine*, and for ever. Her heart, the parent of that sweet smile which used to play upon her ruby lip, had ceased to beat; and that buoyant and heaving bosom was *still!* And now, could I snatch her from the cold and whelming wave, the eyes which used to sparkle with a heavenly affection, would recognize me no more! Oh, misery—utterly hard and hopeless misery—thou alone art wedded to my heart for ever!

Rindley's hand upon my shoulder aroused me now to the further recollection, that he, my enemy, the man who had instigated me to the course I had pursued, and the indirect author of its accursed result, was standing at my side. I sprang from the ground; yet so reduced was I in mental as well as bodily energy, that, had he said one soothing word, or even seemed to have participated in my grief, I had wept upon his shoulder, and drowned my hostility in my tears. But far, far was he from sympathising in my agony; his countenance betrayed no touch of sorrow or compunction, but stood forth in the moonlight as cold and impassive as though it had been sculptured from the ruins that surrounded us.

I know not now what I might have said in my misery, had he compassionated it; but I read in his face, nay, gathered from his demoniac lips, that, perhaps, it was better the adventure should thus have terminated; for, who knew to whom I might otherwise have allied myself, or what consequences might have arisen, from a connexion so involved in mystery. I heard no more; but, seizing him, with the force of madness, I hurled him against the wall with a force which for a time dashed the breath from his breast; and I had slain him there, even as he stood in suspended existence, but that the recollection came over me, that he had saved, though reft my life of every happiness. As soon as he had collected himself he muttered something of the action of a madman, and almost smiling upon me, but with the bitterness of a fiend, he passed from the ruins, and left me to my misery.

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The morning after the dreadful night I have recounted, I found a letter on the chair by my bedside, placed there by some one during the short but heavy sleep that fell on my exhausted senses. It ran thus: and I at once recognised the hand of the author of my misery.

"Thus, then, have I succeeded: and in order that I may fully glut the hatred I ever bore you, I will now solace myself by disclosing to you how I have rendered you the wretched, pitiable dupe of my malignity.

"Some years back, when but a boy, while angling on the banks of the river, I unexpectedly saw and adored the victim whose loss you deplore. Till that hour, I knew not what love was; but then, a combination of the feelings of *man*, with all the shyness of a *boy*, plunged me headlong into a species of devotion far above any passion I ever entertained in after years. It was a madness beyond description, with which no reason could struggle or interest divert. I wished for nothing but her society—I hoped for nothing but her love; and to know that she spoke to me alone, and in the secrecy of night, was an intoxication of delight that deluged my brain, and kept me in a state of mental excitement which, had it lasted, would, I fully believe, have blighted my intellect for ever. But though she smiled, and the tone of her voice was kind, yet she never addressed me otherwise than in the coldest way, and on the least interesting topics. But she saw—I *know* she saw, and, I once thought, was pleased by, my boyish devotion. However, one night, on the eve of my threatened departure from home, rendered bolder by frequent intercourse, I ventured to take her hand, and I know not what I said, but it was sufficient to show her the real state of my feelings. I remember a cloud passed over her beautiful countenance as she abruptly withdrew from my grasp, and starting from her seat, she hastily retreated from me without uttering one word of kindness, and, embarking on board her skiff, withdrew I knew not whither. I could not stir from the spot—I wept upon the grass till morning came and found me the veriest wretch in existence. I had offended her; and *could* I leave home without asking her forgiveness? No, my heart was soft at that time, but there *was* that within it which might be turned to stone—and so, she has found it to her destruction.

"The hour came for me to leave home—I refused to go. My parents commanded—taunted me with timidity on facing the world—laughed at my best feelings; and at last, to escape their wrath and ensure myself the freedom I desired, I fled from the scene of their reproaches and lingered on the banks of the Wye. I saw her again and again, near enough to gaze on her countenance, and examine and read its cold expression. And now, when I dared to speak of love, my tongue found the utterance that had been denied to it when I was happy; and I poured forth my prayers and entreaties with a force and a pathos that would have won pity, if not favour, from all but the breast of woman. I worshipped her in my heart—I followed her with my eyes—and if she approached the shore she met my imploring gaze, and saw my outstretched arms trembling to embrace her. And she turned from me with disdain!

"Then came a change upon my soul—my eyes grew strange to tears; I loved, but it was with the fury of a demon. I delighted to paint her mine against her will; to think how I then could laugh at her tears, make a mockery of her wo, and fiercely and scornfully fling her forth on the world, to die, in infamy and desertion, the victim of the heart which I had broken! Even my dreams were subservient to this feeling; often did they represent my discovery of her in the arms of another—and my sudden and vengeful approach—and the blow I gave, which pierced the breasts of both, and sent them to eternity! At last, I vowed revenge—not by a deed of open violence; that I could have effected, young as I was, with the rifle with which by stealth I used to shoot the forest deer—no, that species of revenge was beneath *my* animosity. I resolved to entrap her through her best affections, to lie in ambush, as it were, in the vicinity of her heart—to wait until she should love, and then hurl the mountain of my wrath on her head and crush her in her very bliss! These were the thoughts which were then to my spirit, like a summer shower upon the parched and gaping earth. They moistened the bitterness of regret, and occasioned one large tear to gather in my eyes, but not to fall—it could not fall—but it flowed back upon my heart and sank amid the dregs that a blighted existence had suffered to accumulate in despair.

"You, my *friend* at college, were doomed to be the means of my revenge. You were more comely than I was, and had more poetry in your soul, and were the melancholy sort of romantic fool which my heated imagination painted as a tempting bait for woman. I resolved, therefore, to cast you at the end of my line, in the way of her who had wronged me; and that I did so with effect, you too well know. She fell into my snare; but learn, that had I thought you would have pressed those lips which had been denied to me, I had sooner stabbed you to the heart, than have made you the means of my revenge upon her. You talk of your feelings when I hinted at her being another's—why, thou vain fool! what must have been *mine*, when I learnt that you had *succeeded* in possessing yourself of those affections which to me were contemptuously denied? No, I intended not to have allowed you to reach the consummation of your hopes, but to have suffered you to have thrilled upon the brink of happiness, and then to have hurled you both into everlasting misery!

"Your determination to force her away, at last, offered me an opportunity, of which, *you* will never fail to remember how I availed myself. Had you succeeded in bringing her to your home, I would have poisoned your happiness by exciting your jealousy; or have snatched her from you by some more violent means. When my end was gained, and I had entailed upon you eternal regret, I saved your life because life to you was greater pain than death.

"You will never see me more—I go where none will know me; and whether the lips of her who loved you, are now choked in their comeliness by the cold waters of the Wye, or whether *she was no creature of this world*, you will never know, nor shall I care to inform you. My cup has been full —I have drained it to the dregs; and you, who succeeded where I was contemned—who were loved where I was loathed—are now little better off than he who envied your success, disdained your friendship, and triumphs in the misery which he has occasioned yon!"

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It is many years since the occurrence of the story I have related, but the remembrance still hangs upon my heart with all the freshness of novelty; and often, when the midnight winds are sighing round my window, I fancy that I hear a melancholy sound, like the song of a time gone by: distant, and almost indistinguishable, it reaches me, and dies so soon away, that it leaves me doubtful whether it is reality, or the imagery of a deceitful dream. Be that as it may, I remember, the first time after this occurrence that I trusted myself upon the well-known scene, the extraordinary and painful effect which a distant sound of music had upon me; yet it seemed to be unheard, or at least not attended to, by any other of the party who were with me. Certain am I, that I then caught the sounds of a wild strain with which my heart and soul seemed to be in some way acquainted; and I am convinced that the hand and lip of but one that ever breathed could make such harmony as then came floating on the wind.—To me, alas! it now seems that once the moon was brighter, the airs more richly perfumed by the summer flowers, and the sighs of the night-breeze softer than they ever have been since, and that my sun has set beneath a wave, on which its best effulgence never may beam again!

# THE SEVEN HEARTS OF CONDÉ.

### BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

The gifted historian of Chantilly relates, among other interesting localities, the following incident. The Jacobins, in 1793, after plundering the palace of Chantilly, paid their usual visit of desecration to the chapel, where they found the hearts of the seven great Condés, embalmed in silver urns, at the base of one of the pillars that supported this noble and venerable structure; and having seized on the precious depositaries of these relics of departed heroes, they contemptuously flung the hearts out of the chapel, over the wall of the adjacent garden, where they remained for upwards of twenty years, and on the return of the last Prince of Condé, in 1814, they were discovered in perfect preservation, though they had been exposed to the wind and rain of so many years. They were by him restored to their ancient resting-place in the church of Chantilly.

" The line of Condé is neither an elder branch nor a younger branch ; it is a branch of laurels."

Mr. Canning's Speeches.

Each in its silver urn enshrined,
Beneath one pillar's shade,
In fair Chantilly's holy fane
Seven gallant hearts were laid.

Seven hearts of Condé's laurell'd line,
The noblest and the best
That e'er at glory's impulse thrill'd
A princely hero's breast.

Bold hearts, without reproach or fear,
Whose deeds for many an age
Have left a pure redeeming light
On history's crime-stain'd page.

Ay ! hearts of those whose mention once,
Like trumpet notes of Fame,
Made every pulse in France beat high,
At Condé's honour'd name.

And when the star of chivalry
Was fading from the earth,
With them its glorious beam was seen,
As bright as at its birth.

And long in all its lofty pride,
It linger'd with their race,
When cold and sordid men disclaim'd
Their sire's ennobling grace.

But evil days their influence shed
On fair Chantilly's towers;
And rapine's lawless train despoil'd
Her princely halls and bowers.

And hands were found to violate
The last repose of those
Whose mighty deeds, while living, awed
The boldest of their foes.

And, relics of the noblest there,
Those gallant hearts were cast
From hallow'd earth un-urn'd, to fade
And wither in the blast.

But withering blast and scorching beam,
And fast descending rain,
And wintry storms and snows assail'd
Those kindred hearts in vain.

For firmly as each stern reverse
In life they once sustain'd,
Through tempests of revolving years,
They changeless still remain'd.

And 'neath a lofty ruin'd wall,
The desert garden's bound,
Where ruffian hinds profanely flung,
Were they uninjured found.

And bending flowers, a guardian screen
Had fondly o'er them thrown,
Amidst the desolate parterre,
All grass-grown, green, and lone.

Unbidden lilies round them sprang;
There, wildly bloom'd the rose,
And victor laurels waved above
The spot of their repose.

Till weary years of exile o'er,
Chantilly's princely lord
Those hallow'd relics of his race,
To trophied urns restored.

Fond care! as tranquil was their rest
'Neath heaven's azure dome,
As when in marble fane enshrined,
With all the pomp of Rome.

The glory of the honour'd line
Of high Condé is past;
Alas! that sun which shone so bright,
Should set in clouds at last.

Its fairest light expired with him,
The beautiful, the brave;
Who in thy blood-stain'd fosse, Vincennes,
Was doom'd to find a grave.

Doom'd by the basest of the base,
A lawless death to die;
This was the darkest tale that blots
His murderer's memory.

The noblest victim offer'd up
At his insatiate shrine;
Proud Bourbon's last heroic flower,
How sad a fate was thine!

## LINES.

### BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

Thou bidst me dry my tearful eyes;
But hast thou ever shed those tears,
In each of which such sorrow lies,
As might compress the wo of years?

Oh! hast thou felt what 'tis to sigh
And weep o'er bliss for ever fled;
To long, and yet to fear, to die,
When every hope is crush'd and dead?

No! hadst thou ever felt that wo,
That aching void, that agony,
Which causes these wild tears to flow,
And makes me heave this throbbing sigh,

Thou wouldst not bid me dry the tear,
For thou wouldst know it was in vain;
Alas, alas! as vain it were,
As bid me cherish hope again!

# WORLDLY WISDOM.

## A TALE.

### BY THE LADY ISABELLA ST. JOHN.

In the year 17— there resided in the village of Stavordale, a plain, poor, and somewhat elderly maiden lady, of the name of Vernon. The appellation of resident would perhaps imply a personage of more distinction than Miss Vernon could justly be entitled to, for, her connexion with the village was as inmate of the family of a clergyman named Harris; who, being himself of little note by professional or other talents, by birth or preferment, thought fit to add to his limited income by receiving within his doors a boarder. This step was a matter of surprise to his neighbours, as regarded the person admitted; and in the village of Stavordale Mr. Harris was supposed to have acted very handsomely by Miss Vernon.

"Very handsomely, indeed!" exclaimed the neighbours. "It was but a poor gain, indeed, 150*l.* a-year, when counterbalanced by having such a melancholy countenance constantly before his eyes: her dress, too, was scarcely creditable when Mrs. Harris saw company—but then, Mrs. Harris is such a very good soul!"

The secret of Mrs. Harris' benevolent feelings towards Miss Vernon's eternal gray silk gown, dark shawl, and cap unadorned by flower or bow, was best known to herself. The fact was, that, whencesoever obtained, Miss Vernon possessed talents and accomplishments: she read in books the very sight of whose bindings made Mrs. Harris' head ache; she drew, she played on the pianoforte, and rumour even said that she was also mistress of the harp. These accomplishments Miss Vernon was very willing to impart to the three young daughters of Mr. Harris; who, but for such willingness on her part, must have been sent to school, had a governess at home, or, what was more probable, have been left in utter ignorance. Miss Vernon, moreover, imparted her knowledge with so little pedantry that the children thought her in sport—so quietly, that Mr. Harris hardly knew whence his children's knowledge and accomplishments proceeded—and so humbly, that Mrs. Harris settled easily with her own conscience that Miss Vernon was the obliged party. "Though her children wanted instruction, Miss Vernon wanted employment; and every one knows," said Mrs. Harris, "that to instruct is a far superior amusement to being instructed." She therefore believed, or tried to believe, that to her own kindness in allowing her children to be educated by Miss Vernon, the latter was indebted for all the pleasure of her life.

Time moved on: Miss Vernon occupied by books, work, and the Miss Harrises' education; Mr. Harris with, as he thought, his parish, but really with his farm and cellar; Mrs. Harris, as she thought, with her *ménage*, but actually with her neighbours and their concerns.

Excepting her love of gossip, money, and dress, Mrs. Harris was not a bad sort of woman; she had no remarkable faults, and Miss Vernon was apt to satisfy herself with the adage of "going further and faring worse," at such times, as slight circumstances bordering upon the disagreeable occurred in the family. Mrs. Harris rather liked Miss Vernon: in her eyes she had indeed only one fault, which, to be sure, was of the first magnitude—she would not interest herself about the affairs of others. Mrs. Harris forgave the taciturnity, but not the inattention. She was sometimes absent when spoken to, but always so, when not addressed. She knew not, even by sight, Mr. D., who was ever dangling after the widow E.; and the said Mr. D. and widow E. passed the windows six times a day at least. Then, again, for twelve months, had Mrs. G.'s misfortunes been discussed over Mrs. Harris' tea-board, and Miss Vernon knew nothing of the matter. She never observed anything at church, but the preacher: a strange man, woman, child, bonnet, or equipage, excited no surprise or remark, even when questioned and cross-questioned upon the subject. Such was Mrs. Harris' complaint of Miss Vernon.

It was said that Miss Vernon had seen better days: some talked of her having frequented St. James', whilst a few even asserted that she had danced there, and that she had been familiar with baronets and barons, dukes and princes! All this might or might not be, for Miss Vernon gave neither contradiction nor assent.

It so happened that there existed in Stavordale a cause of general distress—not poor rates or church rates, dissenters or church-goers—but on account of the non-occupation of Stavordale Park. It was a splendid residence adjoining the village of the same name, deserted by its owners, and thus, *par excellence,* the great grievance of the village inhabitants. The older residents still remembered the time when a wine-drinking father and a gadding mother, with six goodly sons and as many daughters, made the country ring with their exploits in the field and parlour; when coaches and six, and phaetons and four, when running footmen and *avant couriers,* and all the paraphernalia of good old times, kept the whole neighbourhood, to say nothing of the village, in a delirious state of excitement from birth-day to Christmas. Then, were the glories of the Park reflected on the village; their jokes, their dress, and some said even their dishes, were served up again second hand, with an *éclat* scarcely inferior to their first appearance.

These days were however gone! the family dead or dispersed, the place a desert, and the inhabitants of Stavordale thrown completely on their own resources for society; as the owners of any other park, hall, or castle in the county, cared not to associate with them, even if the distance and their more humble means had not precluded them from the power of so doing.

Such was the state of things, when suddenly a report arose, first hinted, then whispered, and finally openly declared—it was the subject of small talk and of grave discussion—Stavordale Park was to be sold, and some one had been to see it!

Stavordale Park *was* sold! Lord Ravenstone had given seventy thousand pounds, for house, park, and estate. This fact was proclaimed, and this fact was confirmed at market, at the assizes, and at the sessions, and ultimately found its way into the county paper.

"To vest his capital, I suppose," said the lawyer, as he sipped the beverage which Mrs. Harris had called tea.

"Nonsense!" replied the widow of a knight, regarding her two plain spinster daughters, "rather in order to marry and settle."

"Or perhaps for a little quiet society," observed Mrs. Harris.

"Or, more likely, for the benefit of country air, for himself or family," said the apothecary.

"Family!" screamed the knight's widow, "what family?"

"Lord, ma'am, how should I know? all that I know is, that it is a new creation; the peerage of 17— does not name him."

"An upstart!" said Mrs. Harris.

"A Lord and upstart!" exclaimed the indignant titled dame, "impossible!"

"Beg pardon—quite forgot your quality—no offence to nobility, I assure you. With the prospect of a peer's house before *my* eyes, I should be the last to speak slightingly of their order."

"He is no upstart," said Mr. Signet. "A man with seventy thousand pounds must have had a father, at least, if not a grandfather:" and, as he spoke, the lawyer's eye fell on the poor, pale, unknown Miss Vernon. For once, a slight colour rose to her cheek; and for once, she proved herself not wholly inattentive to the discourse: and in return for Mr. Signet's glance, whether designed or accidental, she uttered a few words:—"Lord Ravenstone's title was bestowed upon him for his services during the last war in India; his fortune proceeds from a distant relation, lately deceased, who some time since adopted him as his heir."

The tea-table *convives* looked at one another in utter surprise at Miss Vernon's eloquence and information, as though a voice had spoken to them from the dead.

"Well, ma'am, as you seem so well informed, perhaps you can tell us if his lordship is married?" observed the knight's widow.

"Not that I am aware of."

"Is he young, and in good health?"

"He is not old:" and again Miss Vernon blushed. "I know nothing of his health."

Whilst thus speaking, she collected her work, and before a fresh inquiry could be made, had retired to her own apartment.

The company again looked at each other with surprise, but spoke not. Their unusual taciturnity seemed inclined to be prolonged; the fact being, that each of their thoughts were *for* themselves, and consequently *to* themselves; a circumstance which does occasionally occur in better organized and more refined society than that of Stavordale. Its natural consequence being extreme dulness, the company dispersed: the knight's widow to dream of his lordship as her son-in-law; the apothecary, of his lordship with the jaundice; and Mr. Signet, of his lordship as involved in all the troubles which a large property entails upon its owner, and in which he would probably be quite bewildered, were it not for the fortunate circumstance of the existence of such a profession as the law, and of which he, Mr. Signet, an unworthy scion in the shape of attorney, land surveyor, &c., would be most ready to fly to his lordship's assistance—or destruction.

Some few weeks after this conversation, all doubts as to his lordship's intended residence were removed, by the arrival of sundry upholsterers and servants, soon followed by himself, who came to examine with his own eyes all that should be done or could be done, and had been neglected.

"Will he visit?" inquired every one of his neighbours in Stavordale. Even Mrs. Harris shook her head. "For the present, I know not what to expect—but my husband intends to call: indeed, as parish minister, he *must* do so, and then we shall hear his report."

Mr. Harris' report was not unfavourable: his lordship seemed pleased with his visit—asked a thousand questions about Stavordale—what was the society?—who resided there?—and if there were any single ladies in the place?

This last demand gave new life to the knight's widow, and almost raised her into an object of envy in the village. To his credit be it spoken, Lord Ravenstone returned Mr. Harris' visit—was seen by all, and soon had visited half Stavordale.

Lord Ravenstone was in the prime of life, very handsome, with a military air, intelligent countenance, captivating smile, and popular manners. In vain, did the apothecary endeavour to detect in his clear eyes, any symptoms of bile; or Mr. Signet, in his straightforward, simple language, any such confusion of ideas as it would be his duty to unravel. These two were disappointed, but all the rest of the society enchanted. He asked questions about every one in the place; made it his road wherever he went; bought, in person, sundry trifles at "the shop," and complimented the mistress upon its situation.

The knight's widow was in ecstacy; and began already to look wise, and her daughters down, when Stavordale Park was the subject of discourse at Mrs. Harris' tea-table.

The easy manner of Lord Ravenstone produced a bold step on the Harrises' part—an invitation to dinner. Some demur had occurred on the subject: it was not the size of their dining-room, the want of attendance, and the ignorance of their cook, which gave Mrs. Harris some misgivings as to the propriety of asking his lordship to dinner—the cause of such hesitation was Miss Vernon! Besides that her place would be wanted at table, she was so dull and dowdy, that if seen and known, it would be enough to ruin the acquired good fame of Stavordale for ever in his lordship's eyes. No: for that day she must be disposed of by fair means or foul; and accordingly, with more honesty than delicacy, Mrs. Harris hinted to her boarder that her place would be better than her company, on the important day. To do Mrs. Harris justice, she had prepared a long speech for the occasion, but it was quite unnecessary to bring it forth. Miss Vernon took the hint immediately.

"I am quite of your opinion—it would be much better for me to dine in my own apartment, and you can invite whom you please to fill my place."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Harris, in the joy of her heart, "you are a good accommodating soul—but you can come to tea, if you like it."

The latter offer being declined, Mrs. Harris flew to announce to her husband that there would be room at dinner for dear Mr. Signet, and perhaps his clerk.

The day arrived; and in good time, did Lord Ravenstone reach the Parsonage, with an appetite, it was presumed, to do justice to a fare, which, judging by the trouble it had caused the establishment, who, in the shape of parish clerk and sexton, had been summoned in aid of the established church, ought to have been sumptuous.

All was bustle, if not pleasure, excepting in Miss Vernon's apartment. There, with closed shutters, aching head, and throbbing heart, lay its poor unfriended, broken-spirited inmate. "Let me not hear *his* tread!" she exclaimed, as pressing her head to her pillow, she endeavoured to escape the noise which echoed through the house. The dining-room was beneath her apartment—a voice reached her ear—"It is his!—cannot I be in peace even here?" Again the voice was heard in merriment—"Oh, save me from that well-known laugh, William!—my dear William!" The windows and doors of the dining-room were thrown open on account of heat—the very words of the discourse reached Miss Vernon's ears.

"A good wife to your lordship," said the parson, apparently drinking wine with Lord Ravenstone.

"Thank you; my wish should be rather to find a good nurse for a broken-down soldier."

Miss Vernon heard no more: springing from her bed, she hastily seized her bonnet and veil. Unheeding open doors or windows, she flew by the dining-room, to seek shelter in a small wood which divided Stavordale Park from the Parsonage garden; and there, sinking upon the ground, and resting her head on a bench beneath a wide-spreading tree, she gave full course to her sighs and tears. The shades of evening were already beginning to close around; and only here and there, did some streak of departing daylight, growing each moment fainter and fainter, penetrate the dark foliage. Miss Vernon heeded nothing around, her thoughts were far away in other times; again she was surrounded by luxury, full of life, youth, and health; the idol of a father's heart, and adored by him from whom she now fled—whose oft repeated name was a dagger to her heart, and whose voice produced utter despair. Then, again, the scene changed, and all the misery of her present life stood before her. "Will this heart," she at length exclaimed "be never still, but in the grave? Can so many years of absence, so many years of reflection, be of so little avail? Religion, duty, age, should all have taught me better to command my feelings. Oh, God support me!" she exclaimed, and again burying her face in her hands, sobbed as though her heart would break.

So great was her emotion that the sound of approaching footsteps was unheeded, and some one stood close before her —leant over her—and at length spoke: "Augusta! Augusta Vernon, is it not you? Do you not hear me?—it is William Leslie that speaks!" The unfortunate Augusta Vernon raised her eyes—Lord Ravenstone's form stood before her—a gleam of the pale light fell on his unaltered face. She saw him, handsome, blooming as ever; the next moment, he had caught her in his arms, and she was pressed to his heart! With her throbbing head resting on his shoulder, she again heard his words of tenderness, his vows of love—vows which she would never have listened to from other lips; and now, after the lapse of years, as lavishly bestowed, as honestly pronounced, as in the romantic land where first they breathed. She heard him tell of how her image had ever filled his mind—in peace, in war, in sorrow, and in joy; how she was the object of his search when mixing with the society of Stavordale; and that, her name having been mentioned as she flew by the window that evening, with this clue he had traced her steps, and was now ready to offer her, rank, fortune, his heart, and all the happiness he could bestow.

Long did Lord Ravenstone talk—no word fell unheeded by Miss Vernon, and, for a short time, her pleased ear, fascinated by his passionate expressions, drank greedily of the cup of bliss thus proffered to her:

> "But drinking largely sobers us again."

Augusta Vernon started—she heard his encomiums, and trembled—she felt it was too late. But for the friendly gloom, the faded being, whom he so fondly addressed, could only inspire dislike instead of affection: she knew the eyes he besought her to turn towards him were sunken and lustreless with weeping and sickness; that her complexion was gone, her cheeks hollow and wan—all was changed but him who supported her. The one glance she had obtained, showed to her, features finer than those even of his early youth, with a figure improved in strength and manliness, a voice more sonorous and commanding, and language more energetic and decisive.

"Will you not answer me, Augusta?"

"Dearest William, we will meet to-morrow—leave me now—to-morrow at twelve o'clock, I will be here."

"But why, my dear love? you have no one to consult. No one's approbation is now necessary."

"No, William; but it is my own, I would seek—to-morrow."

Collecting all the strength she could command, she sprang from his arms, and vanished through the gate into the Parsonage garden.

Leaving the lovers to their repose or reflections, a few lines must be given to Miss Vernon's early history.

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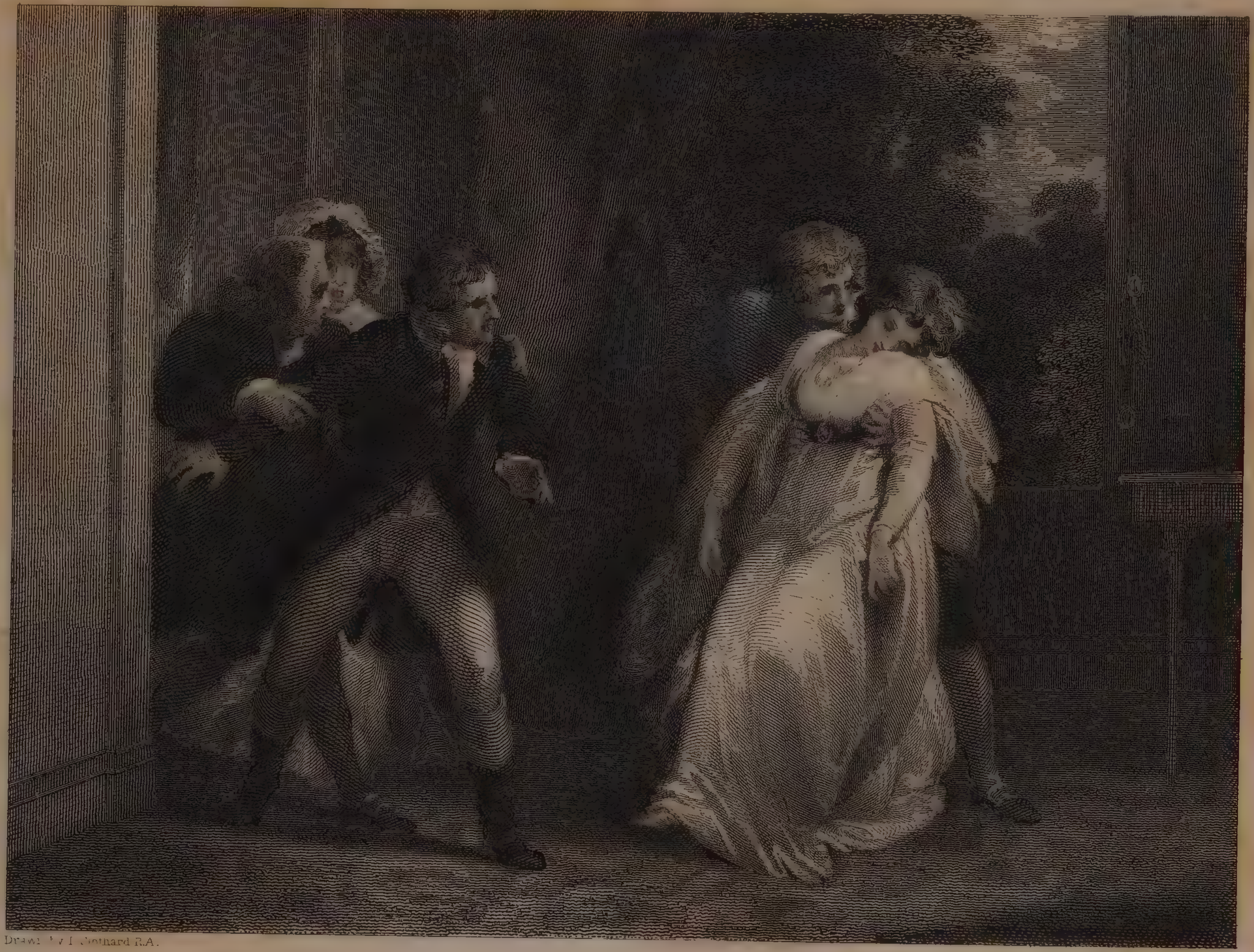
Of ancient family, considerable fortune, and exalted in diplomacy, Sir Alexander Vernon was, some fifty years since, amongst the proudest of the proud aristocracy of the day. So highly did he estimate the advantages of his situation in society, that, when obliged by ill health to retire from his duties as ambassador at a foreign court, he was disappointed to find that the attentions which he had been for years receiving as his majesty's representative, from crowned as well as uncrowned heads, was not continued to him in his own country; and which attention he still conceived due to his own merits and the halo of importance attached to former honours. He was vexed and angry. A place which he had expected was bestowed upon another; and offended by his cold reception at court, Sir Alexander Vernon found the society of England dull, and its climate unhealthy. Affecting too, a vast admiration for the *soi-disant* philosophers of the day, he established himself in the neighbourhood of one of the most eminent, in a *campagne* in Switzerland, so lovely in itself as fully to compensate to Miss Vernon for the loss of that splendour and society which they had till then enjoyed. Miss Vernon had been of greater importance among their English acquaintance than her father: handsome, an only child, and an heiress, she had been greatly admired, and had already refused very good offers. Sir Alexander's approbation of his daughter's cruelty arose from the fact, that no son-in-law of sufficient eminence had yet presented himself; and he had secretly resolved that none beneath the rank of an earl should be accepted. Of this determination Miss Vernon was ignorant: her own ideas of happiness were not founded on station or wealth; and, in the simplicity of her heart, she imagined her father's opinions to be the same; and she was confirmed therein by their retirement, little dreaming that their Swiss residence, and her parents philosophy, were the effects of disappointed vanity. For some time, their life had been passed in complete seclusion, which was at length only broken by a violent intimacy which the baronet conceived for a certain M. Fischer, pastor of the small village adjoining the *campagne.* No two people could be less alike than Sir Alexander and the simple-minded pastor, in all respects save one—a passionate love of chess. In mutual pleasure at the discovery and amusement thus gained, day succeeded day, till days grew into months; for Sir Alexander had rarely found his match, and M. Fischer proved fully his equal. Miss Vernon, in the mean time, had her own amusements, and, truth to say, her own companion. She sketched the lovely scenery around her by day, and at evening sang or played—but with whom?

M. Fischer had in his family, *en pension,* an orphan of the name of Leslie, whose friends had placed him for the present, with the good *pasteur.* Of Scotch extraction, William Leslie was very handsome, agreeable, and well bred, but poor.

Thrown much into the society of Miss Vernon, intimacy quickly succeeded acquaintance; and it need hardly be added, that love ensued—their faith was plighted, and eternal constancy sworn.

Over his chess-board, Sir Alexander saw nothing; and the pastor was determined to see nothing. His wife, however, grew fidgetty and anxious. It might be English freedom, or modern fashion, for two young people to devote themselves so entirely to one another, but it was not the mode of her country or her day. So thought and so said Mrs. Fischer; but her husband begged her to be silent; Miss Vernon was an only child of a rich parent, and William Leslie was poor; Sir Alexander must see it as well as themselves, and it would be the making of Leslie.

Matters thus stood, when the Earl of Selburne, self invited, arrived from England on a visit to Sir Alexander Vernon. The cause of his visit was soon declared—he wished to obtain Augusta Vernon's hand. He had admired her in London, and finding his admiration of herself or fortune not lessened by absence, he had determined to follow her. Nothing could be more agreeable to Sir Alexander; and he rang the bell for Miss Vernon, to announce the pleasing intelligence that a man whom she hardly knew by sight, and only by a very indifferent reputation of broken fortunes and health, would do her the honour of making her his wife. Miss Vernon was, however, nowhere to be found: hour succeeded hour, and no Miss Vernon appeared. It was a common occurrence, but heretofore unheeded by Sir Alexander, who, however, now grew anxious. At length, he bethought him that she often passed the morning with Madame Fischer. Calling for his hat, he hastened to the *pasteur's* with a speed not often witnessed in a man of so much importance. He found Monsieur and Madame Fischer together, but no Augusta. "Have you seen my daughter?" was the baronet's first inquiry. The pastor had seen her. "And where?" In the garden. "And with whom?" "Mr. Leslie," was the answer.



Drawn by T. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by [illegible]

The Discovery.

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lover, that preparations were making for her wedding upon her return to England.

This marriage was, however, never doomed to take place. For many years, Sir Alexander Vernon had indulged in a species of gambling, called speculation. His success had hitherto been tolerable; but as he grew bolder in the game, his boldness became rashness. He ventured every thing he possessed, and lost: and with his fortune vanished his destined son-in-law.

For the remainder of his days, he existed with his daughter upon the pension he had received for diplomatic services. Their misery, though from different causes, was now equal, and their only solace was retirement. In this seclusion, had he wanted additional cause for regret, it was in the knowledge that the individual whom he, in his *worldly wisdom,* had rejected as his son-in-law, was rising high in fame and probable wealth—becoming a great man; whilst poor Augusta Vernon, whom it had been considered treason on his part to love, was fallen so low, that, but for his country's bounty, she must have been degraded almost below the class of gentlewoman—a miserable consummation, which, alas! did take place upon Sir Alexander's sudden death, when his unfortunate daughter became a boarder beneath Mr. Harris' roof.

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The sun shone bright, as Lord Ravenstone strode lightly across the park to keep his engagement with Augusta Vernon. All nature looked gay, the lark soared on high, the fawns bounded across his path, and insects fluttered in the breeze in unison with the smiling scene around.

"And this owns me for its master!" exclaimed Lord Ravenstone: "here, shall Augusta live and reign; and with her, who once would have relinquished for my sake station, wealth, and all but love, shall all my happiness now be shared. Oh, my good sword, what do I not owe you! The name and glory you have acquired have placed me where I am; for well do I know, that without your previous good offices, my old uncle would never have made me his heir."

Lord Ravenstone reached the place appointed. It was already past the hour, and the bench unoccupied. On casting his eye around, he beheld only an apparently elderly female leaning against the Parsonage gate. Having no intentions of enveloping his proposal to Miss Vernon in mystery, he determined to go at once to the Parsonage, and seek her himself, spite of the prying eyes of Stavordale. In furtherance of this intention, he civilly asked the female reclining against the wicket to allow him to pass. Observing, however, her pallid face and tottering gait as she moved aside, he apologised for disturbing her. "For you seem very ill," he added, compassionately: "can I be of any assistance to you?" extending his hand to support her.

"No, I thank you;" and the female appeared to recoil at his approach. "If I speak to Lord Ravenstone, I have a letter to deliver to him from Miss Vernon."

"Good God! is she ill, she cannot keep her appointment?"

"She is not able to meet you."

"Then I am sure she is ill. Speak—tell me how she is—if one drop of compassion exists in your veins, tell me she is well. Oh, you know not how dear Augusta is to me."

The woman trembled, and after a moment's pause said, in a low tone,

"Miss Vernon is well—here is her letter; but you must read it at home."

"How well do I know these characters!" said Lord Ravenstone, regarding the superscription of the letter. "Poor, dear Augusta!" Then turning to the female, he continued, "Know you what this letter contains?"

"How should I know?" was the answer.

"I thought you might be her serv——her friend."

"Miss Vernon has neither friend or servant, that I know of."

"True; but she shall have friends, followers, slaves, if she will. I care not who hears: Augusta Vernon will shortly be my wife."

A heavy sigh was the woman's only reply. The sallowness of her complexion turned of a more deadly hue, and her sunken eyes rested on Lord Ravenstone with so withering a glance, that to escape from their gaze he turned rapidly away. The female clasped her hands in agony, and returned whence she came.

### MISS VERNON'S LETTER.

"After a night of deep reflection, my determination is taken. On my knees, I thank you for your constant affection, for your disinterested offer, but I will not—I cannot show less disinterestedness, and, I may add, less affection. All prompt me to decline your offer. The poets have oft recorded the moon as favourable to love. By withdrawing its beams last night, it proved itself not the less so; had they shone forth, this letter would have been useless. The Augusta whom you loved is no more. The illness which ensued upon our separation destroyed her bloom, and time and misfortune have done the rest: no trace of that beauty which was the imagination of your youthful heart now remains, and even the character you once worshipped is changed. Years have elapsed since any smile has softened the rigidity of features, hardened till their owner turns from them with disgust when her mirror presents them to her. Unused to the world, the manners which once spoke birth and good society are now awkward and ungainly; my talents are dead, my powers of language flown, and, I repeat, the Augusta you formerly knew, exists no longer. God forbid that I should accept your offer. For a moment did I hesitate; but I have prayed for support—I have implored for guidance, and my resolve is taken. I will not add to my own wretchedness by becoming the instrument of misery to you, for wretched would you be. No, my dearest William, seek another bride, and think no more of one who, in the consciousness of your affection, has received a balm to all her former trials, and a source of comfort which will cheer all her future hours; and who, in knowing you to be happy, virtuous, and admired, will toil on through the remainder of her journey, with a peace and serenity which, but a few weeks back, she would have deemed impossible."

This letter, though meant to be decisive, had not the desired effect. That evening, to the extreme surprise of Mrs. Harris, and of all to whom the important news was speedily communicated, a servant in the Ravenstone livery arrived with a letter to Miss Vernon.

Again and again did Lord Ravenstone urge his suit. He knew she was not altered—that his heart had told him who she was, spite of the gloom the evening they met; that her mind was still the same—it was, that he adored. One interview he must have—Augusta *must* grant him.

To this letter, Miss Vernon returned the following reply:

"MY DEAR LORD RAVENSTONE,

"The interview you implore is useless. *We have met*—the faded, wretched being, who excited your compassion and evident doubts as to the class in society to which she belonged, was Augusta Vernon—*I* was the bearer of my own letter. Had you known me, or had you appeared to entertain the slightest suspicion of who I was, that letter probably would not have been delivered: it is better as it is. That God may grant you every happiness this world can bestow, and a long continuance of the blessings you enjoy, is the earnest prayer of one who, when you receive this final reply, will have quitted Stavordale, and very shortly England."

# BROTHER FRANCIS AND THE PILGRIM.

FROM BURSER.

BY SIR W. SOMERVILLE, BART.

A PILGRIM maiden, young and fair,
  A convent wander'd to:
She pull'd the bell before the gate,
And brother Francis oped it straight—
  His feet without a shoe.

She spoke—"Oh, praised be Jesus Christ!"
  "Eternally!"—cried he.
A strange emotion then he felt;
And as his eye upon her dwelt,
  His heart beat heavily.

The pilgrim maiden gently spoke,
  In modest humble mood:
"Most reverend, I pray thee tell,
Does my beloved with thee dwell,
  In cloister solitude?"

"Oh, child of heaven! how thy dear
  Beloved should I know?"—
"Ah, by his shirt of hairy serge,
By girdle, willow staff, and scourge
  To work his body wo;

"Or by his figure—or his face,
  As a May-morning clear;
By curling locks of golden hue;
By brightest eyes of heavenly blue,—
  Thus shalt thou know, my dear!"

"Oh, child of God! he's dead and gone—
Long dead, and buried deep:
The dry grass rattles o'er his head;
A stone records that he has fled
To his eternal sleep.

"To yon cell-window, there, by leaves
Half hidden, turn thy sight;
'Twas there he dwelt—'twas there he cried—
There, through his fair one's fault, he died,
Like an expiring light.

"Six bachelors, as it was meet,
With mournful song of wo,
Bore to the silent grave his bier,
And dropt upon it many a tear,
As it was laid below."—

"Alas! alas! and art thou gone?
Art dead and under ground?
Break, heart! the fault was thine alone:
Compar'd with e'en his marble stone,
It would be harder found."—

"Patience, and weep not, child of God!
Weep not, but pray the more;
'T will break the heart to grieve in vain,
And death will follow too much pain;
Your weeping, then, give o'er."—

"Oh! no, most reverend, oh! no;
Reprove not my despair;
My heart's first joy he was in truth,
In all the world there lives no youth
With him that may compare.

"Then let me grieve by night and day,
And weep for evermore,
Until my eyes be wept away,
Until my longing tongue may say,
'Thank God! now all is o'er.'"—

"Patience, and weep not, child of God,
Your sorrowing give o'er;
No dew, no all-refreshing shower
Can e'er revive a once-pluck'd flower;
It fades, and blooms no more.

"If that our joy, so quick it flies,
We cannot reckon on,
Why should we not from sorrow part,
Which weighs like lead upon the heart?
Cease weeping——gone is gone."—

"Oh! no, most reverend: my heart
To endless sorrow leave;
For did I weep for that dear man,
As much as mortal maiden can,
I ne'er enough could grieve.

"And shall I see him never more?—
Ne'er meet again my love?
Oh! no; he's in his last dark room;
It rains and snows upon his tomb;
The dry grass waves above.

"Where are thine eyes so blue?—thy cheeks
Like roses red in May?
Thy lips sweet as the pink's perfume?
Alas! they're mould'ring in the tomb,
Whilst I thus pine away."—

"Oh! child of God, grieve not so much;
  Bethink thee what are men—
Bethink thee well—they're all the same;
By times they seem to feel a flame,
  Then grow more cold again.

"In spite thy truth, that he were not
  Inconstant, who can say?—
Thy love was young—young thoughts will range—
Young thoughts will often turn and change,
  Just like an April day!"—

"Oh! no, most reverend, oh! no;
  Oh! speak not thus to me;
My love was kind and faithful too;
As good as gold, and far more true,
  And from all falsehood free.

"Ah! is it true that him the grave
  In its dark jaws can hide?
For ever I will quit my home,
And as a lonely pilgrim roam
  Forth through the world so wide.

"First will I go and visit him,
  And kneel upon his tomb;
And from the tears that there shall flow,
And many a kiss, and sigh of wo,
  The flow'rs shall fresher bloom."

"First enter here, oh! child of God,
  For food and safe retreat;
Hark! how the night-storm shakes the fane,
And how the hailstones and the rain
  'Gainst roof and window beat."

"Oh! no, most reverend, oh! no;
  Detain me not, I pray.
What if the rain descend?—'tis well;
Not all the rain that ever fell,
  Can wash my guilt away."—

"Come, come, thou dear one, enter here,
  Thy mind to comfort try;
Thou dear one, look me in the face;
Dost thou not well-known features trace?
  Thy darling, love, am I!

"From pain of unrequited love
  I chose this garb so rude;
Soon had a high and solemn oath
Condemn'd my life and sorrow both
  To cloister solitude.

"My year of proof is not yet pass'd,
  Thank God! I still am free:
And if thou hast the truth confest,
And with thy love thou 'lt make me blest,
  I 'll turn again to thee!"—

"Oh! heaven be praised; farewell, farewell,
  For ever, grief," she saith,
"And welcome, welcome joy and rest;
Come, well-beloved, to my breast,
  And part us nought but death!"

## THE GHOST STORY.

"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape."—HAMLET.

"Do, my dear George," said the Honorable Frank Bromley to his brother officer, Major Harford, "turn into Jarrin's, and avoid that greatest of bores, O'Reilly, who I see making his way here, with all convenient speed."

"Willingly, Frank; but why not cut the Goth at once, instead of flying him like a dun, sheriff's officer, or boa constrictor; which three things, in my opinion, Linnæus should have classed together as belonging to the same genus."

"So I would, but you must remember how glad I was to avail myself of his father's civilities, and the excellent sport his moors afforded me during my residence in Ireland."

"Both excellent reasons; but our *ruse* has had no effect; for here he comes, to give a zest to our *eau framboisée* with his voluble Hibernian accent."

"Good morning to ye, Bromley, my boy! Is it well ye are, Major Harford?—Hav'n't seen my brown dog Pluto, any where?—You recollect Pluto, Bromley?—och, and he's a bright dog for a cock, or maybe a snipe, let alone the grouse."

For some time, he continued in this strain, finishing his extraordinary *melange* of ideas by asking his luckless auditors to accompany him to a chop dinner at the Piazza Coffee House, and thence to adjourn to Covent Garden to see Fanny Kemble:—a bright idea, as he well knew Bromley had a private box there, to which he imagined he would by this means get an invitation.

"*Merci, mon ami!* I regret I cannot avail myself of your kind offer," said Bromley, "but I'm off to my sporting-box in Cumberland. By the by, if you are ever down in that part of the world, I shall be glad to see you.——Did that well, eh! Harford?—now, let's be off."

Scarce a month had elapsed, when, in the midst of dinner, one of the numerous party assembled at Bromley's house exclaimed, "What strange looking vehicle is that coming up the avenue?"

"It can't be O'Reilly," said Harford.

"Heaven forefend!" said Bromley; "he surely would not come all this way on such a cursory and general invitation as I gave him."

Slowly toiled to the door the gig, or, more properly speaking, jaunting-car, drawn by a most wearied and miserable animal, ycleped a horse, and in it O'Reilly, who at last jumped out of the crazy vehicle, and emerging from a series of great coats, eagerly shook Bromley by the hand.

"Sorry, my dear boy, I'm so late, but my baste is none of the best, and has been nearly five hours coming the last forty miles, without mentioning he had a bite and sup on the road, which was more than his master got, the divil."

"Glad to see ye," muttered Bromley; "but I fear you'll be badly off for lodging, for every room in the house is full."

"Nivir mind, boy, nivir mind; it isn't an O'Reilly's son I'd be, if I was particular in those petty agraments (*petits agrémens*) as they used to call them in Aix la Chapelle."

"Well, well, we'll see what can be done for you in the way of chamber, though I much doubt my success," said Bromley; and having led his unexpected guest into his own dressing-room, he rejoined the dinner party, by whom he was assailed by a volley of queries respecting the extraordinary Emeralder.

"I wish I could get rid of him," thought Bromley. "Ecod, if an uncomfortable room can effect it, he shall have the one Patty Larkins, the gardener's wife, died in, and which has not been used since her death. Loder," turning to the butler, "let the upper attic be got ready for Mr. O'Reilly as soon as possible."

O'Reilly soon after this order made his appearance, and, dinner over, commenced trying to amuse the company by reciting some of the legendary tales of his native isle; and ghost story succeeded ghost story, till the lateness of the hour induced them to retire to their respective rooms.

"What an inveterate bore that O'Reilly is," whispered young Williamson, of his majesty's 20th regiment, to Bromley, as they were parting in the passage.

"Ha! ha! Williamson, you did not like his occupying so much of Margaret Seymour's attention when she seemed to prefer the horribles of O'Reilly to the soft insidious nothings of a certain cornet who shall be nameless: but, however, make your mind asy, as they say in Ireland; I do not think we shall be bored with him long: and now, with this soothing balm to your agitated feelings, *bon soir*."

"Bong swore" resounded through the passage responsively from O'Reilly, who imagining that the valediction was of course intended for him, was anxious to show he had been abroad. Then, satisfied with having displayed his knowledge of foreign languages, he ascended the narrow staircase, and, with some little difficulty, discovered his dormitory.

"Faith!" soliloquised our hero, "it's a mighty quare place Master Bromley has popped me into. He always said I was a divil to drink; and more by token, I spose, he thought; should enjoy a draught; as scarce a bit will the door keep shut, and sorrow a pane of glass is there in the window, barring the three there stuffed with straw to keep the wind out—bad luck to it!"

Chuckling at his pun, nearly as wretched as the apartment, he betook himself to his couch; but though an O'Reilly, and accustomed to rough it, he found it no easy matter to sleep; as, besides the gusts of wind and the pattering rain on the slates close to his head, his ears were regaled by the love strains of a black tabby cat (on whom he afterwards wreaked his vengeance), and the barkaroles of certain juveniles of the canicular species, kept in durance vile in the stable below.

Pondering on how he might procure next night a less detestable room, he fell asleep; but was aroused, as he afterwards related, by an extraordinary circumstance, which will be found in the sequel.

O'Reilly appeared on the following morning, an altered being: pale and haggard, from the restless night he had passed, he gravely saluted the party at the breakfast table, and seating himself at the furthest end of it, seemed wrapt in a profound reverie.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Reilly," said the sylph-like Miss Seymour, as she gaily tripped by our lugubrious friend. "Why, how doleful you look! almost as if one of your Hibernian sprites had appeared to you last night, after your long disquisition on them, and bewitched you."

O'Reilly looked up a moment, a cold shudder seemed to pervade his frame, and he hastily left the room.

Bromley met him at the door, and, struck by his unusual manner, followed him into an adjoining apartment. After much pressing and difficulty, he at length elicited the following *historiette* from his guest.

"It was sleeping I was," said O'Reilly, "in the soundest manner, when I heard the big clock there strike, and at the same time there was a divil of a clattering in the room. Faith, and says I, it's an Irish jig the rats are dancing, any how; and I sat up in my bed with the thought, if I could find a thrifle of a stick any where, I'd play them a tune; when, barrin picturs, I never saw the like of thou! There was a female cratur (the squintin divil!), staring straight at me, and saying, 'O'Reilly, is it awake ye are?'

"Plase your ladyship's reverence, says I (the divil fly away wid ye!) it's staring awake I am, but I can't exactly consave the reason of your visitation at all at all; upon which she turns her face a wee bit on one side, and said——Och! and it won't be to-morrow I'll forget *what* she said! But she tould me to keep it secret, and therefore it's the end of my tale you are come to, Bromley dear;" and having said this, the son of Erin stalked away, looking, if possible, more lugubrious and doleful than before.

Bromley having in vain essayed to elucidate the remainder of O'Reilly's adventure, returned to the party at breakfast, to whom he related as much as he had heard of it; the result of which was, they all determined, if possible, at dinner, to attack O'Reilly, and make him, by repeated solicitations, disclose what was the finale of his nocturnal visitant's speech.

No opportunity, however, presented itself at dinner; but afterwards, when the gentlemen had adjourned to the drawing-room, Miss Seymour called to O'Reilly, and begged he would finish the story of the apparition which appeared to Lady Tyrone, the recital of which was interrupted the evening before by the party breaking up.

O'Reilly complied with her request, though evidently pained at being obliged to touch on such a topic; but, the story told, still was the fair lady dissatisfied, and, accordingly, began to rally him unmercifully respecting the secret he withheld from Bromley, tormenting him to reveal it with all the usual feminine adjurations;

"Now, pray, pray tell me—I will not divulge, upon my word. Oh, if you won't, of course I cannot make you, but I vow, and protest, I will not speak to you again."

"Well, Miss Seymour, it isn't I that would refuse ye any thing, but I will be breaking my promise any how; yet, to plaze—let me consider, this is the first—well, on the third morning of this month, it's meeself shall disclose to you what it was the quare creature in white said to me."

"Upon my word," cried young Williamson, "you are vastly obliging, Mr. O'Reilly, but I must say your dissertations on ghosts are more fitted for the nursery than the drawing-room, for you cannot imagine any, except children, will seriously listen to such interminable descriptions of what can only exist in fable, and must, assuredly, be laughed at by a well-organized mind."

"Will you kindly fetch my guitar which I left in the library," interrupted the pretty Miss Seymour, anxious to put a stop to the conversation, which she saw did not produce any pleasing effect on the countenance of our Hibernian friend, to whom she turned whilst Williamson went to execute her mandate, and said: "Now, Mr. O'Reilly, I lay my commands on you, not to say any thing in reply to Mr. Williamson on his return."

"Och! and it's asy I'll be to plase you, Miss Seymour dear, more by token as I see it's a thrifle jealous the young man is: but, as I tould Bromley, what I saw last night confirmed my supernatural prejudices, and bold as Mr. Williamson may talk, I question much if he'd like to sleep in my room after what Bromley told me about poor Patty Larkins having made her exit from this world of trouble out of that identical bed."

"Do you hear that, Williamson?" said Bromley to him, as the gallant cornet entered the room, thrumming on the guitar, with its accompanying blue ribbon round his neck, rather deluding himself into the idea he in somewise resembled *le vaillant troubadour*, "Do you hear that O'Reilly doubts your daring to face the fair intruder of his peaceful slumbers."

"Does he? we'll see that presently. Just touch the bell, Bromley, and order my things to be put in his room. Does he think *I* am infected with the nonsense he detailed to us this morning."

"Well, well, *bon repos*," rejoined Bromley, who, having given the order for the *changement de locale* as Williamson wished, with the rest of the party went to seek what they had every right to imagine he would be deprived of, namely, a good night's rest.

Of course, all was anxiety next morning, to know whether he had experienced the same ghostly visit as O'Reilly. "Not exactly," responded the gallant cornet, "though I will say, the idea of poor Patty Larkins's death, coupled with the hour of the night, had more effect on my spirits than I could have conceived. After falling asleep, I awoke, half suffocated by a strong smell of sulphur, accompanied by an extraordinary clattering, apparently produced by some one running wildly round the room, for I heard a rush through the doorway, and the sound continued till it seemed to die away in the corridor.

"The disturbance having ceased, after vainly endeavouring to conjecture its cause, I at length fell asleep again; *et me voici*, rather more a convert to Mr. O'Reilly's ideas than I was yesterday evening."

"There must be some deception in this," said the usually silent, but gifted Mr. Brinsdell; "with Mr. O'Reilly's permission, I'll sleep in his room to-night, and if trick there be, wo betide the author of it!"

O'Reilly having consented to this arrangement, Brinsdell accordingly occupied the apartment that night.

The following morning (which was, by the by, the third of the month,) he stated, that except being inconvenienced by the coldness of the chamber, he had heard or seen nothing, save the rats, to disturb his repose.

During this recital, in comes our friend O'Reilly, muffled up as on his first appearance, the servant announcing, at the same time, "Mr. O'Reilly's carriage quite ready."

Having bid the party adieu, he had just reached the hall-door, when he heard the silvery tones (as he called them) of Miss Seymour.

"Apropos, Mr. O'Reilly; your promise, your promise. This is the third day of the month, and you cannot, as a gentleman of honour, quit the house, without disclosing the purport of the advice of La Dame Blanche."

"As I told Bromley," rejoined the Hibernian, "it was sound asleep I was, when I heard a voice saying, 'O'Reilly, O'Reilly! is it awake ye are? 'Throth, and,' says I, 'it's staring awake I am; and a beautiful creature ye are' (thinking a taste of flattery would do no harm, any how). 'O'Reilly,' says she, 'it's I that am come with a gift for ye.' 'Are ye,' says I, sittin boult upright in mee bed, 'then tell me yere name, ye darlin, for sorrow a thing, since my residence in this country, have I had given me, barrin thumps and advice.' 'It's just the latter,' said the white cratur to me, 'I'm come to give, and deil a thing else. Imagination's my name; it's in Ireland I chiefly reside, and my advice to you is, whenever you get popped into a room, uncomfortable, like this same, invint a ghost story; and, my conscience on it, it's fools enough ye'll be after finding, ready to occupy it, whilst you sleep asily in their beds the while, without any disturbation at all, at all, O'Reilly, dear.' Wid that, it's the last I saw of her."

"But, Mr. O'Reilly, tell me (as he put his foot on the iron step of the car) how do you account for what happened to Mr. Williamson respecting the clattering &c."

"Och! Miss Saymour, dear, and it's no great secret. A black cat with a walnut shell to each foot of her, and a thrifle (just the laest bit in the world) of my cigar tinder tied to the tail of it, makes the divil's own hubbub when let into a room, without mentioning to it the why or the wherefore, and like a christian in the same predicament, makes it run to the door with the speed of light." And then, with "*Toojors a voo mon ange*," our Emeralder jumped into his vehicle, and inflicting divers thumps on his Rosinante, he drove away as fast as the unfortunate quadruped could gallop.

"I have a great mind," said young Williamson, who had overheard the *cat*-egorical description given to Miss Seymour, "to ride after him, and inform him I am not the sort of person on whom he should presume to pass practical jokes."

"Pooh! nonsense, my dear fellow," said Bromley, "come into the parlour, and take a glass of Marasquin; and whilst discussing that, and our late departed friend, let us acknowledge that he fairly outwitted us with our own weapons. We have no right to grumble, and you should therefore be lenient in your comments on the author of the GHOST STORY."

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## STANZAS.

### BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

YES, I have bask'd in sunny lands,
  And heard the southern accents sweet,
Where summer with her lavish hands,
  Casts all her treasures at our feet.

I've gazed on palaces and shrines,
  Which mine own land can show me not;
On golden orange groves, and vines—
  Yet, England, *thou* wert ne'er forgot.

I've gazed on marble forms all rife
  With genius, such as sometimes start
From out the poet's dream to life,
  To glorify the sculptor's art.

Yet not blue skies, nor seas as blue,
  Nor moonlight emulating day,
Though robed in tints of rainbow hue,
  Could charm me, when from home away.

My heart for English faces sigh'd,
  For English accents pined in vain,
Till when I press'd thy strand, and cried,
  "Dear England, thou art *mine* again!"

# LORD SURREY AND THE FAIR GERALDINE.

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

"In the reign of the second Grand Duke of Tuscany of Lorenzo's family (Cosmo I.), Florence, it is said, beheld a novel and extraordinary spectacle. A young traveller from a court and a country which the Italians of that day seemed to regard much as we now do the Esquimaux, combining the learning of the scholar and the amiable bearing of the courtier, with all the rash bravery of youthful romance, astonished the inhabitants of that queenly city, first, by rivalling her polished nobles in the splendour of his state and the gallantry of his manners; and next, by boldly proclaiming that his 'Ladye-love' was superior to all that Italy could vaunt of beauty; that she was '*oltre le belle, bella,*' fair beyond the fairest; and maintaining his boast in a solemn tourney, held in her honour, to the overthrow of all his opponents. This was our English Surrey, one of the earliest and most elegant of our amatory poets, and the lover of the Fair Geraldine.—According to the old tradition repeated by all Surrey's biographers, he visited on his travels the famous necromancer Cornelius Agrippa, who, in a magic mirror, revealed to him the fair figure of his Geraldine, lying dishevelled on a couch, and, by the light of a taper, reading one of his tenderest sonnets."—LOVES OF THE POETS.

'TWAS thus, in the good days of eld,
When hearts burn'd with chivalry's blaze,
Our own gallant Surrey beheld
Young Geraldine weep o'er his lays:
'Twas thus, by the dark wizard's spell,
He saw her reposing at eve,
The song he had taught her so well,
Still making her young bosom heave;
Still waking as tender a sigh
As though her loved poet were near,—
Still causing as tearful an eye
As though Surrey could kiss off each tear!

Oh! would that *our* Sages had power
To call up such visions of bliss—
To show us, in hall or in bower,
*Our* ladies, through mirrors like this;

Drawn by G. Cattermole.

Engraved by J. Goodyear.

[illegible]

If, instead of their new *Figure*-Looms
For totting-up sixes and sevens,
For our Warburtons, Althorpes, and Humes,
They'd make a few portable Heavens
Like these, for poor youths, who, with me,
Love to gaze on their mistresses' brow,—
What a fool Mr. Babbage would be
To such Glass Manufacturers now!

Though could we again hope to raise,
From his grave, the famed Wizard to life,
For a few of the bards of our days,
Just to peep at a Love—or a Wife;
Instead of beholding her lie
In this love-stricken pose, on her bed,
Warm tears streaming down from her eye,
And the chaste silver moon o'er her head,
Sobbing over a sonnet or lay,—
Ten to one but the maid met his sight
Spinning round, in a tee-totum way,
With some light-footed waltzer by night!

And oh! by the Stars! it were fun,
If a few little girls that one knows,
Who each looks demure as a nun,
Could be seen through *this* glass by her beaux:
Alas! how the lovers would rave,
Alas! how the maidens would swoon,—
And how many a Romeo's grave,
Chalk Farm! wouldst thou see, by thy moon!
How seldom would bachelors wive,
How plenty old maids would appear,
Could dear old Agrippa contrive
To pass a few weeks with us here!

## THE DESERTED CHATEAU.

### FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE stands, about a hundred yards from the small town of Vendome, on the banks of the Loire, an old, lone, and weather-stained mansion, with tall gable-ends and elevated roof. What has once been a garden, extending towards the river, lies in melancholy neglect around it; and there, the yew and the box-tree, which marked its winding alleys and formal terraces, once closely and neatly clipped, now spread forth in overgrown luxuriance. Noxious weeds display their rank but beautiful vegetation along the sloping banks of the stream; and the over-hanging fruit-trees, having had the pruning-knife withheld from them for the last ten long years, produce but a scanty and ungathered crop. The espaliers are grown into labyrinths; the walks, once gravelled, have become grassy, and their traces are nearly lost. Yet, from the top of the mountain, where hang the ruins of the old chateau of the dukes of Vendome, the only height whence the eye may penetrate into this inclosure, it is not difficult to recognise the pleasure-grounds and gardens which, in times past, formed, perhaps, the chief pride and recreation of some ancient gentleman of the old *regime*, devoted to the culture of his roses and dahlias; and there, may be seen the remains of a rustic summer-house, with its moss-grown seats and worm-eaten table. A sun-dial, whose pedestal is fast falling into decay, stands near the entrance, with this quaint inscription:

Fugit hora brevis.

A sentiment that does not tend to decrease the melancholy associations which the sight of so desolate and ruined a scene must awaken. The chateau itself is much out of repair; the window-shutters, always fast closed, exclude the air from the dismantled apartments, and the summer's dew, the winter's snow, the damp and the dry, have combined to blacken the timbers, stain the ceilings, and discolour the paint. The doors are never opened: tall weeds have sprung up among the interstices of the flight of steps which leads to the principal entrance of the building, and the fastenings are encrusted with rust. The silence of this desolate abode remains unbroken, save by the twittering of the birds, which have built a hundred nests in the balconies, or the voice of the solitary vermin, now its sole inhabitants, that come and go in uninterrupted security. On a summer's evening, the owl may be heard hooting from the broken casements, as if to assert her right of possession; and the bat flaps its dark wings, like the evil genius of the place, among the ivy, which hangs its pendants from the ruined walls. There is neither life nor brightness about this deserted mansion; all is gloomy, and empty, and silent. It seems as if an invisible hand had every where traced the word "*Mystery!*" It is, however, said to have been a small fief, and bears the name of *La Grande Bréteche:* its history being known but to few—those few shrink from a further investigation into its dark secrets.

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On a cold and cheerless evening in the autumn of 1816, as the notary of Vendome was preparing to retire to rest, a carriage drove hastily up to his door; and word was brought him that the Comtesse de Mersêt desired his immediate attendance at La Grande Brétêche. She was not expected to live through the night, and had just received extreme unction at the hands of her confessor. Rumour said the comtesse and her lord had been living together in the most singular manner during the past six months. They gave admittance to none, and the comtesse resided entirely in her own suite of apartments at one end of the mansion, while the comte confined himself to the other. But a short time before that, at which the notary was summoned to attend the death-bed of the comtesse, the Comte de Mersêt had suddenly left the chateau, and gone to Paris, where, after leading a life, it was asserted, of great excess, he had lately died. On the day of his departure, the comtesse had caused the chateau to be almost entirely dismantled, most of the furniture, pictures, and tapestry burnt, or otherwise completely destroyed; and from that moment, had secluded herself within its walls, never emerging from them but to attend mass in the neighbouring church. She refused admittance to all who either from interest or curiosity called upon her; her doors being opened to her confessor alone, whose visits were said to be long and frequent. It was whispered among the gossips of the town, that she was also much changed in appearance; but through the impenetrable black veil she wore when attending mass, the curious vainly strove to ascertain whether this rumour was well, or ill founded.

While still in the prime of her youth and loveliness, and one of the richest heiresses in Vendome, the Comte de Mersêt had been fortunate enough to gain her hand. The world had constantly spoken of them as of an attached and happy couple, though it was hinted the husband's affection was of rather a *jealous* tendency; but this might, or might not, be the fact, as it was not easily susceptible of proof, and the gentle and engaging manners of the lovely comtesse won all hearts. The sudden change that had lately taken place in her conduct, had not failed to raise many conjectures as to its cause; and by some, *madness* had been assigned as a sufficient explanation. She was now *dying*, and no one had even heard she was ill; for she had herself refused all medical aid, feeling, perhaps, her state too hopeless to allow of human assistance proving of any avail.

It was near midnight, when the notary reached La Grande Brétêche, and ascended its dark and lofty staircase. Passing through various large and desolate apartments, wholly deprived of furniture, or of the appearance of being inhabited, cold, damp, and cheerless, around which the light held by the attendant threw a deeper shade, he at length reached the state chamber; where lay the dying comtesse, stretched on a bed whose rich satin hangings and dark waving plumes shed so deep a gloom, it was some time before the eye rested upon its tenant. One strong ray of light, however, from a lamp placed on a small table near her, on which, also, stood an ivory and ebony crucifix, fell upon the white pillows that supported her pale form. The rest of the furniture in the apartment consisted only of a couch for the confidential attendant, and two large *fauteuils*. Though the night was chill and tempestuous, there was no fire on the wide hearth, and the walls being hung with dark arras, the gloom was unbroken.

On approaching the bed, the notary nearly started at the sight of the spectral figure within. The comtesse was sitting almost upright, supported by pillows; her large, dark, and glazing eyes, immovably fixed in their sockets, seemed already those of the dead; her face was of the hue of a waxen image; her fine black hair, parted across her pale, damp brow, was in parts intermingled with gray, though her years did not exceed thirty, and her hands were painfully shrivelled; the skin was stretched tightly over the bones, and the veins and muscles distinctly visible. Her whole form, thin to emaciation, still bore the traces of past beauty, although it was almost impossible to imagine how any human creature could have retained life in so frail a tenement. She was worn to a shadow by fever—fever which had struck directly at the root of her existence. Her lips were of a pale violet colour, and when she spoke, they scarcely moved sufficiently to show that they had life; and the upper one, which was beautifully formed, was marked by that soft, dark shade, which is the sign of a naturally strong constitution, and forcibly showed the intensity of the sufferings through which she must have passed, before arriving at that state of artificial existence, now so near the period of its termination. The notary, in the course of his profession, had seen many dying persons; but, their expiring agonies, nay, even the tears and despair of whole sorrowing families, had failed of making the impression upon him, which the sight of that lady, alone, and perishing in the silence of her vast and deserted chateau, had done on this fearful night. The whole scene lay before his eyes like a picture of the dead, for not a living sound interrupted the awful stillness of the place; even the respiration of the expiring comtesse was so low as to be inaudible, and stirred not the sheets which covered her scarce animated form. At length, her large glassy eyes moved; she made an effort to raise her right hand, but it fell again powerless on the coverlid; words like faint breathings issued from her lips, for her voice was *soundless* and extinct.

"I have waited long and impatiently for you," she said, and a faint flush passed over her cheek with the effort to address him.

"Lady," the notary began; but she made a sign to him to be silent; at the same moment, her attendant hastily rose from her chair, and approaching him, whispered, "Speak not."

The notary obeyed, and placed himself on the seat, she motioned him to take. A few moments after, Madame de Mersêt, collecting all her powers for one last effort, succeeded in getting her hand underneath her pillow. For an instant, she paused exhausted, then, with another violent exertion, withdrew from it a sealed packet: large drops stood upon her brow, as she feebly addressed her attentive listener.

"I confide to you, my will," she said, and a low cry, feeble as that of a new-born infant's, burst from her lips at these words. "Oh! my God! pardon!" she murmured, snatching a crucifix which lay on the bed beside her, and carrying it rapidly to her lips, expired.

Previously, there had been suffering and intense sorrow in her eye, but her last look was one of joy; and the bright expression remained fixed on her countenance after death.

When the will was opened, it was found that the Comtesse de Mersêt had nominated the notary of Vendome her executor, leaving all her large property, with the exception of a few legacies, to the Hospital of Vendome. Her dispositions with regard to La Grande Brétêche were very particular, and excited much surprise. The chateau and all its appurtenances were to be left, for the space of fifty years from the day of her death, exactly in the same state in which they then were. All the apartments were to be strictly shut up, and no person whatever, allowed to enter them, upon any pretext; no repairs to be permitted, either about the chateau or gardens, but all was to be suffered to fall into the natural state of decay, which so long a period as that named would not fail to bring upon them. If, at the end of the term, the wishes of the testatrix should have been strictly complied with, La Grande Brétêche was to become the property of the notary or his heirs for ever; should they, however, have been neglected, it reverted to the comtesse's next heirs-at-law, who, as well as the notary, were charged with the fulfilment of certain dispositions annexed in a codicil, the seal of which was not to be broken till the expiration of the above space of time.

Many years passed away; and with them, much of the interest and curiosity excited by the description which the notary failed not to give of the Comtesse de Mersêt's deathbed, her strange testament, and the subsequent decay and ruin of her once beautiful chateau. At length, an incident occurred, which, by throwing light on her mysterious history, revived, in some degree, the curiosity of the public. A priest belonging to a neighbouring monastery had been summoned to shrive a dying woman of the name of Rosalie Lebas, when a strange and fearful secret was revealed to him; an account of which was found among his papers at his death, a short time after, by the superior of his convent. The following are the facts which were thus elicited.

About six months prior to her death, the Comtesse de Mersêt, having been seriously indisposed, occupied a separate suite of apartments from those of the comte, at la Grande Brétêche. Her sleeping room looked upon the river, and had sash windows opening upon the lawn, which sloped pleasantly towards its banks. Within this apartment, was a small recess with a glass door, which served as an oratory; it was about four feet square, and constructed within the thickness of the wall. On the night in question, by one of those strange fatalities for which there is no explanation, the comte returned home two hours later than usual, from a club where he usually spent his evenings in reading the papers or discussing politics. The invasion of France had formed the leading topic of conversation, and the subject for a long and animated discussion; after which, being already excited by argument, the comte had lost a considerable sum at billiards. On returning home, he had usually satisfied himself, for some time past, by asking the comtesse's attendant, Rosalie, if her lady were retired to rest, ere he proceeded to his own apartments; but, on this night, it occurred to him he would visit her himself, that he might recount his ill luck. Accordingly, instead of summoning Rosalie, he proceeded directly to the chamber of the comtesse. His well-known step resounded along the corridor, and at the instant, he turned the handle of the door, he fancied he heard that of the oratory within, closed suddenly: but, when he entered the apartment, he saw Madame de Mersêt standing before the hearth, on which smouldered the embers of a half-extinguished fire. It immediately occurred to him it must have been Rosalie who went into the oratory, from which, however, there was no egress but through the comtesse's apartments. Yet a suspicion of a darker nature, nevertheless, crossed his imagination, like a sudden flash of dazzling light, which could not be extinguished. He looked fixedly at his wife; and there seemed a troubled expression in her eye as she avoided his searching glance.

"You are late to-night," she said: and there was a slight tremor in her voice, usually so clear and musical.

The comte did not reply, for at that instant, as if to strengthen the horrid thoughts which possessed his secret soul, Rosalie entered the room. Turning abruptly from her, he folded his arms moodily across his breast, and impetuously but mechanically paced the apartment.

"You are ill, my lord, I fear—or bring you evil tidings?" gently inquired the comtesse, as Rosalie proceeded to undress her. But he still continued silent. "You may retire," added Madame de Mersêt to her attendant, for she foresaw something more than usual was gathering on the disturbed brow of her lord, and she wished to meet it alone.

As soon as Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be so, for she took care to remain within hearing, M. de Mersêt approached his lady, and said, coldly, with an attempt at serenity, though his lips trembled and his whole face was pale with emotion, "Some one is concealed within that oratory."

The comtesse looked calmly, and somewhat proudly, at her husband; and simply answered, "*No!* my lord."

That *No* smote like a knife across his heart, for he dared not believe her: and yet, never had she seemed more pure to him, than at that moment. He was advancing a step towards the door of the oratory, as if to convince himself, when the comtesse, placing her hand upon his arm, arrested him; and looking at him for a moment, with an expression of deep melancholy, said, in a voice which trembled with emotion,

"Should you find *no one* there, remember, all must be at an end between us, for ever!"

And there was an ineffable dignity in her look and manner which awed the comte's suspicions, and made him pause in his purpose.

"No, Josephine!" he exclaimed, "I open not that door, as, guilty or innocent, we then must part. But listen: I know all thy purity of heart, and the sanctity of the life thou leadest:—thou wouldst not commit a mortal sin at the expense of thy soul!"—She looked at him wildly.—"Here is thy crucifix—take it!—swear to me, before that *image*, there is *no one* there, and I will never seek to enter."

The comtesse took the crucifix and murmured—"I swear."

"Louder!" said her husband, and repeat—"I swear before the Virgin, there is no one concealed in that oratory."

And she repeated the words of the oath without any visible emotion.

"'Tis well:" M. de Mersêt coldly said; then added, after a moment's silence—his eye resting upon the crucifix she had just laid down, which was of ebony and silver, and of exquisite workmanship—"You have something there, which I never saw before, or knew that you possessed."

"I met with it accidentally at Duvivier's, who bought it of one of the Spanish prisoners of war, when they passed through Vendome on their way to the frontier."

"Ah!" said the comte, replacing the crucifix on its gilt nail over the chimney-piece: in doing which, at the same moment, he rang the bell. Rosalie came immediately. M. de Mersêt advanced to meet her, and leading her into the embrasure of the window which opened upon the lawn, abruptly, and in an under tone, said, "I understand that poverty alone prevents your union with Philippe, and that you have declared your intention not to become his wife until he shall have found the means of establishing himself in his business as a master mason. Now, mark me!—go seek him!—bring him hither with his tools. Let him do what I desire, and his fortune shall surpass your utmost wishes. But take especial care to wake no one besides himself in the house:—

above all, let not a word escape your lips—a whisper, and ——" His brow darkened as he looked menacingly upon her; she was about to leave the room to obey his orders, when he added: "Hold! take my *passe partout*." He then called "Louis!" in a voice of thunder, along the corridor. Louis, his confidential servant, appeared at the hasty summons of his master, who added, in the same tone of authority, "Get you all to bed!" Then making a sign for him to approach nearer, and lowering his voice, "When they shall be all asleep—*asleep*, mind, you come and inform me of it."

During none of these extraordinary arrangements had the comte once lost sight of his lady; and when he had finished giving his orders, he returned to where she was seated by the fireside.

When Rosalie re-entered the room, she found the comte and comtesse conversing together, to all appearance mechanically.

"Philippe is here, monsieur," said Rosalie.

"'Tis well," answered her master, "bid him enter."

The comtesse grew slightly pale on seeing the mason.

"Philippe," said the comte, "you will find materials in the court-yard for walling up the door of yonder cabinet."

And drawing Rosalie and her lover aside: "Listen, Philippe," he continued, "you remain here to-night, but to-morrow you will receive from me a passport which shall enable you to leave this place for some distant town in a foreign land, which I will indicate. I give you the sum of 6000 francs for your journey; and you will remain *ten* years either in the town to which I shall direct you, or in any other, you may yourself select, provided you continue in the country in which it is situated. But you will first proceed hence, to Paris, where you will await my arrival; then, I will insure you the possession of another 6000 francs, to be paid you, on your return from your expatriation, provided you have strictly complied with my conditions. At this price, understand, whatever you may be called upon to do this night, must remain for ever *secret*.

For you, Rosalie," he continued, turning towards her as he spoke, "I will settle 10,000 francs on you, the day of your marriage with Philippe: but, mark me, this promise is made on the sole condition of your marrying *him*."

At this moment, the comtesse's voice was heard calling to Rosalie; and the comte, turning away, proceeded quietly to pace the apartment, apparently watching the movements of his wife, Rosalie, and the mason, but without allowing any indications of suspicion to be discernible. Philippe, meanwhile, in pursuance of the task imposed on him, made a considerable degree of noise; and, seizing this chance of her voice not reaching the ears of the comte, who had just attained the further end of the chamber, the comtesse hurriedly addressed Rosalie, in a tone that was scarcely above a whisper, "A hundred crowns yearly, for thy life, are thine," she said, "if thou canst only obtain one *crevice* there," pointing to the door of the oratory, which Philippe had commenced building up with brick and plaster. Then, in a louder voice, and with a fearful calmness as her husband approached she added, "Go, Rosalie, to the assistance of Philippe."

The husband and wife, as by a sort of tacit agreement, remained mutually silent during the time employed in filling up the doorway. This silence might perhaps have been assumed, on the part of the comte, to prevent the comtesse from having it in her power to convey any double meaning in her words; while, on her side, it might have been pride, or prudence, perhaps, which prevented her from breaking it. By this time, the wall being about half-way completed, the artful mason, seizing his opportunity when the comte's back was turned towards the scene of his operations, struck a blow on the door of the cabinet which shattered one of the panes of glass. This action gave Madame de Mersêt to understand the success of the intelligence which subsisted between Rosalie and her lover; and casting a glance of intense anxiety towards the now darkened aperture, the mason, as well as herself, beheld within it, the dark and handsome countenance of a man, whose intrepid look of courage and devotion fell upon her pale and guilty countenance. Ere her husband turned again in his walk, she had made a hasty sign to the stranger, which seemed to say, *There is yet hope!*

It was near daybreak, that is to say, about four o'clock, for it was the month of May, ere the construction was completed; and the mason having been delivered to the care of Louis, the comte and comtesse retired to rest.

The next morning, on rising, the comte seized his hat, and making a step towards the door, said, with the utmost appearance of indifference, he must go to the mayoralty for a passport. Then, suddenly turning back, as his eye chanced to rest upon the crucifix, he took it from the chimney-piece, and, as he did so, a thrill of satisfaction passed through the bosom of the comtesse. "He is going to Duvivier's," she thought, "and will be the longer absent."

Scarcely had he left the apartment, when she rang the bell violently, to summon Rosalie; and in a voice that was rendered fearful by excess of agitation, cried, "To work! to work!" Then frantickly seizing an iron bar which Rosalie, by her direction, brought for the purpose, commenced demolishing the yet undried work of Philippe. Desperate were her efforts, in the hopes of being able to repair the destruction of the walled-up doorway, before the dreaded return of the comte. Despair lent her energy, and a voice within, which penetrated to her sharpened and her nervous ear alone, encouraged her to proceed. Already a part of the brickwork had yielded, and she was in the act of applying a yet more vigorous blow for the removal of the remaining impediments, when the comte, pale and menacing, stood before her. She shrieked not—spoke not—but fell insensible on the floor.

"Place your lady on her bed," M. de Mersêt coldly said. The truth was, he had foreseen the probable result of his absence; and had accordingly laid a snare, into which his wretched wife had but too surely fallen. He had written to the mayor, and sent for Duvivier; who arrived just as the comtesse's apartment was again restored to order, and herself recovered from her swoon.

"Duviviers," said the comte, addressing the unconscious jeweller, "did you receive this crucifix from any of the Spanish officers who passed through this town as prisoners of war, on their way to the frontier, a short time since?"

"I did not, monsieur, nor have I ever seen it before," was the reply.

"Enough—I thank you," rejoined the comte, calmly restoring the relic to its former place; then, as the jeweller left the room, he desired Louis to see that his repasts were served regularly in the apartments of the comtesse, "who is too ill," continued he, "for me to think of leaving her till her health is in some degree re-established."

And for *fifteen* days, did the Comte de Mersêt continue to keep watch over her. During the first six, a noise was from time to time heard in that closed-up cabinet, which struck terror to the soul of the guilty woman, and horror and despair crept through her veins; but, when she would have thrown herself at his feet to implore for mercy on herself and the stranger that was dying there, without allowing her to give utterance to the agonized prayer which rose to her parched lips, with a fierce and cruel emphasis, he checked her, saying, "You have sworn on *that* crucifix, there is *no one* there."

Drawn by Miss L. Sharpe

Engraved by I. Bacon

[illegible]

[illegible]

# THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

### BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Here, in the temple, where with *him* I've knelt,
Whose love made earth appear a heaven to me;
Here, where I lifted up my soul to God,
That *He* had deign'd to make my lot so bless'd;
Here do I come, to offer up my grief
Upon that altar where my gratitude
Was often pour'd. My heart, though sorely bruised,
Bows down resign'd. Bear with me, oh! my God;
If in the bitterness of mortal wo,
I've dared to murmur at thy high decree:
Look on my babes, who now no father have,
Save *Thee*. Oh! shield their helpless infancy
From sin and danger, till thou call'st them hence;
And give me strength to train them to thy will—
Submissive still, whate'er may be their lot.
Chase from my memory the blessed past,
When *he*, the cherish'd partner of my life,
Supported, loved, and guided me on earth,
Lest the remembrance tempt my soul to murmur
At my changed fate, and I in agony
Forget it was *Thy* will that he should die,
And I remain a sorrower behind.
Support me with the hope, the blessed hope,
That in *Thy kingdom* we shall meet again;
Where no more partings are—where tears are dried,
And nought of earth remains—save its pure love.

## THE BOURBONS. 1830.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS."

Let their blood flow like water!
They have rush'd on their fate—
The ruthless! their slaughter,
They *shall* expiate!
Oh France, the delightful, the fertile, once more
On thy plains is the standard of Discord unfurl'd;
And writ in indelible letters of gore,
Thou wilt read thy red lesson again to the world!
Take the sword then in hand,
And extirpate the race!
Let them lie on the land
They have sought to disgrace!

The Bigots, the fated,
The Foemen to good;
The Despots, the hated,
The Dabblers in blood!
Since the days of the Hero who founded their throne,
Not another of all their intolerant line,
But e'en to the uttermost earth has been known
As the Monkish, the Slavish, the basely Supine!
Then on, for the right!
Draw your sabres, and cry,
"*Revenge!* to the fight!
Let us conquer, or die!"—

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The Author gladly takes this opportunity of acknowledging his obligation to Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, for the very spirited and beautiful air, she has attached to the above words.

Strike down the oppressors!
Be unshrinking, and stern!
The possess'd are possessors,
And will judge in their turn!
What was Spain, till she suffer'd the Bourbons to reign,
But the wealthy, the mighty, the first of her time;
And what is she now?—but a link in the chain
Of the Despots who revel in bloodshed and crime!—
Smite the weak and the strong!
Let no scion remain
To act the foul wrong
Of his fathers again!

## ON A CHILD ASLEEP.

BY MISS C. NORMAN.

What are thy dreams, unconscious, happy one?
There is no trace of grief on thy fair brow;
Pure, calm, and passionless as sculptured stone,
Round which, glad beams a dazzling halo throw.
Hast thou companionship with those bright things
That whisper to our souls, when the fringed lid
Hath closed o'er all earth's vain imaginings,
And from its shadowy cell their splendor hid?
Or dream'st thou of the lovely things of earth,
Of the fair flowers that crown her sunny glades,
Where the young fawn and skylark have their birth,
And ever-roseate tints the scene pervades?
But ah! sleep on, for thou may'st wake to weep,
Thy life's young dream may soon be clouded o'er;
From sorrow's cup thy draught may yet be deep:—
Then, if thou could'st, dream thus for evermore.

## A PARIS FETE IN 1827.

"What, *more* carriages!" exclaimed Geraldine Conway to her partner, as she paused near the termination of a crowded quadrille at the Viscountess of M.'s last fête: "if Madame de M. happens to know every soul in Paris, it is no reason for bringing them all together on the same evening."

"None in the world, Miss Conway," acquiesced her cavalier, a young Irishman lately emancipated from college: "a judicious division of her forces would have done infinite credit to her sagacity."

"What a heavenly countenance!" continued Geraldine, as her eye was caught by the features of a young lady, who stood near, supported on the arm of a veteran nobleman, whose scarred cheek and rich display of orders, told that he had seen honorable service.

"It is that of a statue," replied Lucius O'Connor, after a long and curious gaze, "one of those faces which hang out a blank—that '*sport oak*,' if I may be permitted a college expression; and whereon is legibly inscribed, 'My mind to me a kingdom is.' They repel advances, and I seldom feel inclined to force an entrance."

"I confess myself more inquisitive," rejoined Geraldine, "and am always tempted to *explore* the kingdom that is all-sufficient to its owner. *They* only look abroad for amusement who have little or none at home."

"I grant your observation just in some few cases," returned O'Connor, "but more generally those who have any power of amusing themselves or others, are glad enough to exhibit it. The vanity of human nature seldom suffers a *French* woman, at least, to hide her talent under a bushel."

"Rather say, her wish to please," interrupted Geraldine, "born with her, and industriously cultivated from her very cradle, will not allow her to leave unemployed whatever power she may possess. But methinks, sir, you mistake in your reading of this title-page, which to *me* promises much."

"Verily, Miss Conway," said young O'Connor, "you have wound me up to an attack upon the individual in question. I shall endeavour to engage her hand for the next dance, and forthwith lay siege to the castle of her soul. We shall see whether that sapient governor, her tongue, will long hold out against my fire. By storm or stratagem, I think, you encourage me to hope for ultimate admission."

"And rich compensation for your pains," added Geraldine, smiling: "yet, I discover *that*, in her eye, which indicates that stratagem, if artfully conducted, were the surest means of obtaining an entrance to her citadel. Its walls are of adamant, and will resist your battery."

"On this hint I shape my course," replied O'Connor, "and now, 'good manners be my speed.'"

He then conducted his partner to a seat; and, as the old chevalier and his lovely companion had taken advantage of the breaking up of the dance, to pass on to another room, the youthful Hibernian eagerly followed in pursuit.

The quadrilles rapidly succeeded each other; and the temperature of the *salle de bal* at length became so oppressive, that Geraldine was glad to accept her mother's proposal of taking a turn through the apartments, in search of open windows and purer air. The purest was that of a card-room overlooking the gardens; and here, they paused to gaze about them. There were two silent, solemn whist tables in two opposite corners; whose occupants, wholly unconscious of any thing, in existence, save the cards on which their deep regards were rivetted, presented a curious contrast to the noisy gaiety of an écarté table in the centre; round which, the fascinating Viscountess of M., the mistress of the mansion, had collected a throng of old and young, whose eager gesticulations and rapid movements, with their frequent bursts of merriment, evinced the joyous excitement of the game. At a fourth table, apart from the rest, covered with books and pictures, and lighted by a single lamp, sat one, towards whom an irresistible attraction conducted our heroine, while her mother approached the animated group in the centre. It was the young French lady who had passed her in the ball-room upwards of an hour before; and whose solitary abstraction was as singular as her person was lovely.

She did not move as Geraldine drew near the table, nor raise her eyes from a large lithographic print which lay outspread before her. It was one of a fashionable series then in course of publication, called *La Galerie du Musée,* and contained copies of the most admired pictures in the Louvre. The one she was examining, was the triumphal entrance of Henri IV. into Paris, which was rendered with wonderful spirit and exactness. Having endeavoured to attract her attention in various ways, Geraldine at length gently removed the lamp, and, as she had expected, the fair *absorbée* raised her head, and fixed her rich blue eyes full on her own.

The features of the object of her admiration possessed that youthful rounding almost peculiar to her country; the rosy flesh, in no part redundant, was every where dexterously and delicately laid on over a mould of such exquisite grace, that attenuation would only alter, without impairing its beauty. Her dress was of spotless white; its only ornament a single rose half buried in the masses of her hair, which had the glancing burnish that varies from brown to gold in proportion to the light that is cast over it. But the chief, the *living* charm of her countenance, dwelt in her eyes—so clear, so open, so eloquent, that, as she turned them on her who had interrupted her occupation, her lips had no need to give an articulate expression to their smiling question of surprise.

"Forgive me," said Geraldine. "How I admire your preference of this quiet corner with its wealth of entertainment, to the crowd, and noise, and heat, of yonder saloon!"

The young unknown playfully laid her finger on her lips, but answered not.

Geraldine vainly glanced round the room for the reason of this silence. The old chevalier was there, it was true, standing by the *écarté* table, and apparently much interested in what was going forward thereon; but, *he* did not look as if he was capable of such tyranny as *this;* and, with irresistible curiosity, she turned again to her new acquaintance, saying, "Pourquoi?"

Swift as lightning, the mysterious stranger drew forth a gold pencil, which had been inserted dagger-wise into her satin ceinture; and, selecting a piece of waste paper from the heaps which surrounded her, rapidly wrote, in flowing characters, "Je suis sourde muette."

An exclamation of pity and astonishment escaped the lips of Geraldine; who, following her generous impulse, instantly seized a chair, and drew it close to that of the blooming unfortunate, whose speaking eyes had anxiously watched the effect of her communication, and absolutely blazed with gladness, when she found that it was not followed by desertion. Eager to reward the heroism of one who was willing to pass a few silent minutes in her society, she turned back to the beginning of the plates; and, earnestly perusing the features of her companion to ascertain whether she were fully apprised of the meaning of each print, whenever she thought she was not, she supplied, by the help of her pencil, a luminous and rapid explanation. In the historical pictures, she appeared peculiarly interested; and the eagerness of her manner, and the changes of her expression, as she wrote down the names of the principal persons represented, gave evidence that her memory furnished a crowd of glowing and poetic associations.

"Who knows what worlds of voiceless rapture lie in the solitude of that silent mind?" said Geraldine to herself, as she looked up from the page, to the animated countenance before her, "and how many avenues to sin and sorrow are closed by the very accident which we call an *infliction* of nature? Music, to be sure, (so like a voice from heaven!) celestial *melody*, is shut out with the rest; but, she is unconscious of the loss, and enough remains of innocent enjoyment to fill her soul withal."

They had now returned to the large picture of Henri IV. entering Paris: and the dumb girl starting from her seat, directed the attention of Geraldine to a magnificent vase of Sèvres porcelain that stood behind them on a pedestal, of which, the chief ornament was a masterly copy of the same darling subject. The colouring, no doubt, added much to the animation of the picture; but, they had not long looked upon it, ere the vivacious Muette discovered a ring of small medallions encircling the neck of the vase, containing the heads of all the most celebrated lords and ladies of king Henry's court—his own, and those of his wife and children being of course included in the number. This gorget being distinct from the vase, and moveable, while Geraldine made it revolve, her companion eagerly wrote down the name of each person whose lineaments were thus presented to view; little dreaming that she *herself* all the time was the object of the young foreigner's admiration. But, while *she* kindled at the pictured shapes of Gabrielle d'Estrées, L'Ecuyer Bellegarde, the Maréchal de Biron, &c., the gaze of Geraldine was bent on her own fairer features, on the cherub freshness of those pure and rosy lips, through which no defiling word had ever passed, and on the bright concentrated intelligence of the lustrous orbs that made speech superfluous, and vindicated the wise economy of Nature, who having given such power to one organ, withheld it wholly from the rest.

"Voyez donc les deux artistes!" exclaimed, at length, the voice of the old chevalier, who had retreated a few steps from the *écarté* table, and was bending an eye of pleased examination on her who seemed to have formed so intimate a *liaison* with his afflicted child.

"Comment! M. le marquis! les deux *Muses,* s'il vous plait! Les Muses sont parmi nous!" exclaimed the lively mistress of the mansion, whose finished game at length released her from her seat. "You are not aware that this fair Geraldine is as adorable a musician as your dear Eugénie is a charming paintress. Quelles sont les Muses de la peinture et du chant, monsieur?" she continued, turning to a young poet who stood beside her, "I only ask you to *name* them, for there, they stand!"

The leading occupation of a Frenchman's life, that which always possesses him, is love, glory, the dance, or the song. Let what will be the idol of his soul, one, or all, of these is never absent from his contemplation; and Albert de St. Ange thought and spoke as familiarly of the Muses as any other man might of his sisters.

"La peinture n'en a pas," he readily replied, approaching as he spoke; "c'est-à-dire qu'au nombre des filles de Mnemosyne il n'y en a pas qui la protège. The youngest-born of Talent, she would have lacked a teacher and a patroness (for the virgins of Parnassus had each her allotted task, her infant sciences to rear) had not the generous Minerva extended her arms to the brilliant stranger, and constituted herself the protectress, or, if you will, the *muse* of painting." As he concluded, he bowed with infinite veneration, smilingly fixing his dark eyes on the striking countenance of Eugénie, as if to compare it with his own pre-conceived notion of the goddess, and probably not aware of her misfortune.

"Celle du chant," he then added, regarding her companion.

"Ne la nommez pas, monsieur," said Geraldine, laughing, and blushing at the universal gaze this pause had drawn upon her, "Je ne suis pas elle."

"A la bonne heure! mademoiselle," exclaimed a hasty voice from the open door of the apartment, "is it thus, you hide yourself from the eyes of a poor mortal, who is looking for you in every direction? You have missed *one* dance, would you like to miss *another*?"

"If I had not given you my word, sir," replied Geraldine, "I should have no objection to miss all the rest, for it is so hot in the ball-room, and I am so happy here."

"Mademoiselle, je suis desolé de vous enlever à votre bonheur, mais vous pensez que la parole donnée est une chose sacrée," answered the royal guardsman, advancing to the table, as if curious to discover what could be the attraction of this secluded chamber. He was a tall, well-built, gallant-looking officer, with the air and aspect of a frank and loyal chevalier, and the blushing insignia of knighthood on the breast of his dark blue coat. "Je le sais," answered Geraldine, deliberately drawing on her gloves, and considering how she should make her adieu to her new friend.

She was anticipated by the latter, whose quick vision had comprehended all that was passing; and who now, smilingly extended the prettiest rosy palm imaginable, in token of thankfulness, and her wish to meet again. The hands encountered in a cordial and affectionate clasp, which was prolonged, as if to express the mutual kindness that found no words to make its presence known; and Geraldine turned with a sigh, to place two fingers in those of her partner, who waited to lead her to the dance.

"Cette chère Eugénie!" said the viscountess, caressing the interesting Muette. "Si la Nature t'avait donné une langue que de belles choses tu saurais dire, mon enfant!"

"Comment!—serait-il possible?" exclaimed the officer, arresting his steps to throw back a glance of compassionate admiration on the belle infortunée; and then, apprised by the distant burst of the ritournelle, that the dance was about to commence, he hurried his partner forwards, saying, with the shrug of one unused to moralise,

"Chacun de nous a sa croix à porter!"

"Heureux qui ne la porte qu' à sa boutonnière!" gaily responded Geraldine.

"Delicieux! ma parole," answered the man at arms, casting a complacent glance on his own decoration, as they took their places in the dance.

"You never conferred a more essential benefit, nor on a more grateful subject," whispered Lucius O'Connor in the ear of Geraldine, as he glided behind her, with——Eugénie, Eugénie, the deaf and dumb girl, moving to the dance!—Was it credible?—was it *real?*—or had she mistaken another for Eugénie? No: the modest elegance of her dress, the rose in her shining tresses, the *taille de nymphe,* "the airy step and glorious eye," were indications that could *not* be mistaken; and, above all, Geraldine's *partner* was as certain as herself, that she who now passed them, was the same they had lately left in the inner chamber.

Geraldine would have given worlds to see how, by the help of those "rare-wondered" eyes, her fascinating acquaintance would acquit herself in the difficult enterprise wherein she was now engaged; but they were divided by innumerable dancers, whose mazy evolutions formed an effectual screen, which prevented any thing more than the hem of Eugénie's spotless garment, or the tip of her satin shoe, from being visible.

The dance at length concluded. A waltz immediately succeeded it, and Geraldine found herself circling on the arm of a new partner, before she had been able to clear up any of the mystery that hung about this last incident. At last, they paused for breath; and casting her eyes around her, she beheld Eugénie seated against the wall, at a little distance, by the side of a lady, whose strong resemblance to her, seemed to announce a very near relation. Her features wore the look of deep abstraction that had first drawn forth the censure of O'Connor; and which, though so natural to her situation, was so opposite to their illumination when her mind was awakened. But, though Geraldine made various efforts to catch her eye, and thought she had once succeeded, she received no answering glance of recognition.

"Who is that young lady?" said our heroine to her partner, indicating, at the same time, the object of her inquiry, by a scarcely perceptible direction of her fan.

"That is Mademoiselle de V.," he replied: "her mother, the marquise, is beside her. The father is one of the most illustrious and interesting relics of the *vieille cour.* They were long in exile, and have suffered much; but, the Restoration has given back to them all, save the youth, that time had stolen, and the friends which death had claimed."

"And *these* they must have lost, at any rate," said Geraldine; "but they have bitterer and younger griefs than these——Mademoiselle de V., how well she carries off her misfortune!"

"Son malheur!" repeated the young Frenchman, in surprise; and, without waiting for an answer, he whirled off his partner with a velocity which precluded the possibility of further conversation. Another pause for rest, soon found them standing at the upper end of the room; and Geraldine was about to resume the subject, when she was seized upon by the Viscountess de M. herself, who, issuing from an adjoining saloon, walked straight up to her, and separated her from her cavalier, saying,

"Viens, ma chère amie, viens à mon secours: j'ai besoin de toi. Mr. L. nous excusera," she continued, with that smile, and courteous inclination, wherewith a well-bred Frenchwoman knows how to give a grace to rudeness.

"Figures toi, chère Geraldine, que notre musique va manquer tout-à-fait, si tu n'aies pitié de nous! Pisaroni ne peut nous donner qu'une petite demi-heure, et la Sontag est indisposée et ne peut pas venir! They were to have sung together!"

"You have not, surely, selected *me* to replace la Sontag!" exclaimed Geraldine, drawing back in unfeigned alarm.

"I have, *indeed*," answered the viscountess, gently impelling her forwards; "and *more*, la Pisaroni has grinned consent, and all that remains to be got over, is your introduction to each other. The rest follows as a matter of course."

Thus ensnared, poor Geraldine was hurried into the music-room, where a little knot of Germans and Italians stood collected about the pianoforte, and the tuning of a violoncello gave token of fearful preparation. The only formidable rival in the group was the Pisaroni herself; and her perfect good-humour and honest *brusquerie* soon allayed the terrors of the trembling *debutante*, who was little accustomed to sing in such a presence.

The music chosen was from the well-beloved Donna del Lago; and when once launched in the familiar strain, and gathering courage from the sound of her own voice, Geraldine proceeded with tolerable firmness, compensating, perhaps, by richness of intonation and purity of style, for the absence of that redundant ornament and instrumental volubility, which distinguish the warbling of Sontag. The "*petite demi-heure*" was extended to an hour and a half, by the expiration of which time, our heroine was as much at her ease with her ill-favoured second, as the young German herself might have been; and Pisaroni departed, after having paid her a variety of homely compliments in mottled French and Italian, whereof the honest kindness made ample atonement for their utter want of elegance.

A long, learned concerto followed, by several German artists, piano, violoncello, and flute, which, though executed with consummate skill, put to flight the larger part of the audience that had been collected by the vocal performance; so, that when the *pianiste* and his accompaniments had taken their leave, there remained but the viscountess herself, whom politeness had necessarily detained in the room, and a few determined amateurs, scattered at long intervals, where there had once been a compact and solid circle.

"Venez, ma belle!" exclaimed aloud the lively voice of the viscountess; "puisque nous voilà en petit comité, venez nous chanter une de vos délicieuses romances pour varier nos plaisirs!"

"What kind of mystification call you *this?*" said Geraldine, half aloud, as, doubting the evidence of her own senses, she beheld Eugénie de V. rise with a smile to obey the summons, and approach the piano with the nymph-like grace that distinguished her gait.

Our heroine was so transported with surprise, that she involuntarily left her seat, and removed to a place nearer the instrument, whence she could obtain a full view of the fingers and features of the performer; and her brain absolutely grew dizzy, when *she*, whom she had supposed to be deaf and dumb, not only ran over the keys in a manner that evinced her fully capable of

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony,"

but unclosed her rosy lips to emit sounds of such flute-like sweetness that they scarcely seemed belonging to a daughter of earth; now rising to the thrilling height of a fine-toned flageolet, now deepening to a rich *contr' alto* of ineffable pathos, as she followed the undulations of Amédée de Beauplan's last composition.

"Can it be possible that *instruction* alone can work such miracles?" thought Geraldine to herself; "*impossible*, utterly impossible, that that clear and delicate articulation, and the exquisite sentiment of that voice, should be attained without any assistance from the ear. I have been labouring under a strange delusion, and seem to have been the victim of a conspiracy, though by whom, or for what purpose organised, I am at a loss to conjecture. As to having any doubts of her identity, *that*, is out of the question. Nature never cast two human beings exactly in the same mould; and if she had, it is most unlikely that art should array them exactly in the same dress, especially as *that* dress is rather peculiar."

Thus reasoned the thoughtful and bewildered Geraldine, till she was interrupted by the cessation of the music, and the loud and eager entreaties that rose from every part of the room, for one more couplet, only *one* more!

"There *are* no more," answered the fair enchantress, in accents almost as musical as her song; "M. de Beauplan thought you would have had enough by this time."

"What a fascinating creature," mused Geraldine, as the laughing eye of Eugénie rested for a moment on her own, though without any symptom of recognition; "this acquisition of melodious language makes her absolutely superhuman."

But nobody *had* had enough; and the charming musician was prevailed upon to indulge them with another song, and another, and another, till her mother approached, and touched her shoulder, with

"Ma chère Leontine, ton père attend."

"Leontine!" again our heroine's hair felt inclined to stand on end, and she started from her seat, and gazed round her, as if to break the spell.

> "Oh! powers of heaven, what dark eye meets she there?"

It was that, of the old marquis, advancing towards her with——yes, *this* time it was the *real* Eugénie, whose bright blue orbs rose lovingly to meet her own, and whose hand was again extended to wish her a kind good night.

"Your goodness has made a conquest of my little one, mademoiselle," said the veteran nobleman, with a smile: "there are few who take the trouble of becoming friends with her; and as I have had the honour of being presented to madame, votre mère, permit me to introduce you to my wife and my *eldest daughter*, who is more of a companion for yourself, and partakes your own taste for music."

"I have already been enchanted with her talent," answered Geraldine, whose intellects were so utterly confused by the startling resemblance of the sisters, that she scarce knew what she was saying.

"Et moi du vôtre, mademoiselle," responded the bewitching Leontine, "n'oubliez pas que je vous ai entendue, et ne me parlez pas de mon chant."

"Et moi, qui n'ai pas eu l'avantage d'entendre mademoiselle," said the marquis, gallantly, "j'espère avoir cet honneur, Lundi prochain. We are to have music at home, on that evening, and madame, her mother, has already promised to come."

What remained for Geraldine, but to make a similar promise?

Her mother at this moment approached, and as the Conways' carriage had also been announced, the whole party proceeded down stairs together; and separated at the door, with cordial shaking of hands, and a mutual desire to cultivate the acquaintance, though Geraldine and her mother contrived, even in those few minutes, *twice* to mistake Leontine for Eugénie, and Eugénie for Leontine. The marquis politely handed the ladies to their carriage, and having sprung into his own, wherein his family were already seated, the two vehicles rattled off in opposite directions; the one party returning to their furnished apartments in the Rue de Rivoli, the other, to their ancestral hôtel in the Faubourg St. Germain.

# THE WELL OF BEAUTY.

ADDRESSED TO THE VISCOUNTESS N——.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS."

WHERE the Crescent has vanquish'd the Cross,
Where the Cross has defeated the Crescent,
And where Mahomet found to his loss,
That the grandeur of man's evanescent:*

In that clime, as the Mussulmans tell,
Not far from Damascus' famed city,
Existed a magical Well,
Which converted the ugly to pretty.

From all lands, to this Well, women flew,
Impell'd by their dominant passion;
When though brown as a Squaw, or Hindoo,
They emerged like a Greek, or Circassian.

Ne'er was place so completely the mode!
Through earth was not one of its daughters,
But annually left her abode,
On a trip of repairs to its waters.

And the means of access were so nice!
All who needed the least renovations,
Were furnish'd with wings in a trice,
And like woodcocks perform'd their migrations.—

---

* Syria, where Mahomet was poisoned. "The Well of Beauty," though oriental in its scene, its characters, and machinery, is, the author believes, a fiction of German origin.

Oh! why did this Well e'er decay?
Why desert us disconsolate creatures?
If it did but exist in this day,
What a figure we'd cut with our features!

What perfections the fair would have then!
What complexions of lilies and roses!
And how they would dazzle us men,
With their Roman and aquiline noses!

Then what form would exhibit a trace
Of vacancy, gauntness, or muscle?
Each would trust to her natural grace,
And laugh at the aid of "a bustle."

And what eyes on all sides should we see!
Oh, how they would sparkle and twinkle!
And the rarest of things would then be
That awful infliction—a wrinkle.

Yes, all would be then, in their prime,
And no more would our foreheads be pages,
For that mischievous radical, Time,
To scribble his records of ages!

But the Well and its glories have past!
It has vanish'd the face of creation;
Though obviously destined to last,
'T was destroy'd on a recent occasion:

It resign'd all its virtue, and worth,
To a lady I know, who bathed in it;
When th' endowment of ages and earth
Was relinquish'd to her in a minute!

# THE CATARACT OF THE RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.

### A FRAGMENT, FROM THE GERMAN.

'Tis as if the mighty ocean, contrary to the laws of nature, rolled into abyss. A glowing rainbow, like a fiery spirit of anger, shoots slanting down the vaults of the frothy waves. No recollection, or the highest leap of fancy can pourtray it to the ardent mind. Nature here shows herself in terrific dignity. The omnipotence of her strength draws thundering down the boiling waves, and gives to the monstrous mass of waters the velocity of lightning. It is the greatest power; the most raging storm of creation which human ideas can imagine. Man stands confessed an atom, as nought before it, and, touched within the deepest recesses of his soul, can only gaze on the confusion, in awful silence and deep humility. The boldest philosopher will exclaim, "It is the most wonderful effect of attractive power which strikes the senses, and, however frequently beheld, must always seize the imagination with an effect entirely new." It is a fearful and gigantic storm, and sighing, the impatient spirit grieves that his mechanical frame cannot roll along in this magnificent turmoil. Like unto the dust of the pearl, it is driven as by a whirlwind, rushing down the impetuous torrent, roaring and foaming in the deep abyss, whilst the fearful earth appears trembling at the awful scene. Ye silent shades of Titian, Rubens, Vernet, even efforts such as yours—the vivid tints of your unrivalled pencils, but seem like the feeble attempts of infants, compared to that inimitable work of nature. Oh! heavens, what music, what thundering sounds, what a tempest through all my spirit! Holy, holy, holy! it thrills and vibrates through every vein!—Approach! Nature will exhibit to you another workmanship; other architecture, with other fairy painting, other harmony, and other melody, than that of the puny sculptures which so much delights you, executed with a tiny knife. Imagination wings me forward with rapid and upward flight to the most mysterious vaults of creation, where the vast element manifests itself, as forced by dreadful violence into huge masses, broken by storm. But the vigour peculiar to it, suffers not restraint; it foams, rages, and roars, till the rocks and mountains tremble and resound. Heaven veils her beauteous countenance, whilst the flaming summer's sun is therein reflected with milder rays. Tis the cataract of the Rhine! Man stands transfixed before it, and silent gazes with raptured eye and abstracted thought, as on the parent stream of all fountains, so free is it from constraint. All hail! to thee, oh, mighty river. The rapid falls of thy bright waters seize the senses and mislead the eye; ever new, ever terrible, and ever transporting is the scene thy brilliancy presents; sight itself seems lost in the vivid glare of thine intense refulgence, and deep impression and awful feeling alone remain.

Above and below, are clouds of mist; and in the midst, the noble stream flowing with the rapidity of light, resembling veins of greenish brass, embedded in silver in a state of fusion. It pours with mighty violence through the fast boiling froth into the deep abyss, dissolving in vapour and smoke, as from a fiery furnace, whirling and curling over the wide basin. See! the expansive stream rolls violently on; the torrent now flies like cannon balls, giving shocks to the rocky walls like an earthquake, while far, and farther still in the vast interior, all is raging and roaring, while the quickened veins and pulses of the watery god throb and beat with high excitement, like those of an Alexander after a splendid victory.

# CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

"Let there be light, and there was light."

"Let there be light!"—were the words of creation,
  That broke on the chaos and silence of night;
The creatures of Mercy invoked to their station,
  Suffused into being, and kindled to light.

"Let there be light!"—The Great Spirit descended,
  And flash'd on the waves that in darkness had slept;
The sun in his glory a giant ascended,
  The dews on the earth their mild radiance wept.

"Let there be light!"—And the fruits and the flowers
  Responded in smiles to the new-lighted sky,—
There was scent in the gale, there was bloom in the bowers,
  Sweet sound for the ear, and soft hue for the eye.

"Let there be light!"—And the mild eye of woman
  Beam'd joy on the man who this Paradise sway'd;
There was joy—'till the foe of all happiness human
  Crept into those bowers—was heard—and obey'd.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of salvation,
  When man had defeated life's object and end,—
Had waned from his glorious and glad elevation,
  Abandon'd a God and conform'd to a fiend.

"Let there be light!"—The same Spirit supernal
That lighted the torch when creation began,
Laid aside the bright beams of his Godhead eternal,
And wrought as a servant, and wept as a man.

"Let there be light!"—From Gethsemane springing,
From Golgotha's darkness, from Calvary's tomb—
Joy, joy unto mortals, good Angels are singing,
The Shiloh has triumph'd and death is o'ercome.

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## SING NOT OF THE PAST.

### BY MRS. ABDY.

Sing not in these glittering halls,
Songs of former years,
Each remember'd note recalls,
Life's young hopes and fears;
Win me not to dwell on days,
Far too bright to last,
Touch thy lute to careless lays,
Sing not of the past!

When the moon is shining bright,
Over lawn and lea,
Come, and in the silvery light,
Sigh those songs to me:
Soothing calmness then, each sound
O'er my soul shall cast;
But when strangers smile around,
Sing not of the past!

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